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FRONTISPIECE.



Now wost ant was, I cud'nt read
De letters on de post,
So sumtimes I went roun about,
An otherwile was lost!

Vide page 11,

TOM CLADPOLE'S
JURNEY

TO LUNNUN,

Shewing the many Difficulties he met with, and how

HE GOT SAFE HOME AT LAST;

TOLD BY HIMSELF,

AND WRITTEN IN

PURE SUSSEX DOGGEREL,

BY HIS

UNCLE TIM.

[Richard Lower (1782-1865)]

THE SEVENTH THOUSAND.

SUSSEX:

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD WHOLESALE BY THE AUTHOR,
R. LOWER, CHIDDINGLY; AND RETAIL BY
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P R E F A C E.

MOST people want to know when dey buy a book who is de author ov it. So one says to another, "An who is dis Tom Cladpole wot maaks sich a fuss about he's travels?" Why Tom ent ashamed ov he's clawney, so he wishes me to tell ye a liddle about un. *Ol' Cain* was de fust an um, an he jes was a gurt Farmer; ye may be sure ov dat, fer he built a City; now uf eny ov our Farmers build a Barn, a Stable, or even a Hog-poun, 'tis thought much ov! Howsomever uf dis Cain wos a gurt man, he wos loike a dunnamany other gurt men, *good for naun*; but good or bad, he wos de Father ov all de Cladpoles, an t'wood taak me up a wick to tell about um all.

So I shall onny goo back to Tom's Grandfuther, dat is to my Father, who about a half a hundred year agoo or dareaway, used a Farm ov about twenty acres under Squyer Squeezer—about dat time de French kicked upa row an cut der King's head off! Dat made our King so lamantable crass fer fear dey wou'd cut he's head off too dat he set to fighten de French at a

robben ov a rate, an all dat wos able wos off a soageren; an ever sense dat time dere has been two families ov de Cladpoles, de gurt Cladpoles and de liddle Cladpoles. De gurt uns wont own de liddle uns fer ken now; howsumever dey be ken to us, an I can prove it, fer Tom's Granmother whose name wos *Sue Slapper*, wos fust cousin to de present Squyer Slapper's Father, an he's own Mother wos a Cladpole, so ye see dat we be all ov a breed loike.

I think Tom is de fust dat ever told about he's Travels, fer dis reason, acaus all de family be troubled wud sich bad eyes; fer as my ol' cousin Sam Quizum used to say, dere never wos a Cladpole dat ever coud look higher dan de top ov de mow, nor deeper dan de plow went.

Now if dere shud be enny body wot dont loike to believe me about our Family, let um go an ax de Parson, fer he has got all der names in he's gurt book; besides ye know wot de Parson says must be right, fer he is paid fer tellen de truth.

Well dat is all we can say about Tom at present: mayhap we may tell a liddle more about our family sum dey—but now about de book—Tom has sold another thousand ov um an lacks more now, so he has

got sum more prented. It cums to a power ov money fer prenten, an wot is wos, Tom sent sum to a fellur at Lunnun, an never got de money fer um; so Tom 'lows dat de Lunnuner's be all a peck ov rubbage together, but dat dey say is a trick ov trade, an so de *trade* beant a bit onester dan dey shud be; but 'tis no manner ov use a grumble, as I have sumwhere read—

“Though fretting may make our calamities deeper,
“It never can make bread and cheese to be cheaper!

an uf we can git brencheese I think we had better maak ourselves contented. Sum fellurs hav lacked Tom to be off *a charnten*, but Tom knows better dan all dat, fer he 'lows dat wull be de way to git into Lewes Jail, an dere he wull git no cheese wud he's bread, an dat chep must be a fool wot can git brencheese uf he throws away de cheese an eats de bread alone!

I forgot to tell ye dat de book is bigger dis time, as Tom forgot to tell one story dat appened as he wos cummin home frum Lunnun.

So I wish ye well, an good bye to ye all.

Yer ol' fren,

TIM CLADPOLE.

TOM CLADPOLE'S
JURNEY TO LUNNUN.

- 1 LAST Middlemus I 'member well,
When harvest was all over ;
Us cheps had hous'd up all de banes,
An stack'd up all de clover.
- 2 I think says I, I'll take a trip
To Lunnun, dat I wol,
An see how things goo on a bit,
Lest I shu'd die a fool !
- 3 Fer *Sister Sal*, five years agoo,
Went off wud Squyer Brown ;
Housemaid, or summut,—don't know what,
To live at Lunnun town.
- 4 Dey 'hav'd uncommon well to Sal,
An ge ur clothes an dat ;
So Sal 'hav'd nashun well to dem,
An grow'd quite tall an fat.

5 I ax'd *Ol' Ben* to let me goo,
 (Hem rum ol' fellur he,)
 He scratch'd his wig: "To Lunnun Tom?"
 Den turn'd his quid, "I'll see."

6 So strate to mother home goos I,
 An thus to ur did say :
 "Mother I'll goo an see our Sal,
 I'er measter says I may."

7 De poor ol' Gal did shake ur head,
 "Ah! Tom 'twant never do,
 Poor Sal is gone a tejus way,
 An must I now lose you?"

8 I never shall furgit de dey,
 When Sal an I did part,
 If sum mishap shud fall to you
 I'm sure tud braak ma hart.

9 Besides dey kidnap people dere,
 Ah! ketch um by surprize,
 An send um off were nub'dy knows,
 Or *baak um up in pies !*"

10 "Sho pies! I be'nt a bit affeard,
 I shud'nt valley three,
 I'll send ma fist among der skulls,
 An maak um 'member me "

- 11 " Well, sen ya wull so headstrong be,
 Sum *riggen* we must git,
 I'll wash ya out another shurt,
 An sprug ya up a bit.
- 12 Yur ol' haboots wol never do,
 Yur wesket, how is dat?
 Yur olive frock's as good as new,
 But den ya lack a hat."
- 13 " Ah never mind, I've got ya know
Three sufrens good and bright,
 I arn'd um all a harvesten,
 Luk here's a pretty sight !
- 14 An darn ma wig, I wol fer wonce
 Have jest a merry jerk,
 I'll lay out ev'ry tuppence ant
 Afore I goo to work."
- 15 " But winter's cummen Tom ya know,
 An den ya'll lack de brads,
 Ya know how 'tis wud *Poddies* now,
 Dey won't employ de lads."
- 16 " *Ol' Pinchgut den must find us work,*
Fer Overseer is he ;
 He'll grumble when he sets us on,
 But *jigger, what care we !*

- 17 Here's off den down to Billy Wax,
 Fer he's haboots be best ;
 He sells *straa-hats* an *overknees*,—
 An den I shall be drest."
- 18 Well, so nix mornen up scratch'd I
 An Mother up scratch'd she,
 She cry'd an 'low'd tud braak ur hart
 In parten thus wud me !
- 19 " Now Tom" says she, " besure Tom do,
 'Have well were ya be gwyn,
 Whatever others do to you,
 An never turn agin."
- 20 " Yes, very purtty fancy dat !
 No blow ma jackut tight,
 If dey begin der rigs wud me,
 I'll dewced soon show fight !"
- 21 " So good bye Mother !" —off I goos
 As fast as I cud brish ;
 But thought as I went by our shaa
 I'd cut a *liddle swish*.
- 22 'Twas *ashen butt*, both tuff an strong,
 De gurt ene had a nub ;
 An s'pose we say 'bout three fut long,
 An taper'd loike a club.

23 Now wislen up de drove I goos,
 Close by ol' Grinder's Mill,
 Birds sung an seem'd to cheer me up,
 As I went down de hill.

24 Many long miles I shuffled on
 As fast as I cud goo,
 At last I 'gun to feel ya see,
 De haboot ring my toe.

25 A liddle aluss stood close by,
 Thinks I, I'll goo in here,
 An git ya see, a coger loike
 Ov good brencheese an beer.

26 De umman ge a bit o' rag
 About my toe to tie,
 I think'd ur for't, mopp'd up de beer,
 An off agin went I!

27 Now wost ant was, I cud'nt read
 De letters on de post,
 So sumtimes I went roun about,
 An otherwile was lost!

28 I howsumever trudg'd away,
 An see de sun went down,
 Jest as I cum upon de brow
 Dat leads to *Crayton* town.

- 29 So now thinks I, I think I'll stay,
 An ax um fer a lodgen;
 An wen de mornen cums agin,
 Why den I can be bodgen.
- 30 De aluss stood upon de right,
 An was both big an fine,
 An had I think, (but most furgit)
 A *Jack Ass* fer a sine!
- 31 I seed a man upon de steps—
 “Well measter” den I sed,
 “If I stop here, what wol ya charge
 A fellur fer a bed?”
- 32 At fust he bawl'd out rather bruss,
 An den he squirr'd aroun
 Much loike a pegtap, den sed he,
 “Why *on'ny half-a-crown!*”
- 33 What! half-a-crown fer one poor snore?
 Good lack how I did stare!
 “Den git along ya clown,” sed he,
 An den he 'gun to swear.
- 34 If 'twa'nt fer gitten in a scrape
 About dis half-a-crown,
 I'd us'd my ashen swish a bit,
 An lay'd de dandy down.

35 I 'member'd too what Mother sed,
 An so I went away!
 An den I seed a osler chep,
 An so I 'gun to say :—

36 “ Ol' mate I cum a tejus way,
 A fur as I be able,
 I'll trate ya wud a pot o' beer,
 To let me in yur stable.

37 Where I may rest myself a bit,
 An sleep away de nite,
 Den I can start away ya see,
 When mornen peeps de lite.”

38 “ Why yahs ya seem a '*onest* man,”
 De stable chep did say,
 “ Ya may lay down in dat are pen,
 Among dat good soth hay.

39 “ Der's nun but '*onest* men must cum,
 Fer times be gitten queer ;
 Nothen ya know loike '*onesty*,
 So ya be welcum here.”

40 I thought de man was monstus good,
 I'd treat un well fer dis,
 So out into de street I goos,
 To git sum more brencheese.

- 41 Well den we set an stuff'd away,
 An talk'd of one an tother ;
 He told about his uncle Dick,
 An I about my Mother.
- 42 So arter dun-a-much more talk,
 He sed he must be gwyn,
 " Good nite, he says." " Good nite ol' mate"
 Says I ; an den turn'd in.
- 43 Now be'en tir'd, ya may be sure,
 I soon fell fast asleep,
 Soun'ly I snor'd, an never wak'd
 'Till dee-light 'gun to peep.
- 44 Nor shud I den, but turnen roun,
 I felt sum liddle twitches ;
 An what d' ye think ? 'twas sumb'dy's han,
A grabben at my britches !
- 45 Hallo ! says I,—wat do ya here ?
 But not a word he sed ;
 Wud dat I fetch'd un sich a clout,
 Dat made un shake his head.
- 46 I now ketch'd up my *liddle swish*,
 An den he took a squallen,
 I ge un sich a preshus wipe,
 An down I laid un sprawllen.

- 47 Den he begin to beg and pray,
 An I was plaguy crass,
 I sed I'd split he's canister,
 If he oo'nt say who he was.
- 48 An soon I foun de rascal now,
 Dat I had bin a beatin,
 Was he who *talk'd of 'onesty*,
 De nite afore when treatin !
- 49 I claa'd holt an im by de throt,
 Fer I was gittin mad,
 "I'll ha ya to a *majesty*,
 Yes dat I wol my lad !"
- 50 He 'low'd he'd ge me half-a-crown,
 An treat me wud sum beer,
 If I wud make it up wud him,
 An let un goo off clear.
- 51 I did'nt lack to hort de chep,
 So we shook hands and parted,
 He went to cure he's blue-black eye,
 An I fer Lunnun started.
- 52 Thinks I 'tis rather funny too,
 How dis shud cum about ;
 I've got more money in ma bag,
 Dan when I fust cum out.

- 53 I'd better git a bit o' grub,
 Afore I furder goo,
 Jes den I see'd sum sassages
 Hang in a gurt long row.
- 54 De butcher kipt a aluss too,
 An soon fry'd up a poun,
 An den another pot o' beer,
 Dat wash'd um nicely down.
- 55 Den off I goos, both fresh and strong,
 Nor did I stop agin,
 'Till I did cum upon de bredge,
 Where wessels do cum in.
- 56 I b'leve I did jes goggle roun,
 As on de bredge I stood,
 It look'd fer all de world jes loike
Our twenty-acre 'ood!
- 57 So arter I had look'd awhile,
 I thought 'twas time to *quyer*
 If anybody know'd our Sal,
 Or else mayhap de Squyer.
- 58 "Pray measter do ya know our Sal?
 She lives wud Squyer Brown,
 At Govs'nor Square,"—"O bless de man,
 Dats 'tother side de town."

- 59 So up an down, an in an out,
 Roun crooks an turns I went,
 To find "de 'tother side de town,"
 'Till I was gran nigh spent.
- 60 Sum sed I was ol' leather ligs,
 Sum pynted to ma hat,
 An ax'd me uf a swarm o' bees
 Was housen under dat.
- 61 But I din'dt mind der jibs a bit,
 Still ax'd fer Squyer Brown,
 An darn um, all dat I cud git,—
 " 'Tis 'tother side de town !"
- 62 Furder I went, an tir'd anuf,
 'Till turnen roun a corner ;
 I met ('twas quite by *excelldent*),
 Ol' crumple foot *Jack Horner* !
- 63 Rite glad was I to meet un too,
 An soon he had me back ;
 I never shud foun Govs'nor Square,
 Uf 'twant fer *poor ol' Jack*.
- 64 He show'd me to a gurt fine house,
 An glad anuf besure
 Was I to bed ol' Jan good bye,
 An see de Squyer' door.

65 Sum gurt roun steps den up I goos,
 As white as any wall ;
 I ge de door a thump or two,
 An who shud cum but *Sal*.

66 Now dash ma wig—I cud'nt spake
 As soon as I did see ur,
 An Sal begun to bellur out,
 It made us both *so queer* !

67 So I buss'd Sal an Sal buss'd me
 As in de house we went,
 'Till Madam Brown did tell us how
 To maak ourselves content.

68 Fer Madam Brown's a uman good,
 Aldo a lady fine,—
 She ax'd me how ma Mother did,
 An ge me cakes an wine,

69 Wud beef, an beer, an gin, an stuff,
 Dey kipt me loike a king,
 An sed nixt dee, dat Sal shud goo
 An show me everything.

70 Now Sal ya see,—*Sally* I mean,
 (Fer so dey call'd her dere,)
 Had got a *liddle man* dat ust'
 To cut de ladies' hair.

- 71 He cuddled Sally ya must know,
(Les wise I guess'd 'twas so,)
 So we went down to 'quyre ov him
 Uf he wid us ud goo.
- 72 He's shop was fine, an smell'd so sweet,
 Wud heads dat look'd loike life,
 Hem purtty too was won an um,
 Jes loike our *Doctor's Wife*.
- 73 "Well Robert will you go with us?"
 Sally to him did say,
 My brother wants to see the town,
 Now do go with us pray!"
- 74 "To morrow morning then do come,"
 So Robert did agree,
 Den I an Sally sed "good nite,"
 An home agin went we.
- 75 We went to bed and slept awhile,
 An den de mornen cum,
 So I foun out der deys an nites
 Was 'bout loike ours at home!
- 76 De mornen cum, de dee was fine,
 Barber an all was ready,
 Wud dun ya good to see our Sal,
 She look'd *jés loike a Lady!*

77 Robert as any carrot smart,
 Wud trowsers, boots, and dat,
 Dang it ! I thought, if Mother know'd,
 She'd say, "*Dey cut it fat !*"

78 Sally ya know, was *six fut* tall,
 (It makes me grin,) but den,
 Poor liddle Robert was but *five*,
 I think but *four fut ten !*

79 We met sich houghy site ov folks,
 Hosses an coaches fine,
 As arm an arm dey march'd afore,
 An I trudg'd on behind.

80 We went into a gurt high church,
 'Twas very well besure,
 Naun much but tombstones to be sin,
 An sich I've sin afore.

81 We went into a wile beast show,
 I den begin to stare,
 To see de lion an de 'olf,
 A lepper an a bear.

82 An den a gurt ol' helefant,
 Which I shud think doe relly,
 Our measter's bull wud tarnal nigh
 Goo undernead his belly !

83 To see he's tail on 'tother ene,

I laffed my breath all out :

Fer dat wat shud a hung behine,

Was swingin on he's snout !

84 De monkeys too,—an won an um

Set in a gurt arm-chair,

He smok'd a pipe o' baccor well,—

Dey call him de *Lord Mayor*.

85 An won thing too, I never see'd

De loike in all my borns,

It was fer all de world jes loike

A jack-ass wud two horns.

86 So den we went to see de burds,

An soon as we was cum,

Won parrot know'd me (can't tell how,)

An sung out, "*Ah ! wot Tom !*"

87 Now dat was liddle odd to me,

An made me mortal queer,

I thought as how sum *cunnen men*,

Or *witches* liven here !

88 I went to stroke poor Poll abit,

An ge de thing a plum,

Dart me she ge'n me sich a gripe,

Went rite *smack thro' ma thum*.

- 89 We walk'd agin all roun about,
 'Till to de park we cum,
 So dere we see a soadger fine,
 A beatin ov he's drum.
- 90 An den cum out hem, av a kit
 Ov soadgers, big an tall,
 Wud shinen guns all in a row,
 As strate as any wall.
- 91 An den a slick bruss *master man*,
 He'd got a gurt long sword,
 He quarrel'd at de soadgers so,—
 Dey never sed a word.
- 92 But wot he sed I did'nt know,
 At last he hollor'd "*Weel*,"
 An ev'ry soadger march'd away,—
 Not won an um was still.
- 93 De music play'd, de drums did beat,
 De soadgers all was prancin,
 Sally, an I, an liddle Bob,
 Was gran nigh set a dancin !
- 94 I'd loike to be a soadger too
 I thaut wen dey was gone ;
 But den I thaut I never wud
 Be quarrel'd at *fer naun* !

- 95 De nix fine site we went to see
 Was where de hosses run,
 Full gallop roun an roun a ring,
 My eye dat jes was fun?
- 96 Fer fellurs ride heels upards dere,
 May be ya think I lie,
 Won an um had a pair o' wings,
 An fancy he did fly!
- 97 Sum twist as if der bones was out,
 Jes loike so many eels,
 An turn der heads hine side afore,
 Down undernead der heels.
- 98 'Twas arternoon an we was tir'd
 An summut lack'd to eat,
 So Robert sed he'd ha us out,
 An ge us a gud treat.
- 99 An so he did; wud staaks an pies,
 An dun know what beside,
 But everything was mighty good
 To stuff a fellur's hide!
- 100 We den cum to a twitten place,
 All overhung an dark,
 'Twas hem-an-all de nighest way
 Dat brung us from de park.

- 101 But sea-a-bit, ud we went dere,
 Had we know'd how tud bin,
 De wost ant was, as I will tell
 De mess dat we got in.
- 102 Fer 'tother ene a kit o' boys,
 So ragged, ruff, an rudy,
 Stud staren at a jockey dere,
 Who'd got a *Punch-an-Judy*.
- 103 So gooen jest acress de road,
 To look at Punch's fun,
 De saacy brats as we stud dere,
 Der rigs dey gin to run.
- 104 Dey sed dat Sally was *long Meg*,
 An Bob ur liddle *poppit*,
 An 'gun to shuck my frock about,
 An call'd me *ol' Jan Scupput*.
- 105 Jigger, I wud'nt stan all dis,
 An so I 'gun to tell um
 If dey did'nt shet der nabble-traps
 My *liddle swish shud fell um*.
- 106 But on dey went, I rais'd my swish,
 To hit won on de back,
 He dodg'd jes den, an so de ene,
 Went thro' de winder *smack!*

107 Out cum de man, an 'gun to storm,
 An ketch'd holt av ma collar,
 "Ya bumpkin, ya shall pay a crown,"
 De boys dey 'gun to holler.

108 Long cum a man, was dress'd in blue,
 Dey call'd un *Muster Pleece*,
 He fix'd fast an me :—Den I ax'd
 Wat bis'ness 'twas ov he's ?

109 So I ge him *a clumsy thump*,
 Fer I was gotten crass,
 He ge my airm a sudden gudge,
 An broke *another* glass.

110 Wud dat he hollor'd out so loud,
 An long did cum another
 Drest jes fer all de world loike him,
 I reckon 'twas he's *brother*.

111 I sed ya cowards, two to won
 Dat never can be fair,
 Dey sed, an told de shopman too,
 Dey'd ha me to de *Mayor* !

112 I in de scuffle lost ma hat,
 De boys tore dat to pieces ;
 Dey chain'd ma hans an I was fos'd
 To goo wud dese *two pleeces*.

- 113 I was as mad as enny cat,
 How Sal did bellur sure,
De Barber frighten'd, run away,
An I see'd him no more!
- 114 De people all did stare an scrouge,
 As thick as enny fair;
 Dey brung me to a gurt fine house,
 An dere set *Muster Mayor*.
- 115 Wud gurt long wig, an jackut on,
 He look'd most wond'rous wise,
 Wud dat de shopkipper did 'gin
 To tell sich monstus lies.
- 116 He sed I had his winder broke,
 An den he sed as how
 I brung a pack o' noisy brats,
 An 'gun kick up a row!
- 117 I told um 'twas a *plaguy lie*,
 Sal sed if dey wud sen
 Fer Squyer Brown ov Govs'nor Square,
 Dat he wud be ma fren.
- 118 Dey sent, an puffin out ov breath,
 Along cum *Squyer Brown*,
 He sed I ment no hort, an was
 "A simple country clown."

- 119 So arter dun-a-much more glib,
 Dey did agree at lass,
 Dat I shud pay *ten shillens* down,
 Fer braaken ov de glass.
- 120 I paid de brads, an turnen roun,
 I thaut to cum away,
 “No no,” dey sed “ya luckless lad,
 “Ya’ve *twenty more to pay!*”
- 121 Fer what? I ax’d, dey sed “fer cost,”
 (Dat I cud never know,)
 So I dubb’d down de stuff ya see,
 An *den dey let ma goo.*
- 122 I growl’d, but not a single word
 Ov all dat I cud say,
 Wud dey attend:—so fierd crass,
 At lass I cum away.
- 123 If dis be Lunnun, now thinks I,
 I’ll soon be bodgen home,
 I told our Sal an Squyer too,
 I wish’d I’d never cum
- 124 She sed uf I’d goo back ud ur,
 She’d ge me a new hat,—
 But dash ma wig, I’d no more peace,
 In Lunnun arter dat.

125 An so nix mornen up I scratch'd,
 We buss'd an sed gud bye,
 I cum away tarnashun crass,
 But Sally pip'd ur eye.

126 Ma bag was gran nigh empty too,
 An dat ya know is bad,
 Fer *ninepence* now, to tell de truth,
 Was all de brass I had.

127 So all dat dee I push'd along,
 As fast as I was able,
 Huppin when nite did cum, to git
 A lodgen in a stable.

128 But plague a-bit, (as Mother says,)
 When money's gone, ya may
 Goo taak a rup an hang yursel;
 So I creep'd in sum hay.

129 'Twas undernead a stack so cold,
 It rain'd an wet me thro'
 How I did shiver all de nite,
 An din't know what to do.

130 By mornin lite a bayly cum,
 An swore, an 'gun to swagger;
 He jowter'd at me loike a dog,
 An sed I was a *begger*.

- 131 An den a tejus crass ol' dame
 Sung out so loud an clear,
 " Ya *Begger fellur* get ya gone,
 " Ya hav no bis'ness here !"
- 132 She'd not a tooth in all ur head,
 But she *had* got a tongue ;
 Dat loike de clapper ov a bell,
 All roun an roun it swung !
- 133 " Ya rogue" says she, an rais'd ur broom,
 It was'nt many wicks,
 Sence ya did rob ma roosten house,
 An car away ma chicks."
- 134 " I rob yur roost ! dat can't be rite—
 I rob ya ! when an how ?
 Don't talk too fast ol' dame, says I—
 I ne'er was here till now."
- 135 Afore I'd time to turn me roun,
 Or 'nother word had sed,
 Ur broom cum down wud sich a whop,
 Dat gran nigh broke ma head !
- 136 Dat rais'd ma wool an turnen roun,
 I thought to fix de hag,
 Jes den de bayly's dog jump'd up,
 An ketch'd me by de leg !

- 137 He tore ma frock an breeches too,
 An made me jump an roar,
 Says I, "ol' boy I'll taak good care,
 Dat you shall bite no more."
- 138 I aim'd ma swish an levell'd well,
 To polt un on de head,
 I ge him sich a clumsy clout,
 An down I fetch'd un dead!
- 139 'Twas jest agin a gurt wide pon,
 Where hosses us'd to drink,
 An dere de bayly jawen stood,
 Upon de very brink.
- 140 So lion-loike to knock me down,
 Was now he's full intent;
 I dodg'd aside an headlong plump,
Into de pon he went!
- 141 O'er nick an shoulders, head an heels,
 He got a mornin's dip,
 Den out he scratch'd as drainin wet,
 As enny new wash'd ship.
- 142 Bayly he bawl'd—an dame she squall'd,
 "We'll send ya off to jail!"
 Well, well, thought I—I'd better try
 To look ye up *Lig Bail!*

- 143 De Dog was dead—de Bayle wet—
 De Dame too old to run,
 An as I shuffled off, thinks I,
 Why dis is middlen fun.
- 144 De Dog—de Bayly—an de Dame,
 I sarv'd um out all three,
 An sarv'd um rite—fer what had dey
 To do wud jawen me?
- 145 Wud shiv'ring lims, an hongry gut,
 Rite forrud den I set,
 But very sautly I got on,
 I was so mortal wet.
- 146 De win did blow, de rain did fall,
 My toe did ring full sore,
 I thaut I never shud return
 To see my Mother more.
- 147 As luck did goo dat very dee,
 I lit wud ol' *Tom Styles* ;
 He took me up into his cart,
 An car'd me many miles.
- 148 A pint o' beer I ge to hlm,
 As from de cart I jump'd,
 Paid de las tuppence I had got,
 An den I was *jés stump'd*.

149 So I got home dat self same nite,
 Which Mother star'd to see,
 I told ur how it was ud Sal,
 An how it was ud me.

150 I sed I'd bin to Lunnun wonce,
 But I'd goo dere no more,
Fer I cum back a bigger fool,
Dan I had bin afore !

151 But Mother never sim'd to mind,
 Tho' all ma brads be gone,
 Yet arter all 'tis very true
 I han't bin dere fer naun.

152 Fer I have larnt a thing or two,
 From what I now have sin,
 An wise anuf I'm sarten sure
 Never to goo agin !



TOM CLADPOLE'S RETURN.

TOM.

I'LL say so agin as I sed it afore,
I woll stay at home, an leave Mother no more ;
Wud Bowler an Capten, I'll harrar an plow,
Swack out all de barley an fother de cow.
Derry down ! Down, down Derry down !

MOTHER.

To hear ye say so does so gladden ma hart,
Dat you an yer Mother Tom never woll part ;
I'll maak ye a pudden—an baak ye a pie,
An ge ye sum porter when ya be a dry—
Derry down ! &c.

UNCLE TIM.

Why dat is *felosophy* Tom I must own,
So you by yer journey much wiser be grown,
Fer when folks have blundered *felosophy* says
Dey can do nothing better dan alter der ways.
Derry down ! &c.

TOM.

No more ov yer '*losefers*, Uncle fer me,
Let dey live at Lunnun, I'll stop were I be ;
Dey *chounc'd* all ma money, an ge me a squeeze,
An turn'd me out under a hay-stack to freeze.
Derry down ! &c.

MOTHER.

Ah, never mind money Tom, work fer sum more ;
I'll ge all my chicken to add to yer store ;
So let us be merry—an driv away care,
An talk about Lunnun, but never goo dere.
Derry down ! &c.

UNCLE TIM.

To all I declare who have enny desarnin
 You reason together loike people ov larnin;
 De family dictum is now understood,
 De felosophy's just an de logic is good.

Derry down! &c.

ALL TOGETHER.

While others more foolish be tempted to roam,
 Let Uncle, an Mother, an Tom stay at home,
 Wud' oggin ov porter most cheery we sing
 Succ' to Tom Cladpole an "God save de King!"
 Derry down! Down, down Derry down!

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Giving an account ov de White, Black, & Yellor Folks,
 what he met wud in his Travels in search for

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And how he got rich enough to beg his way home; writ all
 in rhyme, by his Father,

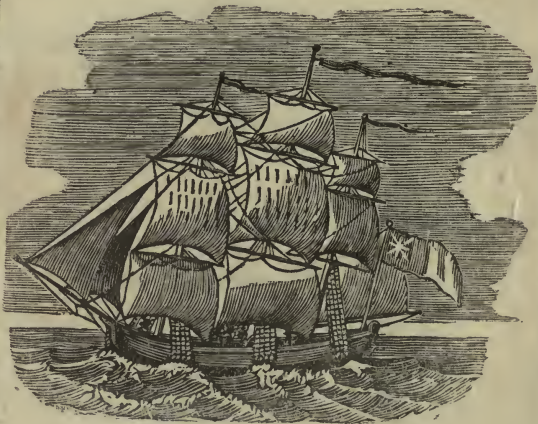
TIM CLADPOLE.

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FRONTISPIECE.



De sky an sea was all wê see,
An not a bit ov shore,
I never thought de world so big,
Nor half so big afore!

Vide page 13.

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P R E F A C E.

'MOST every body knows about Tom Cladpole's Journey to Lunnun, so dat says jest naun at all. But deres very few knows a word about *Jan Cladpole's* travels, nor shud we said anything about um unny folks be terrifying Jan out ov his life to tell um about what he see when he went to 'Merricur—one says, "Now Jan do tell us how ye made out in de storm?" Another says, "How about dat yellor faced fellur wud his gurt quid?" An den another bellurs out, "Jan, so ye didn't loike yur black team much did ye?" Den de boys bawl out, "Jan, do tell us about dat market were dey sell de poor black boys and girls?" Some want to know about de good old gennelman wot wore de broad brim'd hat; an den how Jan managed to beg his way home, so dat it took up half Jan's time to tell about it all.

So one dey he comes to me an says, says he "Father I wish youd set it down as you did Tom's bout to Lunnun, an den dey may all know it?"

As to dat says I Jan, I think ye ought to be ashamed ov your travels instead of letten every body know wot a silly ye have been, I dont know Father says he, I think if I by my foolishness was to lose ma way, I ought to tell others wot was likely to travel de same road, otherwise dey woll act as I did;

an sure anuf I dont lack any poor fellur to get hisself in sich a mess as I did.

Well well Jan says I, deres sum sense in dat too, we'll see about it arter de busy time is over a liddle; so dat is all how it cum about, an de reader woll see all de rest ant as he gets along—Onny I wud jes say dat Jan was awves a monstus *stomackful* sort of a boy, an wanted to have his own way too much, but dis here trip to 'Merricur has dun him a power ov good, he has now larnt dat dere be other folks wot knows as well as he does, an dat which ever side ov de world we live (as my poor granmother used to say) we shall otherwile meet wud a ruff hedge to scratch through.

Bout de prenten, an all dat I have naun at all to do wud dat, de printer cheps must anser fer all dat, wot ever fauts ye may find ov my maaken I be willen to anser for, an dat ought to satisfy ye, for as my uncle used to say “uf evry man wud swip is own house clean, he wud have but a poor scrub ov a broom to lend to his neighbour.”

My Nevey Tom wishes me to tell ye, he thinks ye all for buying his book, an dat he has sold um all agin, but talks of haven some more prented, an den ye may have as meny as ye loike.

I remain yur ol' Frend;

An well wisher,

TIM CLADPOLE.

JAN CLADPOLE.

- 1 ONE dey as I was threshing oats,
De sweat run down ma back,
Fer I was foc'd to leather on
Ya see swack arter swack.
- 2 I gun to think wile clouten on,
An to myself I sed,
'Tis rather hard to stiver so
Jess fer a bit of o'bread.
- 3 Wile gennelmen do naun at all
But eat an roll in coaches,
Mander o'er us poor fellers here
An grow as fat as roaches.
- 4 So sum do naun an we do all,
Dis never can be right;
Darn me uf other cheps wud help
We'd show um how to fight!
- 5 Here we must thresh, an plow, an mow,
An muck about a carten;
I wish de *unioners* wud cum,
I'd soon be off a *charten*.

6 'Twas summut odd, but all at once
 Dis sulky fit did taak me,
 So I stood leaning on ma frail
 As mad as crass cud maak me!

7 Jest den *Ol' Skinfint* cum along
 Wud terrible to do,
 Ya idle rip, he belver'd out,
 I've had anuf of you.

8 Deres nothen done at all says he
 So take it as a warnen,
 Pack up yer kit an bodge away
 Early to morrow mornen.

9 All I cud say he wound'nt hear
 An 'twant a bit ov use;—
 He sed I'd idled all my time,
 An call'd me a gurt goose!

10 Why sen 'tis cum to dat says I,
 A sticken up yer crap;
 I wont thresh out another wad,
 Nor sweat another drap.

11 So off I peck'd and prowlen down
 Along de hollor tracks,
 I met by chance our shumeker
 I mean *Ol' Billy Wax*. *

* Dat very same man wot sold Tom Cladpole he's haboots
 wen he went to Lunnun.

- 12 I told un what had cum to pass
 Come, come along says he,
 (Ol' Billy's purtty deep ya see
 And knows anuf fer three.)
- 13 We trudg'd along de narror way,
 Dat brung us to de Bell,
 We call'd a pot ov Beer to drink,
 And den he gun to tell.
- 14 All roun about de furren parts,
 A 'tother side de sea;
 An sed if I'd be ruled by him
 He'd make a man ov me.
- 15 Yes all de Parish knows full well,
 Says I, an all agree,
 Ya be deep larnt, good Master Wax,
 "Why yes dats true" says he!
- 16 I know a thing or two says Bill—
 An dodg'd his cunnen head,
 Wud box in han he wink'd his eye,
 Den took he's snuff an sed.
- 17 "Goo to dat lan ov liberty
 "Where Dollars grow on trees,
 "Nothen to do but gether um
 "As meny as ya please."

18 " No Parsons proud have dey to kip,
 " No Tithes to pay nor Taxes;
 " No Kings no Queens to gobble up,
 " What here our stumiks vexes."

19 " Dere you may hunt an shoot like fun,
 " An pleasures never fail;
 " No Squyer dere to take your gun,
 " An send ye off to jail."

20 " Master an Man be all alike"—
 Stop Master Wax says I,
 Do tell me where's dat happy lan,
 Dere I woll live and die?

21 " No no" says he " a thing so grand
 " Fer naun can ne'er be told,
 " Another pot—an I woll tell
 " Where ye may roll in gold."

22 Agreed says I—" well den" he sed
 " Amerricur's the nation,
 " Where ev'ry man whoe'er he be,
 " May find a happy station."

23 " In five short wicks fer five poor pouns,
 " You'll swim across de oashan,
 " An see sich glorious sights which now
 " You've not the slightest notion."

- 24 Now dis fine news and t'other pot
 Did gin to warm mà gill,
 Good bye, my good fren Wax, says I,
 " Good luck to ye" says Bill.
- 25 I bundled off to father den,
 An told un all de story,
 'Tis Merricur's de place fer me,
 Dere I shall live in glory!
- 26 But he want half so hot as I,
 An sed 'twas all a whim,
 " Whoever heard ov *Dollar Trees*,
 " An sich like things?" says Tim.
- 27 Well goo I woll, and shortly too,
 I wish I was dere now;
 Ol' Skinflint may thresh out he's oats,
 An he hisself may plow.
- 28 " To hender you" den father sed,
 " Why Jan I shud be sorry—
 " But bout de brads"—Oh I have sum,
 An 'tother I can borry.
- 29 Fer cousin Tom's a goodish chep,
 He'll lend ma sum I know;
 An I can pay un off agen
 When I do richer grow.

30 Mother woll look me up de grub—
 Sum baacon an a pie,
 As I hant fur to goo ya know,
 Fer I shall start frum *Rye*.

31 In ten short deys 'twas settled well,
 Dat I shud be a sailen;
 De neighbours bed ma all farwell
 But mother was a wailen!

32 She sed it was a shocken thing,
 An den she talked of dyen;—
 An tho' a tuff ol' hearty chep
 Ol' Tim could scarce help cryen.

33 Mother good bye—an father too—
 An good bye cousin Tom;
 When I have gold to spare abroad
 I'll think ov you at home!

34 So off I trudg'd, away to *Rye*,
 As fresh as eny daisy,
 At ol' Skinflint I shook my fist,
 Acaus he call'd me lazy!

35 De Wessel was both stout an strong,
 An lay along de shore;
 My liddle den was loike a sty
 Where pigs do lay an snore.

- 36 By mornen light we put to sea,
 So smood an fine de weather—
 We bowl'd away to 'Merricur,
 So merrily together.
- 37 Ten deys an nights we swimm'd along,
 Wud scarce an aken head,
 An den while snoren in de sty,
 I tumbled frum ma bed.
- 38 Halloo! says I, as up I rous'd,
 Why what can be de matter,
 Wot be we got to 'Merricur?
 Dere's sich a tegus clatter?
- 39 "A storm!" a dreadful storm?" dey sed,
 So I went up on deck,
 An in a minut down I cum
Upon ma bottom swack!
- 40 A gurt high wave cum tumblen o'er,
 Where I a sprawlen lay,
 (I never seed de loike afore)
 An swum ma clean away!
- 41 But I scratch'd up upon ma fit
 As 'tother side I cum,
 Another wave cum blundern down
An brought me on ma bum!

- 42 So dat giv me another swim,
 Back were I fust begun;
 Thinks I uf dis be riden now,
 'Tis no gurt shakes ov fun!
- 43 In dese two swims I hort ma head,
 So I went down below,
 An creep'd into ma cubbud bed,
 Drainen frum top to toe!
- 44 Sum set, sum lay as sick as death,
 An I as wet as sap—
Hel younguns heads a yallopen
Right in der mother's lap!
- 45 Sum wish'd de world was never made—
 An sum had monstus airs,—
 Sum froughten'd thought dey soon shud die,
 An try'd to say der pray'rs.
- 46 De Wessel crack'd—I thought she'd break,—
 De win and sea did roar;
 De sailors rattled over head—
 I wish'd maself ashore.
- 47 De storm however blow'd away,
 An we brish'd on quite well;
 But as to say de road we went
Dat nubbudy can tell,

- 48 An how we ever foun de way,
 To me 'twas monstous odd,
 We never met but one ol' Ship,
An den dint ax de road!
- 49 De sky an sea was all we see,
 An not a bit ov shore,
 I never thought de world so big,
Nor half so big afore!
- 50 One dey as we was swimmen on,
 A liddle fore 'twas dark;
 We met a fired gurt ol' fish,
 I think it was *a Shark*.
- 51 He'd carry ten upon he's back,
 Where all might set and ride un,
 Leswise de sailors told me so,
But dint tell who'd try'd un.
- 52 He's sich a fellur too to eat,
 (Fer dey'd sin hem afore)
 He'd gobble up two cheps dey sed,
 An look about fer more.
- 53 We dousted on dey arter dey,
 'Twas nothen very funny.—
 But den I thought about de Tree,
Dat Tree dat bears de Money!

- 54 At last we got to 'Merricur,
 An I was very glad,
 Fer I ya see had made an ene
 Ov all de grub I had.
- 55 De boats cum swimen off to us,
 An took us all ashore,
 My trouble all is gone thinks I,
 An I sheant ha no more.
- 56 Dey brung us to a gurt fine place,
 Sum fellurs big an high,
 Ax'd what I carry'd in ma box?
 What's dat to you sed I?
- 57 Dey wud a hammer broke de lid,
 An I begun to squall,
 An out dey turn'd ma breeches den,
Ma wesket, hat an all!
- 58 Dat gun to set ma monkey up—
 I ketch'd un by de nose,
 What's dis yer *Yankee Liberty*,
To steal a fellur's clothes?
- 59 He sed he'd send me off to jail,
 An ax'd how dat wud suit?
 Den turn'd me roun an kick'd ma breech,
"Begone ya English brute!"

60 To meet sich usage all for naun,
 Stuck rather in ma eye,
 So off I bodg'd wud box an all,
 My better luck to try.

61 Fine shops an houses stood along,
 So thick in meny a row;
 I ax'd de yankees all I met,
 Where *Dollar Trees* did grow.

62 One star'd so saey in ma face—
 One grin'd an shook he's head—
 One turn'd he's quid—an spet—an all
 Pop'd off and nothen sed.

63 Why what's de matter wud ye all,
 Ya sim so plaguy glum?
 Ya look as uf ya had de gripes,
 Or else ya all be dum.

64 At las I lit upon a house,
 Were I might stop an rest,
 To morrow mornen now thinks I,
 I'll try an do ma best.

65 An so I did fer walken down,
 Along a narror way,
 I met a yellor yankee man,
 An den he gun to say.

66 " Ya sim a strong an hearty man,

" I guess an Emigrant—

" An I can look ya up a job,

" If work is wot ya want."

67 Dollars is what I lack says I,

Do tell me were dey grow ;

He grin'd an turn'd his quid an sed,

" Dat I shud loike to know !"

68 Ma pockut be'en low ya see

Afore I further went,

I thought I'd better tackle to,

An maak meself content.

69 So he set me a saanen wood—

An den a loaden boats ;

'Twas ev'ry bit as tuff a job,

As threshing *Skinflint's* oats !

70 De Bos* took care to maak me move,

An well arn ev'ry penny ;

No time to look fer Dollar Trees,

Nor did I hear of eny,

71 One dey a gennelman I met,

" An do ya want a master

He sed" I'll put ya in a way

" To get yer money faster."

* De people wot live at 'Merricur call der master *Bos*, wot a queer name.

- 72 Says I dats jes de very thing,
Do tell me uf ya please,
De lucky spot uf ya do know
Were Dollars grow on Trees.
- 73 "Yes yes" says he "trust me fer dat,
"Fer very well I know;
"Virjenny is de place ma lad,
Were plenty an um grow."
- 74 I bless'd ma stars an garters too.
An star'd—an sim'd a dreamer;
But how be I to find ma way—
"Oh goo down by de Steamer."
- 75 De Steamer, wot is dat says I?
A gurt ol' bony mare?
"No no" says he "a boat dat flys,
"An you woll soon be dere."
- 76 Well so nex mornen down I went,
De boat lay close ashore;
I went aboard—an soon I met,
Wos trouble dan afore.
- 77 I thought de boat was gwyn to fly,
Jes loike a air balloon;
Or loike a burd swich thro de sky,
But I larnt better soon.

- 78 Fer off we desh'd thro' meny a wave,
 An made um so to spatter,—
 We flew in water, not in air,
 Wud sich hem ov a clatter.
- 79 An two gurt wheels kipt rollen roun,
 Loike Cheater's Mill ya know;
 To grind de puddings 'twas I spose,
 Down in de pot below.
- 80 A fired gurt ol' porrige pot,
 As hot as hot cud be,
 Did hus an wallup all dey long,
 As I did never see!
- 81 To make ma story short—at las
 We landed at Virjenný;
 Den, wot afore I never know'd,
 I found I was a *ninny*!
- 82 To trust a lying Yankee chep,
 Whose tongue did smoodly tell,
 Fine stories—but ya soon shall hear,
 Wot ma sad lot befell!
- 83 Nex mornen wen ma master cum,
 A heavy wip he give;
 An sed "dere go into de fill
 "Fer *nigers ya must driv*."

- 84 Wot! 'tend yer hogs?—no dat I wont,
 Dat ne'er woll do fer me;
 "Hogs no,—but sunnut wos dan hogs,
 "So cum along" says he.
- 85 Wud dat he brung me to a place,
 It cut ma to de hart;
To see ten gurt black fellurs dere,
Chain'd to a heavy cart.
- 86 He laffen sed "dere dats yer team,
 "An uf dey do not pull,
 "Use dat stout wip—an flog um well,
 "Jest as ya woud a Bull!"
- 87 Wot! flog dem men who've done no hort?
 No dat woll never do,
Why dey woll tear ma liver out,
An sarve me rightly too!
- 88 "Shoo shoo" says he "an English man,
 "Is sich a monstus flat;
 "Ya nothen know uf 'Merricur,
 Ov *liberty* an dat"!
- 89 Uf liberty is draaen blood,
 From dem poor fellurs' veins;
 Dats true says I—whoever heard
 Ov *liberty* in chains!

90 "Come come," says he ya'll wiser grow,
 "Do maak yerself content,"
 Not I—an down I throw'd de wip,
 An off I shortly went.

91 He den kitch'd up de plaguy wip,
 An gun to rage and roar;
An leather'd me swack arter swack,
Till my poor back was sore!

92 "So get along ya loafen lout"—
 He stomp'd an swore an sed—
 But were to goo I did not know,
 Fer I was gran nigh dead!

93 Beside de weather was so hot,
 I thought 'twoud burn me quite,
 So I creep'd in a hedge an lay,
 Dat dey—an all de night.

94 I thought ov home an Father too,—
 An den ov Billy Wax;
 An uf dey'd *tithes* an *parsons* dere,
 Dey had *no bloody backs!*

95 Uf Mother was but here I thought,
 She'd try an ease ma pains;
 An den I thought of dem poor blacks,
Ov liberty in chains!!

- 96 An as fer dollar trees, thinks I,
 'Tis all a peck o' stuff;
 An wish'd I'd brads to car me back,
 To England's shore anuf.
- 97 I 'member'd too what father sed,
 Dat wishes all was vain,
 A thousand wud'nt fell a quart,
 So up I scratch'd agen.
- 98 I had no money in ma bag,
 Fer dat was all quite spent,
 I creep'd along a mile or two,
 An in de town I went.
- 99 I'd naun to eat an naun to drink,
 Ma back was burnen hot,
 I'd better stay'd at home thinks I,
 Contented wud ma lot.
- 100 Plenty of wites an blacks I met,
 An yellor folks I see;
 But dere was nub'dy I know'd,
 An nub'dy car'd fer me.
- 101 I spoke to um, dey nothen sed,
 Ov all dat I did meet,
 At last I was so ternal bad,
 I tumbled in de street.

102 Dey passen by, no notice took—
 I panted hard fer breath—
 De sun did shine, most hot anuf,
 To brile a chep, to death,

103 A man wud a gurt *broad brim'd hat*,*
 At las cum trudgen by;
 “Cum fren git up?” to me he sed,
 “An don’t lay dere an die.”

104 He ax’d me were ma Father liv’d,
 An kindly spoke to me;
 I told un ’twas a long way off,
 A ’tother side de sea.

105 He brung me to de Ospital,
 Were Doctors stood in rows,—
 Dey give me lots ov bitter stuff,
 An tri’d to cure ma blows.

106 But wos I got an wosser still,
 I evry dey did grow,
 An wether I shud live or die,
 De doctors did not know.

107 Arter a wile I gun to mend,
 Right glad was I ov dat,
 He cum an kindly talk’d to me,
 Wot wore de broad brim’d hat.

* Dat Gennelman’s broad brimed Hat hel all de good dat
 I see in ’Merricur!

- 108 He sed I shud walk out awile,
 Dat I might see an know;
 Were I might get a job ov work,
 Wen I did better grow.
- 109 I did—an as one dey I went
 Along de street a stareen,
 I heard a terrible to do,
 Ov crying an ov swearen.
- 110 I ax'd wot all dat racket ment?
 "Onny a market rout"
 Dey sed—an so I doddled down,
 To see wot 'twas about.
- 111 I thought to see sum *bullocks* dere,
 Or *ship* shet in a pen,
 No, all de stock dey had to sell,
 Was *Women black and Men*,
- 112 Chain'd two an two dey stood along,
 Loike oxen in a yoke;
 De Women cry'd an Childun too
 As uf der harts was broke.
- 113 De auction man stud brawlen loud,
 Wud hammer in his han;
Two Hundud Dollars who beds more,
 Fer dis *fine nigger Man!*

114 An soon dey sold de nigger fine,
 O! how he's wife did roar,
 When she was sold to goo away,
Never to see him more!

115 Her cries—(I think I hear dem now)
 Dey rent de very air,
 “*Me wish me dead an gone*” she sed,
An den she tore her hair.

116 I thought ov my poor mother too,
 An spose de man was I,
 An foc'd to goo where nub'dy knows,
 I blev she wud jes cry.

117 Again she hugg'd her liddle boy,
 “*Oh de poor Pickaninny*”!
 Says I to one, is dis de way
 You sell folks at Virgenny?

118 He gruff'd—“what dont ya loike it much”?
 No not a bit I sed,—
 Uf I was well I'd go an crack
 Dat auction fellurs head!

119 Wud dat dey all cum flocken roun,
 An swore an made me shiver,
 Dey sed uf I want shortly off
 Dey'd *hol me in de river.*

120 Uf ever I git home agen
 Says I—an shook ma bat,
 I'll tell our *Queen* an *Gurtuns* too;
 An maak ya member dat.

121 What! sell poor men—an womem too,
 De loike was never sin;
 Blow me uf I git back agen,
Uf I dont tell de Queen!

122 To *Brighton* I woll surly goo,
 An tell ur all about ye,
 She's Wessells dere an Soagers too,
 An dey woll cum an rout ye.

123 Wud dere gurt guns, dey'll soon be here,
 An dat woll sarve ye right,
 While runnen off dey'll shoot ye all,
Sich rogues as you cant fight!

124 So I cum huffen off ya see,
 Ma blood was bilen hot;
 Fer wot I see off dem dere blacks,
 Woll never be fergot.

125 *Wot! talk ov taxes an ov tithes,*
Ov Parsons an ov Kings;
Ov workhus Men, an Overseers,
'Tis naun to sich loike things!

- 126 Back to de Ospital I goes,
 An told um wot wos doen,
 I sed no wonder 'tis so hot,
 Dis place woll cum to ruin.
- 127 Loike *Sodom* ya will all be burnt,
 An I'll be off fer fear;
 Sich monstus wicked folks I know,
 Is no were foun but here.
- 128 Down to de river den I went,
 To see wot I cud do,
 An find a boat or summut dere,
 Fer somewhere else to goo.
- 129 Dat very Steamer wos dere still,
 A swimen loike a cork,
 Dey told me she was goen back,
 Nex mornen to New York.
- 130 I told um all ma brads was gone,
 De master den did say,
 " I'll car ye back fer naun to York,
 " Uf you woll work yer way."
- 131 So swish an brish we bowl'd away,
 Back were I was afore,
 An dis I got by dat ere trip,
 A back so mortal sore.

132 An dat wos all—but I wos glad,
 An never sim'd to mind it,
 As Father says—" *Deres comfort still*
Uf we know were to find it"!

133 I told de Captain wot I'd sin,
 He sed 'twas badish luck,
 An uf I long'd fer home agen,
 I might goo back a *Duck*!*

134 *A Duck!* wot goo a paddle quack,
 Acrass dat gurt wide sea?
 Why I cant swim a bit says I,—
 "Not sich a *Duck*"! says he.

135 "But work yer way as ya hav done
 "Fer me, to England's shore,"
 Says I, I woll goo back a *Duck*
 I've bin a *Goose afore*!

136 Or else I never shud a left
Ma Dad—an good *ol' Mum*;—
 Who woll may goo to 'Merricur,
 Uf I can once get home!

137 Thinks I deres no more trouble now;
 (As I have had sich luck)
 But soon I foun deres nothen else
 Fer hem as cums *Jim Duck*!

* Sich Cheps wot work dere way home de Sailors call um
 Jemmy Ducks!

138 De Capten was a swollen blade,
 Sailors as bad an wos,
 Jim here—Jim dere—Jim everywhere—
 An den dey'd swear an cus.

139 “ Ya lubber goo an swab de deck—
 “ Now goo an feed de hogs’—
 Dey ge me stinken beef to eat,
 Not fit to fling to dogs.

140 Dey made me pump de water up,
 An ge me meny a swack,
 Wud a ternashun gurt ol’ rup,
 Upon ma poor sore back.

141 An as for bed, deres none ov dat,
 However went de weather,
Jem Duck an hogs upon de deck
Turn’d in an slept together!

142 De ol’ black Cook did favor me,
 Wud otherwile a bite;
 Or I shud never liv’d to tell,
 But starv’d an dy’d outright!

143 At las we got to Liverpool,
 An when I went ashore,
 Dey told me I had got to goo
Two hundred mile an more.

- 144 A purty mess, ma clothes is gone—
 No brass at all have I,—
 An wether I can beg or no,
 I dont know—but I'll try!
- 145 So I set up a *Begger Man*,
 An matches I did sell;
 Jim Duck's wos much a wosser job,
 Nor liv'd nor lodg'd so well!
- 146 Arter a fortnits beggaren,
 Ma home at las I foun;
 Mother she cry'd, an Father laff'd—
 But all wos safe an soun.
- 147 Ah never mind ol' gal says I—
 An den to Father sed,
 I'll ge ol' *Wax a blowen up*,
Afore I goo to bed.
- 148 I went, an dere I see un stan,
 A readen ov de news;
 Ya lyen rip says I git in,
 An sole an mend yer shoes!
- 149 Ya sed ya'd maak a *Man* ov me,
 Deny it uf ya can,
 Dese rags wud dat do well agree,
 But 'tis a *Beggar Man*!

150 I had sum brads wen I went off,
 An might have had sum still,
 Uf twant fer you—twod sarve ya right
 To clout yer head *ol' Will!*

151 He sed he'd red ov wot he told,
 Nor reason had to dout it:—
 Dere hold yer tongue says I fer you
 Know naun at all about it!

152 Deres no sich thing as *Dollar Trees*,
 Nor is dere *Lords* an *Squyers*;
 But plenty sich as you *ol' Wax*,
 Ov bare fac'd *Scamps* an *Liars!*

153 Yankees an you be jest aloike,
 Wud tongues as smood as oil;
 Tell lies be dozens as ye goo,
 An cheat us all de wile.

154 So good bye to yer clawney all,
 Red, yallor, white, an black;
 Yankees shell never see my face,
 Now I be got safe back.

155 Bad luck to *Liberty in Chains!*
 An *Dollar Tress* so clever!
 I'll be content at home to live,
Ol' England fer ever!

Hur rah—a—a——!

FINIS.

TIM CLADPOLE'S ADVICE,

Or no Grumblen.

I'll tell ye a story, wot ev'ry one knows,
Dat man's sich a commical cretur,
However much bigger he gets dan he's clothes,
He's still a desire to be greater.

He is sich a mutteren grumblen elf,
An meets wud abundance ov trouble,
Thinks nobuddy is so bad off as hisself,
Dis maakes he's calamities double.

De *thresher* dat thumps in de dusty ol' flour,
Is lapsey, an woll not work faster,
Goo ax un de reason, he does not do more,
"Why 'cause *he dont live like he's master!*"

He's master de *farmer* too grumbles an says,
"My landlord dat scamp ov a squire,
"Wile I have to strüggel thro' many ruff ways,
"He daily grows richer an higher!"

De *squire* wile he follows de fox in full cry,
Lord Lumpy he envys, and growls,
"Dat greasey ol' chap's better mounted dan I,
"Dats awves de lot of sich fools!

Lord Lumpy bears all things (except a rebuke),
Yet it puzzels he's empty ol' pate,
Fer he cannot conceive why he's not made a *Duke*,
As much *lesser Lords* have ov late.

De *Duke* has been fighten in France and in Spain,
 An nun is so valiant as he,
 He says he's been shot at again an again,
 An surly a *Prince* aught to be!

He's *Highness* in secret keeps grumblen too,
 "Dere's nun so unhappy as I,
 "De *King* has been sinken dis twelmont or two,
 "I cannot think *why* he dont die!"

De *King* has been wearen he's life out to try,
 With many a politic plan,
 To govern an *Empire*—an prythee fer why?
 'Cause an *Emp'ror's* a happyer man.

De *Emperor* envy's de *Pope*, while de strings
 Ov he's hart are quite bursten wud woe,
 He mourns dat he gets *but de homage of Kings*,
 Wile de *Pope* makes um kiss he's gurt toe!!

Thus all de whole kit ov us, grumble aloud,
 Frum bottom to top ov de nation,
 An I cannot help thinken 'tis 'cause we be proud,
 Or else we shud rest in our station.

Fer Kings Lords and Squyers wud honors un gold,
 Hav troubles much greater dan we;
 So grumble no more den fer wot I hav told,
 Shud maak us contented to be!

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BEING SPECIMENS OF

CORNISH PROVINCIAL DIALECT.

by
[John Tabois Tregellas]

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THE INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE.
THE GREAT GRIZZLER—
SIAH'S STORY.

TRURO :

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1858.

But I run'd away ready to fainty for fright.
Do tell ma, un Mally! what shall I do by un—
For zountikins! death! I'm affeard to go nigh un.

MALLY.

I knaw what I'd gee'n, ef so be 'twere my case,
I'd scat the ould chacks un, I'd trem un, an Grace.

GRACEY.

I'm affear'd a ma life to go nigh the ould vellan;
Else, please faather, I bleve I should perfectly kill un.
But I'll never no more be so bald and abus'd;
My arms here like bazam, the rogue have abruis'd!
I made for hes supper a muggetty pie;
But a shaant clunk a croon ate, I wish he may die.

MALLY.

I tould thee afore that the job was adone,
That theedst come to repent it so sure as a gun,
But thee wusent hark to me, for doubting for why,
Becase thee didst knaw en much better than I.
But I knaw'd the trem un before thee hadst got un,
And tould thee a mashes of stories about un.
But thee answer'd so toytish, and shrink'd up tha noze,
A gissing 'twas gret stramming lies I suppoze.
There's one of his pranks I shall always remember,
('Twill be three years agon come the ighth of November,)
I'd two purty young mabyers as eyes cou'd behould,
So fat as the butter, just iteen weeks ould:
They were picking about in the town-place for meat,
So I hove down some pellas among em to eat,
When who but your man come a tottering along,
So drunk that I thoft he would fale in the dung;
A left fale his hobban-bag jest by the door,
So I caal'd to the man, as one would to be sure:
Says I "Martin! dost hire, cheald? come take up the bag."
"Arra (sezza) for what art a scaling me, dog?"
And run'd vore towards me, nar better nar wuss,
Nackt the mabyers both stef with a gret more of fuss.
Like anow ef I hadn got hasties away,
He'd adone as a ded by Jan Rose t'other day;
When a got in hes tantrums, a wilful ould devil,
And slamm'd the poor man in the head with a kebbal.

GRACEY.

When the cyder is run'd away every drap,
'T'es too late to be thinken of pluggin the tap;
And marriage must go as the Loard doth ordain;
Yet ef I'd knaw'd the coose un, an Mally, cheel vean!
Ef I'd knaw'd the coose un but nine weeks ago,
I'd never a had the ould vellan, I knaw.

But a vow'd and a swear'd that ef I'd be hes wife,
I never should want all the days of my life ;
And broft me a nackin and corn-saive from Preen—
In ma conscience, thoft I, I shall live like a queen !
But tes plaguey provoking, adsplet hes ould hed,
To be pooted and slopt so, I wish a were dead :
Why a spent haaf hes fangings laast Saturday night,
Like anow, by this time, tes gone every doyt ;
But I'll tame the ould devil afore et es long—
Ef I caant we ma vistes, I will we ma tongue !

THE TELESCOPE.

A traveller once, unto St. Agnes, 'tis said,
Came with a telescope of large dimensions,
And to the Beacon hied ; we are not told
Specifically, what were his intentions.

He hired a good St. Agnes-man, though, to bear
His telescope unto the Beacon's height ;
And planted it upon that summit grand,
From whence he could behold a splendid sight.

He took his various surveys from this spot ;
Rechat the while in patience standing by :
At length he said " Good man, *I've* seen enough,
Perhaps, to take a peep, *you'd* like to try."

" I shud, indeed," the honest *Rechat* said,

" I never seed the like a that afoar ;—
Ez a *paiceful* thing ? or *ez* ha what
Agin the henemy they *shut* in war ?"

" A peaceful instrument it is, good man,
And I will put it"—"*putt 'n* ? aw deer, no !
Don't *putt 'n* nowhere ; ha caant be better placed ;
So laive un where ha *ez* ; laive un stand so."

" I mean, I'll place it where you may behold
Some distant object."—" *Objick* ? my dear man !
Shuare I don't want to see no *objick*, fie ;
But shaw me somefin *putty*, ef you can.

" *An objick* ! that's what we do cael ould Meary,
Becase she'es so baissly hum weth we ;
So I don't want, by coose, to see no *objick*,
But somefin *putty* I shud like to see."

" Well, then, I'll shew you Newlyn church," was answered,
" Come, shut one eye, and with the other look,
And you shall plainly see the church and tower,
As plainly as a letter in a book."

Rechat, he gazed, and gazed, and gazed with wonder ;

“ Well, can you see the church, my worthy friend ? ”

“ See un ? ees sure I can—the church, the tower,
The wael, the ruff, and tombstoanes without end ;

“ And if I wor a torrable good scholar, d,
I reckon I cud raid the tombstoanes too ! ”—

A longer pause ensued, till, tired of waiting,
The gentleman enquired, “ Well, won’t that do ? ”

“ Hush, my deer man ! don’t spaik—hush ! hark ! I tell ’ee ;
It wor the loveleest toon I ever heerd,

The organ then wor playing when you cael’d me ! ”—
So spell-broke *Rechat* earnestly declared !!!

A CHRISTMAS PLAY.

I WERE oop to cozen Nic Carnoweth’s laast New Year’s Eve, and ef so be thee do wesh, thee shu’s’t know the whole coose of et. We’d a fine denar sure enough ; a few broth, a couple of as nice ploffy young mabjers as one would wesh to put a knife en, a starry-gazy pie, and a thumping figgy pudden ; and aafter that a little coostom.—And so we discoosed away quite comfortable like about the Chrestmas stock oontel the evenen, when some more neyborgs comed among us soon after teeming time, and we was a braave coompany ; and then we had soome heavy cake and scaal craim and fogans. Well, when we was well glut, and we’d a nigh crack’d our craws, we thoft we wud have some may-games and sich like, but afore we cud git no furdur in thickey theere notions, there comed en a grinning gaukum, and tould us as how a giz-daunce was to door with the auntient play of St. George, so as I never had seen sich condudles afore, I gived my censure for they, thof cozen Nic wud have strove me down agen them, but we lev’d he alone and dedn’t mind un. So in they comed, and we made hoam the door to stop out any of they strange chaps who was a scrouging en : and then the shaw begin’d in a jeffy. There was old Feyther Chrestmas, a funny ould codger, with a make-wise feace posseed on top of hes aun, and es long white wig, trapesing about and getting in es tantrums, like for to make thee splet tha sides ; and there wur the doctor as they caal’d un, with a three-corner piked hat, and es feace all rudded and whited, with spurticles on top of es nawse, and there was one en a maiden’s bed-gown and coats, with ribbins, and a nacken en es hand and a gowk, and the other yungsters was en white ; weth ribbins tied all upon their shirt sleeves, weth nackins and swords and such keps as I niver seed. They was haaf a fethom high, made of pastyboord, weth powers of baid and loaking-glass, and other noshions, and shrids of ould cloth stringed ’pon slivers of pith hanging down—so they strutted about so braave and rumbustious as lubber-cocks. And then they gived the word to begin,

and ould Feyther Chrestmas stepped out, and said—

“Here comes I, ould Feyther Chrestmas,
Welcome or welcome not,
I do hope ould Feyther Chrestmas
Will never be forgot.

I am not a comed here for to laugh or to jeer,
But for a poeket-full of money and a skin-full of beer;
Ef you will not believe what I do say,
Come en the bould Toorkish knight—and clear the way.”

The ould gaffer then scrambled oop and down the room, shawing a cooryus figur, and when he'd a tarvied about so as to make enough sport, in comed the Toorkish Knight, and said—

“Here comes I, a Toorkish Knight,
Comed from the Toorkish land to fight;
And ef Saint George do meet me here,
I'll try hes courage wethout fear.”

Then a yungster comed out very forthy, “Here come I, Saint George.” Anan! sez I, noane of thy doodling, thee beant St. George, no more than me; as ef I dedn't know thee wast Jan Tre-lubbas down to Nancegibbie croft. St. George aketha! why I do know all the havage of thee, thee crazed hoddymandoddy, for all tha braave cloase. Hoosh! says my cozen, what's the odds, doan'ee know 'tes aunly play-acting like, making wise as a body may say. Auh! sez I to he, that's ov et es et, well leve he be St. George then in coose; so away to go agen:—

“Here comes I, St. George, that worthy champion bould,
And weth my sword and spear I winn'd three crowns of gould.
I fout the dragon bould, and broft un to the slaughter,
By that I gain'd fair Sabra, the King of Egypt's daughter.”

Then the Toorkish Knight stepped up to he, and said—

“St. George, I pray be not too bould,
Ef thy blood be hot I'll soon make et could.”

And St. George did answer he,

“Thou Toorkish Knight, I pray forbear,
I'll make thee dread my sword and spear.”

Then they goes to fight, and tears away like the stampses, and the Toorkish Knight do fall upon the planchen, and do try to get up, but St. George do stank upon un and want lev un to, when he do seem afeard, and do say,

“O pardon me, St. George, O pardon me I crave,
O pardon me thes once, and I well be thy slave.”

St. George do answer,

“I'll never pardon a Toorkish Knight,
Therefore arise and try thy might.”

Then he do immedijantly git up, and away they cuts life for life, untell the Knight do receive sich a whap, that he do fall dead. St. George ded cry out as ef mazed:

“Es there a Doctor to be found,
To cure a deep and deadly wound?”

And the Doctor comed forward as ef to pomster the dead Toork—

“Auh! yes, there is a Doctor to be found,
To cure a deep and deadly wound.”

“What can’ee cure?” sez ould Feyther Chrestmas.

“All sorts of diseases,
Whatever thee pleases;
The itch, the palsy, and the gout,
Ef the dcuce es en un, I’ll pull en out.”

And what es thy fee?”

“Fefteen pound et es my fee,
The money to lay down;
But as ’tes sich a roag as he,
I’ll cure un for ten pound.

I do carr a little bottle of alicumpane,
Here Jack, take a little of my flip-flap,
Power et down thy tip-top,
Rise up and fight agen.”

So the Doctor ded cure he, and away to fight agen, but St. George wur too much for he, and kill’d un as dead as a saalt pilcher, and ded cry—

“Here comes I, St. George, from Britain I ded spring,
I’ll fight the Dragon bould, my wonders to begin;
I’ll clip es wings that he shaan’t fly,
I’ll cut un down or else I’ll die.”

Then forth comed the Dragon—

“Who es he that do seek the Dragon’s blood,
And do caal so angry, and so loud?
That English dog, will he before me stand?
I’ll cut un down weth my bould hand,
Weth my long teeth, and scurvy jaw,
I’ll seize un up within my maw,
Of sich I’d break up hafe a score,
And stay my stomach, tell I’d more.”

Then they fights, tell the Dragon es thraw’d, and the Doctor do come agen, and they discoos as they ded afore, and jest after I seed one step out, as they caal’d the King of Egypt’s daughter, but I knaw’d he, so I said, Nan! nan! I caant lev thes quiet, I’m better speak please sure, it aan’t fitty to have sich strams, I’m better not hould my tongue no longer. What! caal he a maiden; why, I do knaw he for a buddle boy up along to Bal.—Now, do’ee be quiet, Sose, sez cozen Nic, titch pipe a few, why I tell’ee he be aunly a maiden for the nonce, do’ee be quiet thee assneger, or thee’st be turned to doors. Auh! well, sez I, a fine passel of toatledum patticks they be sure enough, lev um make heaste on:—and St. George said—

“Gentlemen and Ladies, the sport is almost ended,
Come pay to the box, et es highly commended;
The box et wud speak ef et had but a tongue,
Come thraw in your money, and thenk et no wrong.”

So we gived um some cunyn’caase they shudn’t go away leary, and they sing’d a song weth a daance, and off they trampses, and us to our geames agen. At supper, we’d got a squab pie and mashes of

'taties and pilchers, and then some curll singing, and finished weth Tom Toddy, where one do take oop es cup of licker, and do put ento et a piece of candle lighted, and his cumrades do sing,

“Tom Toddy es come hoam, come hoam,
Tom Toddy es come hoam,
Weth es eyes burnt, and es nawse burnt,
And es eye-lids burnt also.
Tom Toddy es come hoam, come hoam,
Tom Toddy es come hoam.”

And he do try and drenk up es licker en the maintime, and depend on't 'tes pure sport to see how the candle do flop agen es feace, and nawse, as et be so kicklish; and it made me quite timersome, and I thoft I shud a clunkt candle and all when et comed to me, and wur in a cruel taking. Well, then we said good night 'ee, and when we got to door, we thoft there'd been lashes of rain, but it were but a skew; how so be et maade the rooad all sloshy and slottery, and as my coorse wur up Clodgy Laane, I wur en a purty shape when I fetcht hoam; and were glad to put ma head 'pon the pellowes bere, 'ees fye I were: but I've ben a bit hoozy sence. And Aunt Betty had a ben too forthy en teeming out her licker, and p'raps wur a little boozy, and she wur found 'pon the say shoare, laid down as ef she wur to bed, and the water wur comed oop to her feace and flopping agen et, and she wur a saying quite genteely like, “Nat a drap more, nat a drap more, thenkee.”

PENNA'S VAN.

I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Though *not* of the Abbot of Canterbury;
But a story I've heard of a *Gwennap* man,
Who rode for the *first* time in Penna's van.

This notable van, one evening grey,
Made one of its halts on the road to St. Day:
When a man came up, and he said (it is truth)
“I say, es your van, es ha, goin to Reedruth?”

“No, not to Redruth, but unto St. Day,
I should be glad to take 'ee if you was going that way:”
“To St. Dye? why then you do go to Comford shuare,
And that es no very loang way from my dooar.

“What do'ee chearge now, for me to ride
So fur as Comford, 'pon the inside!”
“Sixpence is the price, far as that, my good man,
So if you please you may get in at once to the van.”

"*Honly sexpence!* iss shuare then, I'll git in and ride;
Mistiss, plaise to muv on a little furdur inside:
Theare now, that'll do, I'm in snug enough:
Honly sexpence to ride, and weather so rough.

"I never rawd in one o' thaise things afore,
But I doan't think I shall waalk to Fa'mouth no more:
What be they things then mistiss, you got 'pon yer arms?"
"They are cuffs."—"Be they, shuare? they do look fine an' warm.

"And thickey afore 'ee, that edn't no cuff?
Thof it do look jest the same."—"O no! this is a muff."
"Married, are 'ee, mistiss, makin so bould?"
"Yes."—"Up ten 'ear, I spoase? tho' you arn't looking ould:

"Hav'ee got any cheldurn?"—"Good man, I have one;"
"Well, so have I too, a scape-grace av a son;
I've ben down to Fa'mouth to-day about he,
A capp'n of a vessel down there for to see.

"The boay, he waan't work—but, my dear! for hes life
He'll scraape 'pon the fiddle, or blaw 'pon the fife;
And nothin will do for un hum long with we,
But he's mazed a *musicianer*, shuare, for to be.

"And we're tould that the best thing, sence et es so,
Mistiss, es, like, to *Injy* to lev'n to go;
For that is the place where *musicianers* do
Git *tummals* o' money—we heerd this es true.

"So I ben down to Fa'mouth, a Capp'n to see,
Who to take un to Plemmuth ded fearly agree;
Where he'd mit weth a ship to *Injy* straight bound,
But I'm sorry to say that he worn't to be found.

"So I must go down agen 'pon some other day;
Well, I doan't carey now a fig for the way;
Sence for *sexpence* from Comford I find I can ride,
And ef *that* I caan't rise, somethin ill must betide.

"What a braave house this es to ride in, then, shuare,
And we're shut in fine an *loo*, tho' there esn't no dooar:
And we're a '*spectable* company, too, in the van,
No trubblesome wumman, nor haafe drunken man.

"I've heerd that sometimes sich as they there do ride,
But ef so be they wor here, I wud soon go outside;
I wudn't ride in no van, nor unlibush nuther,
Weth a man that wor fuddled ef he wor my brother.

"But why do I taalk like that there, when by coose
I do know that Measter Penna es noane o' sich goose
As to car things like they in his '*spectable* van,
No fie, shuare! I b'lieve he's too daisent a man."

Thus they trotted along, and the way was beguiled,
"Stop, Penna!" was heard, and he drew up and smiled:
A female was waiting to ride to St. Day,
From a neighboring farm, and was heard thus to say:

"Now, Penna, take care of this basket, good man,"
"Han' un heare," says our *fresh-man*, "'twill be the best plan:
I'll car'n for 'ee, mistiss, safe 'pon my arm,
And as ef 'twor a young cheeld, I'll keep un from harm.

"Now, git into the *looth*;—Measter, muv there a *croom*,
And lev' the good 'umman have comfortable room;
Tes fine an convainyant to git in an ride,
Any paart of the road—pertick'ler inside.

"And how *cheap* it es, too; dear bless the good man!
Honly sexpence, to go in this bootiful van,
Oal the way out to Comford, blaw law, or blaw high!
But I spoase he do charge moare for to go to St. Dye?

"I reckon, out there waiting, you found et was could:
Married are 'ee, mistiss, making so bould?
Tes so dark that your feace I arn't able to see,
But from hearin your voice it do seem unto me,

"That you're ould enough, shuare, to be some man's wife,
And I reckon you are, now—I do, 'pon my life?"
"Yes, sure, my good man," then the female did say,
"'Tis true I've been married for many a day."

"And got cheldurn, I spoase? Well, and where do 'ee live?"

"I live at St. Day," she for answer did give;

"And ef I may ax, then, what is your name?"

She replied, "It is M—," (forbearing to blame.)

"Why, then, are 'ee any *delation* to that nice young man
That do keep shop (I'll go there agen when I can)
Theare, jest by the coarner? my ould 'umman and I
Do dail there, when we do go up to St. Dye."

"I'm his mother," was then good-naturedly said;

He held firmer the basket, and, scraping his head,

"Well, mistiss?" he then inquiringly asked—

She saw her attention again would be tasked—

"Then are 'ee any *delation* to he, like, up there,
Who do sill rum and brandy, and whiskey, and beer;
What do keep that there house, what haan't got *narry* sign?"
"Yes, sure, my good man, and we likewise sell wine:

"That's the house where I live, and I am the wife
Of the landlord you speak of."—"Areh! 'pon my life,
Are 'ee, mistiss, shuare 'nuff? Well, now, we're most cum
To Comford, and I am nigh about hum.

"But before we paart, and say, like, 'good night,'
I shud like, ef you plaise, to caal for a light,
'Twud be a satisfacshun, seemin to me,
That yer basket av eggs you shud count like and see

"That I habn't *disminished*."—"Hush, hush, my good man!
I shall do no such thing—now, get out of the van:
I thank you for taking of my eggs such good care,
And I've no doubt at all they are every one there."

"Well, ef you shud find when you do git hum,
That they arn't as you broft um, then send down or cum,
And inquire for one Tom Jeames, what built a house right
There 'pon R—d's esteate.—Well, I wish'ee oal a good night."

WE BE TEN AV EES.

Two Cornish miners chanc'd to meet,
Who jovial comrades once had been
In the same bal; and now they greet
Each other—we relate the scene:

"What cheer? how are 'ee, Cappen Jan?"

"Braave, thenk 'ee, Rechat: how art thee?"

"Why torrable, well as I can;

I'm glad wance moare thy feace to see:

"How d'ee git on down there to 'Skerby?"

I hears how she's a braavish mine:"

"She es, indeed, I do ashuare 'ee,

She'll soon maake the advent'ers shine."

"How many cappens are 'ee, then?"

"How many? *ten av ees we be*:"—

"Co, now, you're jokin, Cappen Jan:"

"No, shuare I arn't; come down and see."

"*Ten* cappens in that *croom* o' bal!

I waan't believe in na sich thing:"—

"You may, then, Rechat, and you shall,

For I the pruff o' this will bring."

"Co! name um, then, that I may know

The sartinty of what you say:"

"Iss shuare, I'll quickly name em;—*law*!

Do 'ee think I'm roadlin, cheeld, to-day?"

"There's I am I, you caan't deny

That, can 'ee, neighbor? then do 'ee see,

Cappen O es nothen, so says I,

10 av ees we must surely be!!"

N.B.—"The Telescope," "Penna's Van," and "We be ten av ees," have been extracted, by the kind permission of the Editress, from a little work entitled "Original Cornish Ballads," a few copies of which still remain on sale.

[The two Articles which follow are extracted from
"The Geography of Cornwall", published by J. R.
Netherton. Price 3s. 6d.]

THE MILLER'S MAN.



"IN the reign of Edward VI, the Cornish rose in revolt under Humphry Arundel. They desired that the old religious customs might be restored; which the king not granting, they came on into Devon and strove to enter Excter, burning the gates, and undermining the walls that they might blow them up; but the citizens made stout defence, and withal worked countermines, and poured water on the gunpowder that it might not take fire. For five weeks the Cornish sieged the town, until the famine was so sore that the people within were fain to eat horseflesh, and make bread of bran, bound in cloths, for that otherwise it would not hold together; and the rebels from without did taunt them, saying that they would shortly measure all the silks and satins in the city by the length of

their bows. All this while the Lord Russel with his army lay at Honiton, expecting more forces; but at last being joined by the Lord Gray with a supply, they gave battle to Arundel, and after much hot encounter forced him to raise the siege; after this, the rebels rallying their forces, they were again set upon by the king's army, and the greatest part of them slain: the rest fled. But when all mischief was over, it is memorable what cruel sport Sir William Kingston, the provost-marshal, made upon men in misery. Master Boyer, Mayor of Bodmin, had been amongst the rebels against his will; to him the provost sent word that he would come and dine with him; therefore the mayor made great provision. A little before dinner, the provost took the mayor aside, and whispered him in the ear that an execution must be done that day in the town, and desired that a gallows might be set up by the time that dinner was over; and the mayor failed not of his charge. Presently after dinner, the provost taking the mayor by the hand, intreated him to lead him to the place where the gallows was, and looking at it, asked the mayor if he thought it to be strong enough: "Doubtless it is," said the mayor. "Come then, my friend," said the provost,

with a bitter grin, "get thee up speedily, for thou hast prepared them for thyself." Whereat the mayor, quivering with fear, cried, "Surely, good sir, thou dost not mean what thou speakest?" "In faith," said the provost, "I speak what I mean; for thou hast been a busy rebel." So he was hanged to death. Near Bodmin also lived a miller, who had been active in that rebellion; and he, fearing the coming of the provost, told a sturdy fellow, his servant, that he had occasion to go from home, and therefore bid him to take his place for the time; and if any did come to enquire for the miller, he should say that he was the miller, and had been so for three years. So indeed the provost did come, and asked for the miller; when out comes the servant and saith with consequence, "I am the master." "How long hast thou kept this mill?" asked the provost. "Three years," said the man. "Lay hold on him, my men," saith the provost to his officers of justice, "and hang him on this tree." At this the fellow, sore amazed, cries out that he is not the miller, but the miller's man. "Nay, nay, my good friend," saith the provost, "I will take thee at thy word: and if thou beest the miller thou knowest thou art a rebel; and if thou beest the miller's man thou art a lying knave; and howsoever, thou canst never do thy master better service than to hang for him." And so without more ado, he was dispatched.

FLAMMOCK'S REBELLION.

Parliament readily voted six-score thousand pounds to the king, that he might punish the Scots; but the Cornish grudged to pay two thousand five hundred pounds, their portion of the subsidy; and being incited by one Flammock, a lawyer, and Michael Joseph, a blacksmith, they assembled at Bodmin to the number of 6,000; and without let from John Basset of Tehidy, the sheriff, marched through Cornwall and Devon, and took Taunton, where they slew Pearin, the king's commissioner, collecting the subsidy. Thence they marched on Wells, Salisbury, and Winchester; and lastly encamped on Blackheath, four miles from London. Here Lords and Commons were gathered in strength sufficient to make head against them, and they were speedily routed; albeit the rebel archers shot arrows a cloth-yard in length;—"so strong and mighty a bow the Cornishmen were said to draw; for these Cornish," writes Lord Bacon, "were a race of men stout of stomach, mighty of body and limb, and that lived hardly in a barren country; and many of them could for a need live under ground, that were tinnerns." There were slain of the rebels about two thousand; and the king was once in mind to send down Flammock and the blacksmith, for the greater terror, to be executed in Cornwall; but being advertized that the county was yet unquiet and boiling, he thought it better not to irritate the people further; so they were hanged at London, in June, 1496.

THE



BÂL.

OR

'TES A BRA' KEENLY LODE.

BY W. B. FORFAR.

If you'll listen to me for a moment, you shall
Hear all about trying and working a Bâl;
How the Lode is discovered by a small hazel twig,
Carried over the ground by some knowing old prig,
Who knows when his Dowzing has answered its end,
For wherever the Lode is the hazel will bend;
But when these mystical rites are perform'd in the night,
The Lode's sometimes discovered by a *Phosphoric Light*.*

Aw! 'tes a Bra' Keenly Lode,

Aw! 'tes a Bra' Keenly Lode.

When the knowing old Dowzer this discovery's made,
He marks out the spot and then calls his comrade,
Saying, "Hallo! Cozen Jan, do'ee cum 'long wi' me,
'Tes the keenliest gozan thee evar de'st see;
Wi' my pick an' my gad I've ben worken oal night,
An' a g'eat piece o' mundic es jest heav'd in sight."
"Aw! ef that es the ca-ase, thun," says Jan, "I'll be bound
Weth a few howars' worken, the lo-ad 'll be found."

Aw! 'tes a Bra' Keenly Lode, &c.

When they came to the Lode, then the water came in,
And they couldn't tell whether 'twas copper or tin.
"Cum," says Jan, "lev es go to the kiddle-e-wink,
An' set down, touch our pipes, and ha' sumthen to drink,
An' to-morrow we'll ca-al upon Cap'n Polgla-aze,
An' ax hes advice, when we've laid footh our ca-ase.
He do know some rich chaps up to Lunnun, I'm tould,
So he can promise our tin in exchange for their gould."

Aw! 'tes a Bra' Keenly Lode, &c.

* A light is sometimes seen on the surface at night, when the Lode is not very deep; and by this sign many mines have been discovered.

Now Captain Polglaze was a Purser, well known,
 Who quickly, by mining, a rich man had grown :
 So he sampled the ore which the two men brought him ;
 And advised them, by all means, to put up a *whim*,
 And to *fork* out the water with a *pump* and a *wheel*,
 While he to his friends would make instant appeal ;
 And to London he'd go with a sample of ore :—
 “Loar !” says Jan, “I shud like to go weth 'ee, plaise shuar.”
 Aw ! 'tes a Bra' Keenly Lode, &c.

They went up to Bristol by a steamer from Hayle,
 And proceeded from Bristol to London by rail,
 And, having finished their business without much delay,
 They came back to Cornwall again, the same way ;
 And when they returned to their comrades again,
 They were looked upon more like “g'eat anjuls” than men.
 They met that same night,—Cousin Jan took the chair,—
 And then his adventures he told to the *Pare*.
 Aw ! 'tes a Bra' Keenly Lode, &c.



COUSIN JAN'S STORY.

"We got up to Lunnun, cumra-ades, in the night,
An' we tarried at the sta-ation ontel et wor light,
When the cabmen an' dreevars begun for to hoot,
An' ax es to ride, but we travell'd a-foo-t;
'For,' says I, 'we do knaw mun, (now do-an't es cumra-ade?)
That slocken av fools es a trick av youar tra-ade;
So, lev es aloane, soase,* we ar'n't to be done:
Or I'll give a scat that shall spooil oal your fun.'
Aw! 'tes a Bra' Keenly Lode, &c.

"We travell'd along tel our feet wor quite sooar,
When we seed Sir Ch——s L-m-n† a walking befoar:
So we went up behind un, an' said in his ear,
'How ar' 'ee Sir Ch——s?' which made'n look quear.
'We be two Coarnish minars, an' we're goo-en to Pall-Mall,
For to ax sum rich gents to ta-ak sha-ares in a Bâl.'
'If you've time,' said Sir Ch——s, 'pray call upon me
Here's my card, upon which my address you may see.'
Aw! 'tes a Bra' Keenly Lode, &c.

"'Twor a fine purty little teckot as evar you seed,
Wi' prenten upon om, which we cudn' read;
'T'es wuth a pound no-at, or mooar munny,' says I.
'Do 'ee think so?' says Cap'n, 'Here's a cook-shop; le's try.'
So we bouldly went in, an' I ax'd for sum brath,
Wi' plenty av licks (how the tendar‡ ded laugh!);
Says he, 'D'ye mean soup, sir? 'tis just three o'clock,
And our turtle is ready, but perhaps you'd like mock.'
Aw! 'tes a Bra' Keenly Lode, &c.

"Then he broft each a ba-as'n, 'bout the size av a cup,
An' in two or three clunks we had drink'd un oal up.
Says I, 'Tendar! your ba-as'ns, though sma-al, you don't fill,
You may bring I anoathar like that, ef you will.'
Says he 'Tis real turtle, and no one takes two
Full basins of this'—says I, 'What's that to you?'
We'd two ba-as'ns a-piece, and I ax'd, 'What's to pay?'
'Ten shillings,' says he; says I, 'What dost a' say?'
Aw! 'tes a Bra' Keenly Lode, &c.

* Friends or neighbours.

† This gentlemen has been the means, in many instances, of improving the condition and comfort of the Cornish miners; and it may therefore be presumed that our heroes were glad to meet with him so far from home, and knowing his kindness, and the great interest he has always taken in their welfare, they were induced to speak to him.

‡ Waiter.

“Ef oal things ar’ so dear,’ says I, ‘we sh’ll be scat ;
 But here’s Sir Ch——s L-m-n’s teckot, ta-ak the cost out o’ that.
 We do know what ’tes wuth, but we’ll lev et to you,
 So bring es the change, and ta-ak dennars for two.’
 Says he, ‘ This wont pass here for money, my men,
 And I’ll take care you sha’nt try to pass it again.’
 So he tore up the teckot, an’ I hit’n a clout,
 Which knack’d’n down steff, an’ then we toddled out.
 Aw ! ’tes a Bra’ Keenly Lode, &c.



“ As we trapes’d down the street the crowd pock’d es about,
 For sumtimes we wor inside, an’ sumtimes we wor out.
 ‘ Whear ar’ they oal goo-en to ? ’ says I (in ama-aze),
 ‘ To a berren, I spo-ase, Jan,’ says Cap’n Polgla-aze.
 We ax’d the way to Pall-Mall, ’most at every house,
 An’ we found Cap’n’s friend, after powars o’ touse.
 He made es quite welcome, an’ ax’d es to dine ;
 ‘ And,’ says he, ‘ after dinner, we’ll talk about your mine.’
 Aw ! ’tes a Bra’ Keenly Lode, &c.

'We so-at down to dennar, an' I long'd for to begin;
 But, 'stead o' flesh, I seed nothen but g'eat blocks o' tin.
 'Ma-astar Stranyar,' says I, 'we've got tin enough ho-ame,
 An' we'd ra-ather see tummols o' flesh 'pon the clo-ame.'
 Says he, 'These are covers to keep the meat warm.'
 'Aw!' says I, 'ax your pa-ard'n; hope I ha'n't said no harm.'
 'Not at all, sir,' says he; 'we'll begin, if you please.'
 (We'd fish, flesh, and fowl, and roast ducks, and green peas.)
 Aw! 'tes a Bra' Keenly Lode, &c.

"When the eaten wor awver, the drinken began,
 An' a pla-ate an' two glasses wor put to each man.
 A glass ba-as'n o' wa-ater wor put to I fust,
 An' I drink'd 'n clean off, for I wor chackin wi' thust.
 Tendar fill'd'n agen, and I drink'd off that too,
 An' said, 'I ca-an't drink no mooar, for the time, I thank you.'
 We sould oal our sha-ares, an' we started next day.
 Now ca-al in the recknen, for I've no mooar to say."
 Aw! 'tes a Bra' Keenly Lode, &c.

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE.

BY W. B. FORFAR.



CORNWALL, it is well known, was, in
 times past, noted for its wreckers and
 smugglers; and many a hair-breadth
 escape, and daring adventure, may be re-
 corded of the Cornish in the pursuit of
 those dangerous practices; and many an
 ingenious device has been resorted to by
 them to annoy and deceive the exciseman,
 the much-detested defender of the public
 Treasury.

Some fifty years ago, there lived in
 one of those small fishing coves on the
 coast of Cornwall, a noted and daring
 Smuggler called Harry Penhale, who kept
 a small public-house, the better to en-
 able him to carry on, and profit by his
 illicit practices.

His companions consisted of three men, as daring and bold as
 himself; and when a favourable opportunity offered, two of their

number would go across to the *land of spirits*, leaving the other two to watch their return, and warn them of danger. The general depôt for their goods, was a large cavern in the cliff, which could only be entered at high tide through a small opening in the rock. This cavern they could fill easily, and without much suspicion from their boat, but could not so easily land the contraband goods on the shore.

They managed however occasionally to bring small kegs on shore, and sell the contents to the neighbouring farmers, but at length they attracted the attention of the excisemen by some incautious step, and they were narrowly watched.

Harry, however, determined if possible to out-wit the Law Functionaries, and he hit upon a stratagem which proved successful even beyond his expectation. He procured a huge case-bottle, which would hold about two gallons, and had it filled by one of his comrades with smuggled brandy from their cavern-store, and placed on the table in his principal drinking room, one evening, when he knew his friend the exciseman would be likely to visit the house. On the eventful evening, Harry and his three comrades, and a few neighbours, whom he had invited to spend an hour with him, were just beginning their carouse, and praising the brandy, when in walked the exciseman; Harry offered him a seat, and begged him to take a glass of brandy after his cold walk, which he gladly accepted; but he had no sooner put it to his lips, than he exclaimed "Why! Harry! where did you get this?" to which Harry immediately replied that it was a present from a friend. "No! No!" said the exciseman "that story wont do, this is smuggled spirits, and I must seize it in the king's name;" Harry declared his innocence, but to no purpose,—the exciseman seized the bottle, spirits and all, and the next day poor Harry was summoned before the magistrates.—He pleaded his innocence, and the magistrates, in consideration of its being his first offence, ordered him to pay a small fine, which he cheerfully did, and the bottle of brandy was advertized for sale at the custom-house according to custom. Harry attended the sale, and *bought the bottle*, which he said he valued very much, as it had been in his family a long time, and of course he also bought its contents. A receipt for the purchase money was given, and *the bottle was marked by the officer* at Harry's particular request, so that it might be easily known again.

When he arrived home with his prize, Harry of course placed the bottle, which was nearly full, on the table, without fear of its contents being again seized as smuggled spirits, as he had bought and paid for it *at the custom-house*. And, strange to say, that bottle was kept for many years after on the public table, and was never known to be empty, *for Harry took care every night to replenish it from his cavern store*, and thus he publicly sold his smuggled spirits under the sanction of the custom-house, and outwitted the exciseman.



THE GREAT GRIZZLAR.

BY W. B. FORFAR.



ONCE upon a time, when musical entertainments were of rare occurrence in Cornwall, a concert was advertised to take place in one of the principal towns in the west, and, as a *great novelty* and attraction, it was announced that, in the course of the evening, a young lady from London would sing several songs, and accompany herself on the *piano-forte*, which, in those primitive days, was an instrument to be seen only in the houses of the aristocracy.

Now it happened that a *pair* of miners, *three* in number, who resided in a remote village in one of the mining districts, heard of this concert, and being, in their own opinion, great musicians, (for they had occasionally joined in the church choir,) they were very anxious to hear the music;—but the price of admission being 3s. each, a sum quite beyond their limited means, it was agreed that 3s., the price of one ticket, should be raised *between them*, and that *one* of their *pair* should go to the concert and hear the music, and give his comrades a description of it on his return. The sum was raised and lots cast, and Josiah Trenow (commonly called “Si-ah” for shortness,) was the fortunate deputy fixed on *to hear the music for all*.

“*Si-ah*” therefore, although he had never before travelled more than three miles from his native village, and was certainly in other respects the least fitted of the pair for such an arduous undertaking, dressed himself in his best clothes, and trudged away to fulfil his mission. And, the next evening, the *pair* and a few of their friends met at the village inn to hear “Si-ah’s” description of the concert, which we will give in his own words.

SIAH’S STORY.

“Well soas, set down an’ I’ll tell ee ma travels.—Laast night, you know, I soat out an’ travelled a foot to T——, an’ when I got thee-ar, I ax’d whee-ar the moosic wor; an’ I wor token’d to a mighty grand house sure nuf, aw wor so big as a church purty nigh; so I went up stee-ars, an’ the fust thing I seed wor a man in the landin’ standen ’hind a table, weth a pass’l o’ teckots afore-un, and looken quite wicked, plaise sure!! for hes face wor covar’d oal ovvur weth hee-ar zackly like our ould goat. He wor a Franchman, so they said, but I dedn’t care for he, not a button. ‘Wooley-woo’ to the consart’ says he. ‘What’s that to you’ says I. ‘Mounseer must pay here’ says he. ‘That’s your sorts’ says I, (I do know

mun,) so he gov I a teckot, an I gov'd he the munny, (he ax'd for the munny *fust*, but I knaw'd what to do,) so in I goes. An' when I got in I wor knack'd oal av a heap, like, for thee-ar I seed a pass'l o' genlmun an' ladies oal trick'd out, you nevar mun! —'specially the ladies. So I ax'd how they wor dress'd like that thee-ar, wi' no sleeves 'pon their arms, nor wiffs 'bout their neck, an' I wor tould that they oalwes cum'd thee-ar *full* dressed! I thoft they wor only *ha-af* dressed then,—I ded!

"Well soas! then I went an' soat down an' look'd 'bout a bit, an' I seed in tother end o' the room, a pass'l o' little sma-al disks like, 'pon one leg, an' some fiddles, an' fifes, an' bass-viols; but one g'eat bass-viol wor too big, (simmen to me,) for any body for to handle, 'twor so big as a bra' size dunkey! An' then I seed a g'eat chest, like, standen 'pon fower legs,—but I dedd'n knaw what aw wor; an' please sure, afore I cud ax, footh cum'd a young laady, all dress'd in *whit*, and she maade a sort o' boo, like, to I an' the rest, and maade wise to say, How ar 'ee? and so I ro-az'd up an' inaade a boo to she, and says I 'Bra' thank 'ee Miss, I hope t' see you the sa-ame.' An' weth that oal the people begin'd for to laugh like a pass'l o' g'eat chuckle-heads, but I cudd'n see nothen to laugh at, not I. Well, *she* dedd'n care, so up she goes to the g'eat chest, like, an' heav'd up the covar av 'n, an' I wor startled sure-nuf, for what do ee think I seed, cumraades? Why a pass'l o' g'eat *whit* an' *black teeth*, grizzlen 'pon har. So she got in a passion, (I cud see that in a minnet, and so wud you too ef you wor thee-ar,) an' she up weth har two *vi-stes* an' gov 'n a bra' tidy scat in hes teeth, an' aw begin'd for to roo-ar like Tregeagle, an' to blait like ten thousan' g'eat bulls. An' the moo-ar he roo-ar'd the moo-ar she scat hes teeth, —'tell she maade thom rattle. An' then she begin'd for to screech like a pig in a ga-ate: an' to it they goes—my dear booy!—she scatten, an' screechen, an' pooten, —an' he roo-aren, an' bleaten, an' grizzlen like mad!! So I ro-az'd up an' hurrau'd, an' haiv'd up ma hat, and the laadies an' genlmun they sing'd out, 'For shaame' 'Turn om out!' So I jumped footh an' took'd up *the grizzlar* for to carr un out; but I found that 'twor *I* they wanted for to turn out, for disturben the laady, as they said, singen an' *playen 'pon the pianny*. So I ax'd their paardon, for I tould thom I nevar seed no such thing afore, an' I dedn't knaw what aw wor.

"Well, then, I so-at down agen, an' knack'd for a glass o' gin-toddy, for I wor chacken wi' thust, but they said aw warn't allow'd.

"An' then I begin'd for to feel oal ugly, like; for I thoft they wor maken a mock o' me. So I roaz'd up and said to the mitten, says I, 'I'll tell'ee, soas, 'tes like as this here:—I arn't no fool, mun, an' I doant want no moo-ar av your maa-gums: I wor slock'd hee-ar, an' maade to pay three shellen for to hee-ar a *Pianny*, an' 'tes'n wuth tuppence. But I arn't vex'd f'roal; an' ef you'll oal cum down to bål to-morrow dennar-time, you shall hee-ar our Jan Beaglehoal toon-ey 'pon the clar-nite for nothen. An' I wish ee oal good night 'tel we do mit agen.'"



DICK & SAL

AT

CANTERBURY FAIR

A DOGGEREL POEM,

BY

JOHN WHITE MASTERS.

Canterbury :

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DICK AND SAL

AT

CANTERBURY FAIR.

The bailiff's boy had overslept,
The cows were not put in ;
But rosy Mary cheerly stept
To milk them on the green.

Dick staggered with a calf of hay,
To feed the bleating sheep ;
Proud thus to usher in the day,
While half the world's asleep.

And meeting Mary with her pail
He said, " if you will stay,
I'll tell ya jest a funny tale,
About my holiday."

'Twas then by some auspicious hap,
That I was passing near him,
And as he seem'd a likely chap,
Thinks I, I'll stop and hear him.

Now, Mary broke her steady pace,
And down she sat her pail ;
Dick brush'd the hay seeds off his face,
And thus began his tale.—

“ Ya see when Michaelmas come roun,
 I thought dat Sal and I,
 Ud go to Canterbury town,
 To see what we cud buy.

Fer when I lived at Challock Lees,
 Our second-man had bin ;
 And wonce when we was carrin peas,
 He told me what he'd sin.

He sed dare was a teejus fair,
 Dat lasted for a wick ;
 An all de ploughmen dat went dare,
 Must car daír shining stick.

An how dat dare was nable rigs,
 An merriander's jokes ;
 Snuff boxes, shows, and whirligigs,
 An houghed sight a folks.

But what queer'd me he sed 'twas kep
 All roun about the Church ;
 An how dey had him up de steps,
 An left him in de lurch.

At last he got into de street,
 An den he lost his road ;
 An Bet and he came to a gate,
 Where all de soagers stood.

Den she ketcht fast hold av his han,
 For she was rather scared ;
 Tom sed when fust he see'em stan,
 He thought she'd be afared.

But one dat had a great broad sword,
 Did ' left weel ' loudly cry ;
 An all de men scared at his word,
 Flew roun ta let dem by.

An den de drums dey beat ya know,
 De soadgers dey was prancin;
 Tom told me dat it pleas'd 'em so,
 Dey coud'n keep from dancin.

So I told feyther what I thought,
 'Bout gooing to de fair;
 An den he told me what he bought,
 When mother and he was dare.

He bought our Jack a lèather cap,
 An Sal a money puss;
 An Tom an Jem a spinnin tap,
 And me a little hoss.

Den mother drummin in my ears,
 Told all dat she had done;
 For doe she liv'd for fifty years,
 She'd never sin such fun.

So Sal and I was mighty glad,
 To hear sudge news as dat:
 An I set off to neighbour Head,
 Ta gét a new stra hat.

An Thursday mornin Sal and I,
 Set out ta goo to fair;
 An mother an dey wish't us good bye
 An told Sal ta taak care.

But jist as o'er the style we got,
 She call'd har back again,
 An sed 'you taak your milkin coat,
 Fer I're afared 'twill rain.'

Sal got de coat, an we agein,
 Did both an us set sail;
 An she sed, "was she sure 'twou'd rain,
 She never would turn tail."

De clover was granøble wet,
 So when we crast de medder,
 We both upon de hardle set,
 An den begun consider.

De Folkestone gals looked houghed black,
 Old waller'd roar'd about,
 Says I to Sal, "shall we go back?"
 "No, no," says she, "keep out.

"Ya see de lark is mountain high,
 De clouds ta undermine ;
 I lay a graat he clears de sky,
 An den it will be fine."

An sure enough old Sal was right,
 De Folkestone gals was missin ;
 De sun and sky begun look bright,
 An waller'd stopt his hissin.

An so we sasselsail'd along,
 An crass de fields we stiver'd,
 While dicky lark kept up his song
 An at de clouds conniver'd.

De rain and wind we left behind,
 De clouds was scar'd away ;
 Bright pebus he shutfisted shin'd
 An 'twas a lightful day.

We tore like mad through Perry wood,
 An jest beyand Stone stile,
 We got inta de turnpike road,
 An kept it all de while.

An den we went thro' Shanford-street,
 An over Chartham Down ;
 My wig ! how many we did meet,
 A coming fram de town.

An some sung out dare's Moll and Jan,
 But we ne'er cared for it;
 Through thick an thin we blunder'd an
 An got ta Wincheap-street.

I sed we'r got here sure enough,
 We'll keep upon de causeway;
 But Sal sed "'tis sa plagued rough,
 Less get inta de hossway.

An so we slagger'd den ya know,
 An gaap't and stared about;
 Ta see de houses all a row,
 An signs a hangin out.

An when a goodish bit we'd bin,
 We turn'd ta de right han;
 An den we turned about agen,
 An see an alis stan.

Sal thought it was de goat or hine,
 I didn know for my part;
 But when we looke't apan de sign,
 De readin was de "White Hart."

Den we went through a gate ya see,
 An down a gravel walk,
 An's we stood unnerneath a tree,
 We heard de people talk.

So Sal ya know heav'd up her face,
 An see'm all stan roun,
 Apan a gurt high bank an place,
 An we apan de groun.

Den I gaapt up an see'em all,
 And wonder'd what could be—
 So, I, turns roun an says to Sal,
 Less clamber up an see.

Bet she was rather scar'd at first,
 Fer fear a tublin down ;
 An dey at top made game of us,
 An told us ta goo roun.

Jigger, I wouden give it up,
 So took her round de nick,
 An haul'd her pattens to de top,
 An dragg'd her through de quick.

An den she turn'd erself about,
 An sed 'twas rather rough ;
 But when we found de futway out,
 We went up safe enough.

An when we got ta de tip top,
 We see a marble mountain ;
 A gurt high stone thing histed up,
 Jest like a steeple countin.

An dare we see, ah ! all de town,
 Houses, an windmills grinding ;
 An gospels feeding on de ground,
 An boys de dunnocks mindin.

How we was scared ; why darn my skin !
 I lay dat dare was more
 Houses an churches den we'd sin,
 In all 'ur lives afore.

An when we'd stared and gaap'd all roun,
 An thought we'd sin em all ;
 We turn'd about for ta come down,
 But got apan a wall,

An Sal look't over as we past,
 Ta see de ivy stick,
 An if I han'en held her fast,
 She would a broke 'er nick.

Den on we went, an soon we see
 A brick place, where instead,
 A bein at top as't ought to be,
 De road run undernead.

An dare we pook't and peek'd about,
 Ta see what made it stick up ;
 But narn o' us' couden find it out,
 What kep de middle brick up.

An Sal sung out, " why dis here wall,
 It looks sa old an hagged ;
 I'm mortally afare'd 'twill fall,
 An I was deadly shagged.

An when we got into de street,
 A coach dat come from Dover,
 Did gran nigh tread us under feet,
 An Sal was most run over.

An so we stiver'd right acrass,
 An went up by a mason's ;
 An come down to a gurt big house,
 I lay it was de Pason's !

An den we turn'd to de left han,
 An down into de street,
 An see a gurt fat butcher stan,
 Wid shop chuck full a meat.

Den all at once we made a stop,
 I thought Sal would a fainted ;
 When lookin in a barber's shop,
 So fine de dolls was painted.

An dare was one an em I'll swear,
 Jest like de pason's wife ;
 Wid nose an eyes, an teeth, an hair,
 As nat'ral as life.

So dare we stopt a little space,
 And sed how queer it looks ;
 But soon we see another place,
 An dat was crammed wid books.

I sed ta her what books dare be,
 Dare's supm ta be sin ;
 Den she turn'd roun, an sed ta me,
 Suppose we do go in.

Now, Sal ya see had bin ta school,
 She went to old aunt Kite :
 An so she was'en quite a fool,
 But cud read purty tight.

She larnt her A B C ya know,
 Wid D for dunce and dame,
 An all dats in de criss-crass row,
 An how to spell her name.

So in we went and down we squot,
 An look't in every carner ;
 Den ax't de ooman if she'd got
 De book about 'Tom Horner.

It put Sal almost out a breath,
 When fust we went in dare ;
 De ooman was sa plaguey death,
 She cou'den make 'ar hear.

At last de man he hard us ball,
 So out ya know he coom ;
 An braught de book, an gin't ta Sal,
 An so we carr'd it hoom.

An Sal has read it through and through,
 An lint it to her brudder ;
 An feyther loike to have it too,
 An wisht we'd bought anudder.

Den we came to anudder street,
 Where all was butcher's shops ;
 Dare was a tarnel sight a meat,
 And steaks, an mutten chops.

An dare was alises by swarms,
 I lay dare was a duzen !
 An he dat kep de Butcher's Arms ,
 Was old Jan Hillses cousin.

An so as Sal lookt purtty flue,
 We thoft we'd goo in dare ;
 An have a sup a beer or two,
 Afore we went ta fair.

De landlard he lookt mighty brave,
 Wid his gurt rosy cheeks ;
 An axt us if we like ta have
 A pound a two a steeks.

So when we lickt de platters out,
 An yoffled down de beer ;
 I sed ta Sal, less walk about,
 An try and find de fair.

An's we went prolin down de street,
 We met old Simon Cole,
 He claa'd hold on her round de nick,
 An 'gun ta suck har jole.

Now dash my vig dat put me out,
 Fer dare was Sal a squallin ;
 I fedge him sich a tarnel clout,
 Dat down I knockt him spraalin.

Dare he lay grumlin in de gutter,
 De folks dey gather'd roun us ;
 An crowded in wid sich a clutter,
 De same as if dey'd pound us.

An dis was jist aside de shop,
 Where all de picters hung;
 An books and such like mabbled up,
 And now and tan a song.

An dare we strain'd, an stared, an blous'd,
 An tried to get away
 But more we strain'd, de more dey scroug'd
 An sung out "give 'em play."

Den Simon swore by all dats good,
 He'd knock me inta tinder;
 An blow'd if I did'en think he woold,
 Fer'e knockt me through de winder.

An tore my chops most cruelly,
 De blood begun ta trickle;
 You wou'den a know'd it had been me,
 I was in sich a pickle.

Now jigger me tight, dat rais'd my fluff,
 I claw'd hold av his mane;
 An mint ta fetch his hed a cuff,
 But broke anudder pane.

Den I was up, den I gun swear,
 De chaps dey did jist laugh;
 An Sal she stompt, an tore har hair,
 An beller'd like a calf.

I thoft I'd fetch him one more pounce,
 So heav'd my stick an meant it,
 Jist to a broke his precious sconce.
 But through de winder sent it.

De books and ballets flew about,
 Like thatch from off de barn;
 Or like de stra dat clutters out
 De 'sheen, a thrashing càrn.

An den de chaps dey laugh'd agin,
 As if old nick had seiz'd em ;
 An burn my skin, if I diden grin,
 A'cause I see it pleas'd 'em ;

But paid gran dearly far my fun,
 An dat ya know's de worst an't,
 I sed old Simon right to pay,
 A'cause he was de fust a'nt.

But when de master coom hisself,
 He 'gun to say his prayers ;
 " 'Twas you," sed he "ya stupid elf,
 I'll ha ya to de mayor's.

Yees ; you shall pay, you trucklebed,
 You buffle-headed ass ;
 I know 'twas your great pumkin head,
 Fust blunnered through de glass.

So den I dobb'd him down de stuff,
 A plaguey sight ta pay ;
 And Sal an I, was glad enuff,
 At last ta get away.

But when we got ta de Church-yard,
 In hopes ta fin de fair ;
 You can't think how we both was scared
 A'cause it was'n dare.

So we was cruelly put out ;
 An den de head pidjector,
 Av some fine shop, axt what we thoft
 About his purty picter.

Sal sed she cou'den roightly tell,
 An as you're there alive ;
 Doe undernead dey wrote it Peel,
 I're sure it was a hive.

I cou'd a gin de man a smack,
 He thought we cou'den tell;
 Sa often as ye know we baak,
 A beehive from a peel.

So den we stiver'd up de town,
 An foun de merry fair;
 Jist at de place dat we coom down,
 When fust we did git dare.

Den I took Sarer by de han,
 And wou'den treat har scanty;
 An haul'd down sixpence to de man,
 An gin 'er nuts a plenty.

An den ya know, we see de show,
 An when we'd done and tarn'd about,
 Sal sed ta me, I think I see,
 Old Glover wid his round-about.

An dat noo boat dat Akus made,
 An snuff boxes beside;
 So den we went ta him, an sed,
 We'd loike to hav a ride.

An up we got inta de boat,
 But Sal begun to maunder;
 Fer fare de string, when we'd 'gun swing
 Shud brake and cum asunder.

But Glover sed "it is sa tuff,
 'Tud bear a duzn men;"
 An when he thoft we'd swung anuff
 He took us down agin.

An den he lookt at me and sed,
 "It seems ta please your wife;"
 Sal grinn'd an sed "she never had
 Sudge fun in all her life."

De snuff boxes dey did jist fly,
 An sunder cum de rem,
 Dangle de skin an it, sed I,
 I'll have a rap at dem.

My nable ; dare was lots of fun,
 An such hubbub an hollar ;
 De donkeys dey for cheeses run,
 And I grinn'd through a collar.

Den Sal, she run for half-a-crown,
 An I jump't in a sack,
 An should a won, but I fell down,
 An gran nigh broke my back.

Den we went out into de town,
 An had some gin an stuff ;
 An Sal, bought her a bran noo gown
 An sed she'd sin anuff.

Jigger ! I would buy har a ribbn,
 So when we'd bin an got it ;
 I told'er dat 'twas almost sebbm,
 An thoft we'd better fut it.

An somehow we mistook de road,
 But axt till we got right,
 So foun our way throo Perry Wood,
 An got hoom safe at night."

Thus Dick his canister unpack'd
 I heard his oratory ;
 And my poor sides were almost crack'd,
 With laughing at his story.

For the first time I have been
able to find a copy of the
original manuscript of the
"History of the County of York."

The manuscript is written in
the hand of the original author,
and is in the best of preservation.
It is a very valuable addition to
the collection.

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THE
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF
TIM BOBBIN, ESQ.

[John Collier (1708-1786)]
CONTAINING

HIS VIEW OF THE
LANCASHIRE DIALECT,
WITH LARGE ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS;

ALSO,
HIS POEM OF THE
FLYING DRAGON,
AND THE
MAN OF HEATON;

TOGETHER WITH OTHER WHIMSICAL AMUSEMENTS
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

To which is added,
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
By RICHARD TOWNLEY, Esq.

Embellished with Ten Copper Plates.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR H. D. SYMONDS, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1806



LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

E Whoo-who-who, whot whofoo wark ?
He's laft um aw, to lie ith dark !

Vide his Epitaph.

ROCHDALE and its vicinity may be considered as the centre of the genuine LANCASHIRE DIALECT; a variety of the English tongue, which, though uncouth to the ear, and widely differing in words and grammar from cultivated language, is yet possessed of much force and expression: its peculiar aptness for humorous narrative has been displayed in the noted dialect, containing the *Adventures of a Lancashire Clown*, of which this district is the scene, written by Mr. Collier, under the name of TIM BOBBIN. The following memoirs of this person were communicated by Richard Townley, Esq. to J. Aikin, M.D. and are inserted in his *History of the Environs of Manchester*, which are here copied verbatim, by permission of the publisher, Mr. Stockdale, Piccadilly.

Mr. JOHN COLLIER, alias TIM BOBBIN, was born near Warrington, in Lancashire*; his father, a clergyman of the established church, had a small curacy, and for several years taught a school. With the joint income of those, he managed

* Mr. Waldeworth, master of the free-school at Mottram, assures us, that he was born at Harrison's Fold, near this village. He was intimately connected with him from his youth.

so as to maintain a wife and several children decently, and also to give them a tolerable share of useful learning, until a dreadful calamity befel him, about his 40th year; the *total* loss of sight. His former intentions of bringing up his son John, of whose abilities he had conceived a favourable opinion, to the church, were then over, and he placed him out an apprentice to a Dutch loom-weaver, at which business he worked more than a year; but such a sedentary employment not at all according with his volatile spirits and eccentric genius, he prevailed upon his master to release him from the remainder of his servitude. Though then very young, he soon commenced itinerant schoolmaster; going about the country from one small town to another, to teach reading, writing, and accounts; and generally having a night school (as well as a day one) for the sake of those whose necessary employments would not allow their attendance at the usual school hours.

In one of his adjournments to the small but populous town of Oldham, he had intimation that Mr. Pearson, curate and schoolmaster at Milnrow, near Rochdale, wanted an assistant in the school; to that gentleman he applied, and, after a short examination, was taken in by him to the school, and he divided his salary, twenty pounds a year, with him. This Tim considered as a material advance in the world, as he still could have a night school, which answered very well in that very populous neighbourhood, and was considered by him, too, as a state of independency; a favourite idea *ever afterwards* with his high spirit. Mr. Pearson, not very long afterwards, falling a martyr to the gout, my honoured father gave Mr. Collier the school, which not only made him happy in the thought of being *more* independent, but made him consider himself as a *rich* man. Having now more leisure hours by dropping his night school there, though he continued to teach at Oldham and some other places during the vacations of Whitsuntide and Christmas, he began to instruct himself in music and drawing, and soon was such a proficient in both as to be able to instruct others very well in those amusing arts. The hautboy and *common* flute were his chief instruments, and upon the former he very much excelled; the fine modulations that have since been acquired or introduced upon that noble instrument being then unknown to all in England. He drew

drew landscapes in good taste, understanding the rules of perspective, and attempted some heads in profile with very decent success; but it did not hit his humour, for I have heard him say, when urged to go on in that line, that drawing heads and faces was as dry and insipid as leading a life without frolic and fun, unless he was allowed to *steal* in some leers of comic humour, or to give it a good dash of the caricature. Very early in life he discovered some poetic talents, or rather an easy habit for humorous rhyme, by several anonymous squibs he sent about in ridicule of some notoriously absurd or very eccentric characters; these were fathered upon him very justly, which created him some enemies, but more friends. I had once in my possession some humorous relations, in tolerable rhyme, of his own frolic and fun with persons he met with, of the like description, in his hours of festive humour, which was sure to take place when released for any time from school duty, and not too much engaged in his lucrative employ of painting. The first regular poetic composition which he published was styled the *Blackbird*, containing some spirited ridicule upon a Lancashire justice, more renowned for political zeal and ill-timed loyalty than good sense or discretion. In point of easy, regular versification, perhaps this was his best specimen, and it also exhibited some strokes of *true* humour. About this period of his life he fell *seriously* in love with a handsome young woman, a daughter of Mr. Clay, of Flocton, near Huddersfield, and soon afterwards took her unto him for a wife; or, as he used to style her, his crooked rib, who in proper time increased his family, and proved to be a virtuous, discreet, sensible, prudent woman; a good wife, and an excellent mother. His family continuing to increase nearly every year, the hautboy, flute, and *amusing* pencil, were pretty much discarded, and the brush and pallet taken up *seriously*. He was chiefly engaged for some time in painting altar pieces for chapels, and signs for publicans, which pretty well rewarded the labours of his vacant hours from school attendance; but after some family expences, increasing more with his growing family, he devised, and luckily hit upon, a more lucrative employment for his leisure time:—this was copying Dame Nature in some of her humorous performances and grotesque

grotesque sportings with the human race (especially where the village had the greatest share in those sportings), into which his pencil contrived to throw some pointed features of grotesque humour; such as were best adapted to excite risibility, as long as such strange objects had the advantage of novelty to recommend them. These pieces he worked off with uncommon celerity; a single portrait in the leisure hours of two days at least, and groups of three or four in a week: as soon as finished, he was wont to carry or send them to the first-rate inns at Rochdale and Littleborough, in the great road to Yorkshire, with the lowest prices fixed upon them, the inn-keepers willingly becoming Tim's agents. The droll humour, as well as singularity of style of those pieces, procured him a most ready sale from riders-out, and travellers of other descriptions, who had heard of Tim's character. These whimsical productions soon began to be in such general repute, that he had large orders for them, especially from merchants in Liverpool, who sent them upon speculation into the West Indies and America. He used at that time to say, that if Providence had ever meant him to be a *rich* man, that would have been the proper time, especially if she had kindly bestowed upon him two pair of hands instead of one; but whenever cash came in readily, it was sure to go merrily: a cheerful glass with a joyous companion was so much in unison with his own disposition, that a temptation of that kind could never be resisted by *poor Tim*; so the season to grow rich never arrived, but Tim remained *poor* Tim to the end of the chapter.

Collier had been for many years collecting, not only from the rustics in his own neighbourhood, but also wherever he made excursions, all the awkward, vulgar, obsolete words and *local* expressions which ever occurred to him in conversation amongst the lower classes. A very retentive memory brought them safe back for insertion into his vocabulary or glossary, and from thence he formed and executed the plan of his *Lancashire Dialect*; which he exhibited to public cognizance, in the adventures of a Lancashire Clown, formed from some rustic sports and gambols, and also some whimsical modes of circulating fun at the expence of silly, credulous boobies, amongst the *then* cheery gentlemen of that peculiar

peculiar neighbourhood. This publication, from its novelty, together with some *real* strokes of comic humour interlarded into it, took very much with the middle and lower classes of the people in the northern counties (and I believe every where in the southern, too, where it had the chance of being noticed), so that a new edition was soon necessary. This was a matter of exultation to Tim, but not of very long duration; for the rapid sale of that second edition soon brought forth two or three *pirated* editions, which made the honest unsuspecting owner exclaim with great vehemence, "That he did not believe there was *ONE* honest printer in Lancashire;" and afterwards to lash some of the most culpable of those insidious offenders with his keen sarcastic pen, when engaged in drawing up a preface to a future publication. The above named performances, with his pencil, his brush, and his pen, made Tim's name and repute for whimsical archness pretty generally known, not only within his native county, but also through the adjoining districts in Yorkshire and Cheshire; and his repute for a peculiar species of pleasantry in his hours of frolic often induced persons of much higher rank to send for him to an inn (when in the neighbourhood of his residence), to have a personal specimen of his uncommon drolery. Tim was seldom backwards in obeying a summons to good cheer, and seldom, I believe, disappointed the expectations of his generous hosts; for he had a wonderful flow of spirits, with an inexhaustible fund of humour, and that too of a very peculiar cast.

Blessed with a clear masculine understanding, and a keen discernment into the humours and foibles of others, he knew how to make the best advantage of those occasional interviews, in order to promote *trade*, as he was wont to call it, though his natural temper was very far from being of a mercenary cast: it was often rather too free and generous; more so than prudence, with respect to his family, would advise, for he would sooner have had a *lenten* day or two at home than done a shabby and mean thing abroad.

Amongst other persons of good fortune who often called upon him at Milnrow, or sent for him to spend a few hours with him at Rochdale, was a Mr. Richard Hill, of Kibroid and Halifax, in Yorkshire, then one of the greatest
cloth

cloth merchants, and also one of the most considerable manufacturers of baizes and shalloons in the north of England. This gentleman was not only fond of his humorous conversation, but also had taken up an opinion that he would be highly useful to him as his head clerk in business, from his being very ready at accounts, and writing a most beautiful *small* hand in any kind of type, but especially in imitation of *printed** characters. After several fruitless attempts, he at last, by offers of an extravagant salary, prevailed upon Mr. Collier to enter into articles of service for three years certain, and to take his family to Kibroid. After signing and sealing, he called upon me to give me notice that he must resign the school, and to thank me for my long continued friendship to him. At taking leave, he, like the honest Moor,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Dropp'd tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum.

and in faltering accents entreated me not to be hasty in filling up the vacancy in that school, where he had lived so many years contented and happy; for he had *already* some forebodings that he should never relish his new situation and new occupation. I granted his request, but hoped he would soon reconcile himself to his new situation, as it promised to be so advantageous both to himself and to his family. He replied, it was for the sake of his wife and children that he was at last induced to accept Mr. Hill's *very tempting* offers; no other consideration whatever could have made him give up Milnrow school and independency.

About two months afterwards, some business of his master's bringing him to Rochdale market, he took that opportunity of returning by Belsfield. I instantly perceived a wonderful change in his looks: that countenance that used ever to be gay, serene, or smiling, was then covered and dis-

* The Lord's Prayer in the size of a split pea of the garden kind; the Apostle's Creed in the size of a sixpence: both most distinct.

guished with a pensive settled gloom. On asking him how he liked his new situation at Kibroid, he replied, Not at all; then, enumerating several causes for discontent, concluded with an observation, that he never could abide the ways of that country, for they neither kept *red letter* days themselves, nor allow their servants to keep any. Before he left me, he passionately entreated that I would not give away the school, for he should never be happy again till he was seated in the crazy old elbow-chair within his old school. I granted his request, being less anxious to fill up the vacancy, as there were two other free-schools for the same uses within the same townships, which have decent salaries annexed to them.

Some weeks afterwards I received a letter from Tim, that he had some hopes of getting released from his vassalage; for that the father* having found out what very high wages his son had agreed to give him, was exceedingly angry with him for being so extravagant in his allowance to a clerk; that a violent quarrel betwixt them had been the consequence; and from that circumstance he meant, at least hoped, to derive some advantage in the way of regaining his liberty, which he lingered after, and panted for as much as any galley-slave upon earth.

Another letter announced, that his master perceiving that he was dejected, and had lost his wonted spirits and cheerfulness, had hinted to him, that, if he disliked his present situation, he should be released from his articles at the end of the year; concluding his letter with a *most earnest imploring* that I would not dispose of the school before that time. By the interposition of the old gentleman and some others, he got the agreement cancelled a considerable time before the year expired; and the evening of the day when the liberation took place, he hired a large Yorkshire cart to bring away bag and baggage by six the next morning to his own house† at Milnrow. When he arrived upon the west side Blackstone-edge, he thought himself once more a *FREE man*, and his

* The father and son were not in partnership, but carried on distinct branches of the woollen trade.

† His father-in-law built a very decent house for him and his daughter, upon a small plot of ground near the school, on a 999 year lease, at the small chief of a shilling per ann.

heart was as light as a feather. The next morning he came up to Belfield, to know if he might take possession of his school again; which being readily consented to, tears of gratitude instantly streamed down his cheeks, and such a suffusion of joy illumined his countenance, as plainly bespoke the heart being in unison with his looks. He then declared his *unalterable* resolution never more to quit the humble village of Milnrow: that it was not in the power of emperors, kings, or their prime ministers, to make him any offers, if so disposed, that would allure him from his tottering elbow-chair, from humble fare, with liberty and contentment. A hint was thrown out, that he must work hard with his pencil, his brush, and his pen, to make up the deficiency in income to his family: that he promised to do, and was as good as his promise, for he used double diligence, so that the inns at Rochdale and Littleborough were soon ornamented, more than ever, with ugly grinning old fellows, and mumbling old women on broom-sticks, &c. &c.

Tim's last literary productions, as I recollect, were Remarks upon the Rev. Mr. Whitaker's History of Manchester, in two parts*; the Remarks will speak for themselves. There appeared rather too much seasoning and salt in some of them, mixed with a degree of acerbity, for which he was rather blamed.

Mr. Collier died in possession of his mental powers but little impaired at near eighty years of age, and his eyes not so much injured as might have been expected from such a severe use of them during so long a space of time. His wife died a few years before him, but he left three sons and two daughters behind him. The sons were all attached to the pallet and brush, but in different branches of the mimetic art.

* Besides this work, and what is contained in the present volume, he was author of Shude Hill Fight, a poem published in 1757;—The Cobbler's Politics in Dialogue, written on occasion of the American War;—The Human Passions, a series of prints, with poetical explanations.



The following Observations may be useful to those who are Strangers to the Lancashire Pronunciation.

IN some Places in *Lancashire* we found *a* instead of *o*, and *o* instead of *a*. For example we say *far*, instead of *for*; *shart* instead of *short*; and again we say *hort*, instead of *heart*; and *port*, instead of *part*; *hont*, instead of *hand*, &c.

Al and *All* are generally sounded broad, as *aw* (or *o*) for *all*; *Haw* (or *Ho*) for *Hall*; *Awmeety*, for *Almighty*; *awlus*, for *always*, &c.

In some places we found *k*, instead of *g*; as *think*, instead of *thing*; *wooink* for *wooning*, &c.

The Letter *d* at the End of Words, and the Termination *ed*, are often chang'd into *t*; as *behint*, for *behind*; *wynt*, for *wind*; *awkert*, for *awkward*; *awtert*, for *altered*, &c.

In some Parts it is common to sound *ou*, and *ow* as *a*; as *tha'*, for *thou*; *Ka* (or *Ca*) for *Cow*. In other Places we found the *ou* and *ow* as *eu*; as *thcaw*; for *thou*; *Keaw*, for *Cow*; *Heawse*, for *House*; *Meawse*, for *Mouse*.

The Saxon Termination *en* is generally retained

retain'd but mute ; as *hat'n*, *lov'n*, *desir'n*, *think'n*, *bought'n*, &c.

In general we speak quick and short ; and cut of a great many Letters, and even Words by Apostrophies. ; and sometimes found two, three or more Words as one. For Instance, we say *I'll got'* (or *I'll gut'*,) for *I'll go to* ; *runt'*, for *run to* ; *hoost*, for *she shall* ; *intle* (or *int'll*) for *If thou will* ; *I wou'didd'n*. for *I wish you wou'd*, &c.

But as Trade in a general Way has now flourish'd for near a Century, the Inhabitants not only Travel, but encourage all Sorts of useful Learning ; so that among Hills, and Places formerly unfrequented by Strangers, the People begin within the few years of the Authors Observations to speak much better English. If it can properly be called so.





R E A D E R.

Hear a Spon-new *Cank* between th'
Eawther and his *Buk*.

TIM BOBBIN enters by his fell,
beawt Wig; Grinning on scratting his nob.

Tim. **G**OOD lorjus deys, whot wofe Times ar' theese!
Pot-baws ar' scant, an dear is Seawl an Cheefe!

Raww Gotum Guides hus seely Sheep dun rob;

Oytch Publick Trust is choyn'g'd into a Job;

Leys, Taxes, Customs, meyn our plucks to throbb!

Yet I'm war thrutch'd, 'between two arran Rogues,

For bigger Skeawndrills never treed o'Brogues,

Than Finch an Stuart---Strawngers to aw reet,

They rob poor Timmy, e'en 'ith oppon leet?

This meys me new, to cross theese Rascots eends.

To send agen to my owd trusty Friends:

For Truth is Truth, tho't favours like a Pun,

I'm poor God-wot---

Buk. Heaw so?

Tim. My Crap's aw done!

Buk. Whoo-who whoo-who whoo!

A 3.

What.

Whot pleagu't withth' owd Company ?
 Rime an Poverty agen ! Neaw een the Dule
 Scrat o'---I thowt idd'n go bank· for yoar
 Sib to thoofe Gotum tikes otteth complen'n
 fo, on ar nee'r fatisfy'd,

Tim. Whooas tat tee owd Friend ? I
 thowt teawd bin jaunting it like hey-go-
 mad, weh thoofe Foster Feathers o'thine,
Stuart, Finch, an Schofield. o' Middlewich

Buk. Ne beleady naw I ; I'd scorn't
 touch fitch Powfments with Tungs.

Tim. Whau, boh has ta naw heard ot
 tat Creawfetike *Stuart*, and Clummerheads,
Finch, an Schofield, han donn'd oytch on
 um a Bantlingeh three o' the kest-off Jumps,
 and think'nt put *Yorshar* o' fok ? It's fitch
 wark os 'tis ot meys met' scrat where eh
 dunnaw Itch, hears to me ?

Buk. Yigh yigh ; I've heard on't ; boh
 the Dule ride humpstridd'n o' begging, o'
 thoofe ot connaw tell a Bitter-bump fro a
 Gillhooter, fey I.

Tim. E, lack o' dey ! Belike theaw does
 naw know ot thoofe ott'n Steyl win lye :
 an ot teyn mey no bawks o' telling fok, ot
 teres ist reet breed o' Bandyhewits ; an to
 clench it, they'n shew ther Whelps e' the
 owd Petch-wark-jump---an hew then ?

Buk. Ney this is a Cutter too-too ! a
 wofe

woso Bleffin indeed ! Boh ither no wey o cumming meet with um ? s'flesh I'd Rime on um, or summot---Yoar us't e cudd'n a Rim't.

Tim. Odds fish ; they're partly like Karron Crows, mon ; they're naw worth me Shot.

Buk. But hark o', tell me one think ; dunneh aim at sending me cawt agen on another tramp ?

Tim. Wuns eigh ; theawrt likt' strowll ogen, as shure os a Tup's a Sheep.

Buk. Oddzo then, whetherth' Hullets ar worth Shot or naw, I'd hav' o pash at Piggin if e pede for Garthing ; do yo' clap some pleagy Rimes, oth' Neb o me Cap, eh' plene Print hond, ot oytch body mey see um, chez where eh cum,

Tim. I did Berm up some Rimes o top on Sign pow, before *Stuart's* Shop e Wiggin ; boh they're fitch rackless dozing Gawbies ; ot I think o sharp Red-whot Whotyel wou'd naw prick a Priate's Conscience ; for theyn nother Feeling, Scheme, nor Grease !

Buk. Do as I bid o' for wonst ; let't leet heaw't will.

Tim. Whau, weh aw my Heart---boh howd ;

howd ; le me see its none so good t' begin
o Riming, ot I see on---hum---neaw for't.

Robbing's a Trade that's practis'd by the Great,
Our ruling Men are only Th—es of State.

Buk. Howd howd howd the Dickons
tak o'---! I see whot's topmost ; yoan be
hong'd or some Mischief---on then aw'll
be whooūp with o' efeath !

Tim. Not e Goddil belike !---dust think
fo---? 'lid boh I hete honging---do thee
set ōgete then.

Buk. Whau, I'll begin o this'n.

E Whiff-waff *Stuart*—! sniftering *Finch*! yoknown,
Virtue has laft o'—Truth is fro o' flown !
Pirate's a Name—

Tim. Whot te Dule art' woode---
Whot il't doo weh this Whiffo whaffo
Stuff? dust think Rime mun owlus tawk
stump Loncashire?

Buk. Eigh, why naw : let um speyk
greadly os we done e Godfnum.

Tim. Ne ne ; ittle naw doo ; to mitch
of ow't's good for nowt ; 'heawe'er in't
wou'd hav' um't meeon some heaw o that'n,
theyd'n bettert' be o this'n

Ah, doughty *Stuart*! worthy *Finch*! you know
Virtue's a Bubble—Honesty a Shew!
Pirate's a Name, you're not asham'd to own
Tho' this and Foot-pad unto *Tim*'s all one.

Such

Such Men as these for gaining of Groat
If screen'd by Law—wou'd—

Neaw byth' maskins if I be naw fast !

Buk. Then yoar fast with a little easeath ;
for I can lose o' e that point.

Tim. Le me see---ho, neaw I height,
it's be,

Slash ther Neighbour's Coat.

Buk. Ne byth' Lord Harry shall it naw ;
if I mun rule ; for it's be,

Cut ther Neighbour's Throat.

Tim. Whau whau, with aw my heart ;
boh let *Stuart*, *Finch*, and *Schofield*, thoofe
Bellweathers, an *Hitch*, and *Haws* ; ther
sheepish Followers ley ther Sows together,
an tey which they lik'n best.

Buk. Well well its cleverly Rim'to Tim
heawe'er, let't be whether it will : whot
an awf wur I t'pretend Rime weh yo !

Tim. Well boh we'n had enough o this
foisly matter ; lets tawk o' summot
elze ; on furst tell me heaw tha' went on
eh the last jaunt ?

Buk. Gooa on ! beleady, I cou'd ha
gon on weantly, on bin o whoam ogen
with Crape meh Slop in a snift ; if id
naw met at oytech nook, thoofe basterly
Whelps sent cawt be *Stuart*, *Finch*, an
Schofield.

Tim.

Tim Pooh---I dunnaw meen heaw fok harbort'n't or cuttetrn't o'er thee ; boh whot thoofe fawfe Lunnoners fed'n abeawt te Jump ot's new Over-bodyt ?

Buk. Ho ha---neaw I height ; yo mee-on'n thoofe lung feetit fok ot glooar'n fecont time a tBuks ; an whooa I'r feer'd woud rent me Jump to Chatters. *

Tim. Reet mon reet---that's hit---

Buk. Why then to tell o'true I'r breed with a Gorfe wagging ; for they took'n me ith' reetleet too a hure.

Tim. Heaw's tat e Godsnum ?

Buk. Why ot yoad'n donn'd me a thifs'n like a Meawntebanks foo, for th' wonst, to meyth' Rabblement fun.

Tim. E, law ! on did'n the awvsh shap, an the Pecklt jump pan, fed'n the ?

Buk. Eigh eigh primely efeath---! for the glooar'nt sooar at me ; turn't me reawnt like a Tealier, when e meafers fok ; chuck't me underth' Chin ; game a honey-butter-cake, on fed opp'nly, they ne'er saigh an awkert look, a queer shap, an a pecklt jump, gee better eh ther live †

Tim. Neaw ee'n fair-faw um sey I---
theese

* The Reviewers

† For understanding this Sentence, vid. *Monthly Review*, for Dec. 1750, pa. 156.

theefe wur'n th'boggarts ot flayd'n thee !
but I'd awlus a notion at tear'n no Gon-
norheeds.

Buk. Gonnerheeds ! now now not te
marry : boh I carrit me sell meety meeverly
tooto, an did as o bidd'n meh.

Tim. Then theaw tow'd um th' tele, an
fed th' Rimes, an aw, did to ?

Buk. Th' Tele an th' Rimes ! 's flesh I
believe e did, boh I know no moor on
um neaw, than a seawking-pig.

Tim. Od rottle the ; whot seys to ! has
to foryeat'n th' Tealier finding th' Urchon ;
an th' Rimes !

Buk. Quite, quite ; as e hope to chieve !

Tim. Neaw ee'n the Dule steawnd te
sey I ! whot 'a fufs mun I hav' to teytch
um the ogen !

Buk. Come come, dunnaw fly up in a
frap ; o body connow carry oytch mander
o think e ther Nob.

Tim. Whau, boh mind neaw, theaw
gawmbling tike, otto con tell th tele, and
seyth' Rimes be rot, titely.

Buk. Fear me naw, fed Doton ; begin.

Tim. A Tealier e Crummil's time wur
thrunk pooing Turmits in his Pingot, on
fund en Urchon ith' Had-loont-reean ;
he glendurt at't lung boh cou'd mey nowt
on't

on't. He whoavt his Whisket oc'rt, runs Whoam, an tells his Neighbours he thowt in his Guts ot he'd fund a think at God newer mede cawt ; for it, had nother heead nor tele ; Hont nor Hough ; midst nor eend ! Loath t' believe this, hoave a Duzz'n on um wou'd geawtsee if they cou'd'n mey shift t' gawm it, boh is capt um aw ; for they newer o won on um ee'r saigh th' like afore. Then theyd'n a Keawnfil, anth'eend ont wur, ot teyd'n fotch a lawm, fawse, owd Felly ; het on Elder, ot cou'd tell oytch think ; for they look'nt on him as th' Hammil-Scoance, an thowt he'r fuller o Leet thin a Glow-worm's A---se. When they'dn towd him th' kese, he stroakt his Beeart ; Sowght ; an ordert' th' Wheelbarrow with Spon-new Trindle t' be fotch. 'Twur dun, and the beawlt'nt him away toth' Urchon in a Crack. He glooart att a good while ; droyd his Beeart deawn, an wawtit it o'er with his Crutch. Wheel meh obeawt ogen, oth' tother Side sed he, for it sturs, an be that it shou'd be whick. Then he dons his Spectacles, steart att agen, on Sowghing sed ; Breether, its summot : Boh Feather *Adam* nother did nor cou'd Kerfun it ---Wheel me Whoam ogen

Buk. I remember it neaw weel enough,
 bo if theese Viewers cou'd gawm it, oytch
 Body cou'd naw ; for I find neaw ot yo
 com pare'n me too an Urchon, ot has
 noather Heead nor Tele ; 'Sflesh is not it
 like running me deawn, an a bit to Bob-
 berfome ?

Tim. Now now naw it, for o meeny o fok
 wou'd gawm th' Rimes, but very lite wou'd
 understond th' Tealier an his Urchon.

Buk. 'Th Rimes---hum---le me see---
 Sblid, I foryeat'n thoofe too, I deawt !

Tim. Whoo-who who whoo ! whot a
 'dozening Jobberknow at teaw !

Buk. Good lorjus o'me, a body connaw
 doo moor thin the con ; con the ! Boh if
 in teytch um me agen, an I foryeat um agen,
 een raddle meh Hoyd titely, sey I.

Tim. Mind te hits then.

'Some write to shew their Wit and Parts.

'Some shew you *Whig*, some *Tory* Hearts.

'Some flatter *Knaves*, some *Fops*, some *Fools*,

'And some are *M---s---l* Tools.

Buk. Eigh marry, oytchbody seys so---
 an Gonnorheeds they are forther Labbor.

Tim. Some few in 'Virtue's Cause do write,
 But these, alas ! get little by't.

Buk. Indeed I con believe o'----Wheel
 rim't heawe'er----gooa on.

. . B

Tim. Some

Tim. Some turn out *Maggots* from their Head,
Which die, before their *Author's* dead

Buk. Zuns! Aw *Englandshire'll* think
at yoarglenting at tooſe Fratching, Byzen,
Craddinly Taykes, as writ'n ſich Papers
oſtth' *Teſt!* and ſich Cawf-teleſ as *Corniſh*
Peter, ot fund a New Ward, Snying weh
Glums and Gawries.

Tim. Some write ſuch Senſe in *Proſe* and *Rhime*,
Their works will *wreſtle hard*, with Time.

Buk. That will be prime wroſtling
efeath,---for I've heard um ſey. Time con-
quers aw Things.

Tim. Some few print *Truth*, but many *Lies*,
On *Spirits*---down to *Butterflies*.

Buk. Reet abeawt Boggarts---on th'
tother Ward---on Mon ith' Moon, an
ſitch like Geer :-----Get Eendwey ; its
prime Rime efeath.

Tim. Some write to *pleaſe*, ſome do't for *Spite*,
But want of *Money* makes me write.

Buk. By th' Miſs th'owd ſtory ogen,
boh I think e meh Guts at it's true---ittle
doo--yo need'n Rime no more, for it is
better in lickly--Whewt on Tummuſ on
Meary.

Enter

* * * * *

Enter TUMMUS and MEARY.

TUM. Odds me Meary! whooa the Dickons wou'd o thowt o' leeting o thee here so soyne this Morning? Where has to bin? Theaw'rt aw on a Swat, I think; for theaw looks primely.

Mea. Beleemy Tummus, I welly lost my wynt; for I've had fitch o'traunce this Morning as eh neer had e'meh live: For I went to Jone's o Harry's o'lung Jone's, for't borrow their Thible, to stur th' Furmetry weh, an his Wife had lent it to Bet o'my Gronny's: So I skeawrt eend-wey, an' when eh coom there hoo'd lent it Kester o'Dick's, an the Dule steawnd 'im for a Brindl'tCur, he'd mede it int' Shoon Pegs! Neaw wou'd naw fitch o Moonshine traunce Potter any body's Plucks?

T. Mark whot e tell the Meary; for I think lunger ot fok liv'n an'th' moor mischoances they han.

M. Not awlus o Goddil.---But whot meys o't'fowgh on seem so dane-kest? For I con tell o' I'm fene fee o'wick an hearty.

T. Whick an hearty too! Oddzo, but I con tell the whot, its moor in bargin

o't im oather wick or hearty, for 'twur Seign Peawnd t'a tuppunny Jannock, I'd bin os deed os o Dur Nele be this awer ; for th' last oandurth boh one me Measter had lik't o killt meh : on just neaw, os shure os thee and me ar stonning here, I'm actilly running meh Country.

M. Why, whot's bin th' matter, hanney fawn cawt withur Measter?

T. Whot ! there's bin moort' do in a Gonnort muck, I'll uphowd tey !---For whot dust think' ? bo'th' tother Day boh Yusterday, huz Lads moot'n ha' o bit on o Hallidey, (becose it wur th' Circumcision onner Ledey I believe) yet we munt do some Odds-on-cends ; on I munt oather breed Mowdywarp-holes or gut' Ratchdaw weh o Keaw on o Why-kawve---Neaw, loothy Meary, I'r lither ; on had o mind on o Jawnt : so I donn'd meh Sunday jump, o top o meh Singlet, on wou'd goa with Keaw on th' Kawve ; and the Dule tey aw bad Luck far me, far eawer Bitch Nip went wimmey, on that mede ill wurr.

M. I connaw gawm heaw that coud mey ill Luck Tummus.

T. Now, nor no Mon elze till they known ; boh here's a fine droy canking Pleck under this Thurn, let's keawer us
deawn





deawn oth Yeoarth o bit, on I'll tell the aw heaw't wur.

M. Weh aw meh Heart, for meh Deme's gon fro Whoam, on hoo'll naw cum ogen till Bagging-time.

T. Whau, os I'r telling the, I'd gut' Ratchdaw : So I geet up be skrike o Dey, on feet eawt ; on went ogreath tilly welly coom within a Mile oth Teawn ; when os the Dule woud height, o *Tit* wur stonning ot an Eleheawse Dur ; on me Kawve (the Dule bore eawt it Een for meh) took th' *Tit* for it Mother, on woud need seawk her : On I believe th' foolish Tooad of a *Tit* took th' Kawve far hur Cowt, hoo whinnit so when hoo saigh it ; boh wen hoo feld it seawke, hoo up with'ur Hough on kilt meh Kawve os deed os o Nit !

M. E Lord ;----whot o Trick wur that !

T. Trick ! Odds flesh, fitch o Trick wur newer plede eh Englundshiar.

M. Why hark ye Tummus, whot cudney doo weet ? Yoad'n be quite brok'n !

T. Doo ! what cou'd eh do ? 'flesh in't had bin kilt greadly, twou'd ha bin os good Veeol os e'er deed on a Thwittle ; for me Measter moot ha had seignteem

B. 3.

- Shillings.

Shillings on fufepence for't th' yeandurth
ofore.

M. On didney leeof it ith' Lone ?

T. Ne Meary ; I'r naw fitch o Gawby
os tat coom too noather : For as luck
wou'd height, o Butcher wur ith' Ele-
heawfe, on he coom cawt when he heard
meh Kawve bawh. Boh eflid o being
fooary, when he faigh it fprawling oth
Yeorth, th' fly'ring Karron feet up o
Gurd o Leawghing, on cou'd for fhawm
tell meh he'd berry it meh for a Pint of
Ele.

M. Whau, that wur pratty cheap ;
for Dicky o Will's o Jone's o Sam's, tow'd
me, at he berrit o Chilt tother Dey ot
Ratchdaw, on he pede *Jo. Green* o Groat
for a Greave no bigger in o phippunny
Trunk.

T. Whau, that moot be : but I'd naw
geet im : For I borrot a Shoo on wou'd
berrit meh feln ; I'r thrunk fhoaving it
in when a Thowt coom int' meh Noddle,
ot th' Hoyde cou'd be no War ; fo I'd flee
it ; but the Dule o Thwittle wurt' be leet
on bo'th' Buther's, on the spoytfoo Tike,
wou'd naw leeond it me : Neaw Meary,
what cou'd onny Mon doo ?

M. Daa ! I'ft o gon fark Woode.

T. I be-

T. I believe ot wou'd, or onny Mon-
elze; boh that wou'd doo nowt eh my
kefe: So I bargint with th' Rascot; he'ur
to tyth' Hoyde grooing toth' Carcufs, on
geh meh throtteen Pence: So I geet th'
Bras, on went endway with Keaw.

M. Neaw meh Mind misgives meh ot
yoar'n goeing a sleeveless Arnt; on at-
felly wou'd naw tak'th Kah bateth' Kawve.

T. Uddzo, Meary! theaw geawfes
within two tumbles of a Leawfe; for it
wur lung, on lunger, ofore eh wou'd:
Boh when I tow'd him, heawt wur knock
oth Sow, with a Tit. Coak'n os he coom,
on that he moot, order weh meh
Measter obeawt it, he took her ot lung-
length: Then I went on bowt two Peawnd
o Sawt, on on Eawnce of black Pepper
for eawr Fok, on went toart Whoam ogen.

M. With o fearfoo heyvy Heart I'll
uphowd'o.

T. Eigh, eigh; that's true--boh whottle
to fey when ot eh tell the he ne'er ber-
rit Kawve; boh fowd it et *Owdum* that Oan-
durth, for two pence haw penny o
Peawnd!

M. Sey! why be meh Troth it wur
fere cheeoting: but it's meet like their
rascotly Tricks; for there's not an honest

Booan ith Hoyde o newer o greasy Tyke on um aw.

T. Indeed Meary, I'm eh thy Mind ; for it wur reet Rank : Boh I think eh meh Guts ot Rascots ith' Ward, ar os thick, as Wasps in o Hummabee-neest.

M. Iis not tell, buh I'll marvil straunge-ly an yo leet on o wur Kneave in this.

T. Alack o dey theaw knows boh lit-tle oth matter.-----Boh theawst hear-----i'd naw gett'n forrud, back ogen, oboon a Mile or so, ofore eh saigh o Parcel o Lads on Hobbletyhoys, as thrunk as Thrap-Wife : When ot eh geet too um, I cou'd naw gawm what tearn obeawt ; for two on um carrit o Steeigh o ther Shilders, onother had o Riddle in his Hont, on *Hal o' Nab's* ith' *Midge lone* had his Knockus, lapt in his Barmskin : Awth' rest on um had Hoyts, or lung Kibhoes, like swing-ing Sticks or Raddlings.

M. I th' neme o Katty, whot wur'n the for ?

T. Nowt ots owt theaw mey be sure, if that hawmpoing tyke Hal wu, weh um : Neaw theaw mun know, ot one neet last Shearing-time, when *Jone's o Harry's* geete thear Churn ; this seme Scap-gallows wur tean eh thear Pleawmtre ; on wur en-
fitch.

fitch o flunter eh getting deawn o gen, ot he fell, on broke th' Collar-boan on his Leg.

M. O-wrang-joyrt hong im : I know him weel enough, for th' last great Snow he'ur for honging o Hare e some hure Gillers ; on throttle eaw'r poor Teawzer in o Clewkin-grin.

T. The varra seme--- So I asht him what tearn far ? Why sed he, ween meet neaw feen on Ewl fly thro' yon Leawp hoyle into th' Leath, on we'er gooing tey hur : Come Tum (sed he) Egad, ifle geaw with us, theawst-fee fitch gam os tha newer saigh eh the live : Beside theawst howd the Riddle ; ---sed I, I know naw whot to mecons be howding th' Riddle, boh I'll geaw we aw meh heart intle teytch meh ; I con show the in a crack sed he : So owey we went, on begun o cromming oth Leawp-hoyles, on th' Slifters ith Leath Woughs full o Awts ; then we reeart th' Steeigh sawfly ogen th' Wough under th' Eawl hoyle. Neaw Lads---(sed Hal) mind yer hits : I'll lap meh honds eh meh Barmskin ot hoo cannaw scrat meh when ot eh tak' ur ith' hoyle : Tum o'William's mun clime th' Steeigh, thrutch th' Strey eawt oth' Leawp hoyle, on howd the Riddle cloyse on't.

Awth'

Awth' rest mun be Powlerers, on flay hur into't---So owey they feete into th' Leath, on toynt dar; on I----

M. Why neaw, I'll be far, if i'd naw rether ha scent in o Puppy-Show.

T. Good Lorjus, Meary! theawrt fo heasty; so I clum th' Steeigh in o snift, Shoavt th' Awtsawt, on smackt me Riddle oth' hoyle: I'd no soyner done sooa, but I heard one on um sey; see o, see o, hoos tear!---Shu fed one; Shu, fed another,---Then they aw begun o hallowing on whooping like heygomad. I thowt it wer rear'ft spooart ot ewer mortal Monfaigh: So I gran, on Lthrutcht, till meh Arms wartcht ogen; still they kept Shuing, on Powlering ith Leath; on then I thowt I felt summot nudge th' Steeigh---I lookt deawn, on there were an owd Soo bizzy scratting hur A---se o one o'th' strines. ---'Sflesh, thinks It' meh feln hool ha me deawn eend neaw:---Just then I thowt I heard th' Eawl come into the hoyle; on presently summot come with a greyt fluk thro' th' Riddle.

M Odds mine on didney let hur gooa or yo took'n hur?

T. Took'n hur! Ney Meary; on Eawl's naw so sooyne tean---boh I con hardly tell



tell the I'm---so waughish---for I'm readyt
cowk'n with th' thowts ont; there wur
non tey Meary.

M. Whot no Eawl?

T. Now, now,---not tear---it wus
nowt oth' Warld o God boh arron owd
Lant ot teyd'n mede war weh loafing ther
Breeches in't: on that Hodge-Podge
coom eh me fease weh fitch o ber, ot o
fumheaw it made meh meazy, on I feel
off th' Stecigh: Boh moor be choance thin
onny good luck, I leet disactly oth' Soo
wey fitch o Solteh; ot I think eh meh
guts ot hoor booath wur flay'd on hurt
in I wur.

M. Elord! whot o wofoo saw had'n yo!

T. Eigh, saw eigh; for I thowt id
'brok'nt th' Crupper-booan o meh A--se,
boh it wur better in lickly; for I'd no
hurt boh th' tone Theawm stunnisht, on
th' skin bruzz'd off th' whirlbooan o meh
knee, ot mede meh t'hawmpo o bit.

M. Awt upon um, whot unmannerly
powsements! I'ft o bin stark-giddy at um,
on ha raddlt ther booans.

T. I'r os woode os teaw cou'd be, or
onny Mon elze, boh theaw knows ev'ry
Mon's not a Witch: Heaweer I hawmpo't
rawnd th' Leathfort' snap some oth' bul-
locking

locking basturts ; Boh none cou'd eh leet on, for they for they'r naw cropp'n intoth' Leath ; on th' Durs os sefe os *Beest'n* Castle : Boh they mead'n me't hear um efeath ; far thear'n aw Wherrying on Leawghing, Whooping on Sheawting, like Maddlocks ot ther new tean Eawl os teh cawd'n meh : Wuns, Meary ! in id had foyar i'ft o set th' how Leath on o Halliblaith in id deed for't ; boh then th' Sookept fitch o skrieking Reeking din, os if hur back wur eteaw eh two spots, ot I durst fley no longer for fear o fumbody coming, on meying me necessary too hur deeth : so I scamspoot owey as hard os eh cou'd Pinn : On ran o Mileeh that Pickle ofore eh, ga one glent behund meh : Then I leep o'er o Ryz'n-hedge, on os o Rindle o Wetur wur wheem, I washt aw meh clooas, till it coom to meh hure : On aw little enough too ; for I think eh meh guts i'ft stink like a Foomurt while me neme's *Tum*.

M. Neaw een be meh troath ! I thowt ye favor't'n fearfoo strung on o Yarb : Boh when aw's done *Tummus*, this Killing o'th Kawve, on Eawl-catching, wur non awlung o Nip.

T. Odds heart howd teh tung Meary ; far I oather angurt some He Witch, or
the

the Dule threw his Club oe'r meh that Morning when eh geete up : Far Misfartins, coom on me os thick os Leet.

M. Uddzlud, non thro' Nip o Goddih!

T. Thro' Nip, yigh thro' Nip : On I wud hur Neek had bin brock'n eh neen Spots, when hoo'r Whelpt farmee (God fargi' meh ; th' deawmp Cretur does no hurt, noather) far I'd naw greadly washt, on fettl't meh ! on lipp'n into th' lone ogen, boh I met a fattish dowing Felly in o blackish Wigg ; on he stooode on glooart ot Nip : Ko he onnest Mon wilt sell the Dog ? Sed I, meh Dog's o Bitch, on so's ne'er o Dogith' Teawn : for be ineh troath Meary I'r os cross os o f-t.

M. Odd, boh yoarn bobbersome, on awnfurt him awvishly too-to.

T. Well, boh Dog or Bitch sed t' Felley ; if I'd known on hur three Deys sin. I'd o gen the Twenty Shilling far hur, for I see hoos o reet stawnch *Bandyhewit* ; on there's o Gentlemon ot woans abeawt three Mile off, ot wants one meet neaw. ----- Neaw Meary, to tell the true, I'd o mind t' cheeot (God forgi' meh) on sell im meh *Sheep-Cur* for o *Bandyhewit* ; tho, I no moor knew, in th' Mon ith Moon whot a *Bandyhewit* wur. Whaw sed I, hoose
C
primely

primely bred ; for hur Moother coom fro *Lunnun*, tho' hoor Whelpt ot meh Master's ; on tho' hoos os good os onny eh *England-shiar*, I'll fell hur if meh Price come.

M. Well done *Tummus* ! Whot fed eh then ?

T. Wau, ko he, whot 'duft ax for hur ? Hoos worth a Ginny on o hawve o Gowd, fed I ; boh o Ginny I'll ha far hur : Ko he, I gen o Ginny far mine on I'd rether ha thine be o Creawn, boh iftle gooa to Justice----Justice hum----le me fee.---But I freat'n heaw he het (boh o greyte Matter on im, far I think he's Piece on o Rascot, as weel oft rest) he'll be fene o'th' Bargin.

M. That wur clever, too-to ; wur it naw ?

T. Yigh' meeterly.---Then I asht im whot Wey he munt gooa ? On he tow'd meh : On o wey I seete, weh meh Heart as leet os o bit on o Flaight ; on carrit Nip under meh Arm ; for neaw theaw mun understond I'r fear o loysing hur ; ne'er deawting I cou'd be roytch enough, t' pay meh Master for th' Kawve, an ha summot t' spere.

M. Odds-fish ! boh that wur breve, yoarn eh no ill kele neaw *Tummus*.

T. Whau

T Whau, boh theawst hear : it wur
 o dree Wey too-to ; heawe'er I geete there
 by three o'Clock ; on ofore eh opp'nt Dur,
 I covert Nip with th' Cleawt, ot eh droy
 me Nese weh, t' let him see heaw I stoart
 hur.---Then I opp'nt Dur ; on who te
 Dule dust think, boh three little tyney
Bandyhewits : os I thowt then coom Weaw-
 ghing os if th' little Rott'ns wou'd ha
 worrit meh, on after that swollut meh
 whick. Then there coom o fine freshcul-
 lert Wummon ot keckt as stiff as if hood
 swallut a Poker, on I took hur for o hoø
 Justice, hoor so meety fine :---For I heard
Rotchot o' Jack's, o' *Xem's* tell meh Measter,
 that th' hoo Juslices awlus did mooast o'th'
 Wark.---Heawe'er, I axthur if Mr. Justice
 wur o Whoam ; heo cou'd naw opp'n hur
 Meawth t' sey eigh, or now ; boh simpurt
 on sed ifs, (the Dickons ifs'ur on him too)
 sed I, I wudid'd'n tell him I'd fene speyk
 too 'im.

M. Odd, boh yoar'n bowd ; i'ft o bin
 timmerfome :---But let's know heaw ye
 went'n on.

T. Whau, weell enough, for theawmey
 Nip, on Cheeot os ill os one other Clarks
 on they'n naw meddle with the ; boh theaw

mun naw frump, nor teos um, for they haten to be vext.

M. Boh heaw went'n yeaon?----Wurth' Justice o Whoam?

T. Eigh, on coom snap, on axt meh whot he wantut? Whau, fed I, i've o varra fine *Bandyhewit* t' fell, on I hear yo want'n one Sur:----Humph----fed he----a *Bandyhewit*----prethee let's look at.----Yigh said I; on I pood th' Cleawt fro off on hur, stroakt hur deawn th' Back, on fed; hoos os fine o *Bandyhewit* os ewer run ofore o Tele.

M. Well done *Tummus*! yo cud'n naw mendtat, in eh had'n it t' doo ogen: Boh yo're fit t' gooa eawt efeath.

T. Hoos a fine on indeed fed th' Justice; on its o theawson Pities boh I'd known on hur Yusterdey: For o Felly coom, on I bowt one naw so good os this by hoave o Ginny; on i'll uphowdtey theaw'll tey o Ginny for this. On that i'll hav' in eh cou'd leet on a Chapmon, fed I. Hoos roytychly worthit, fed he, on I think, I con tell thee whear theaw mey part with hur, if he be not fittut awready.

M. Odds-like, boh that wur o good neatert Justice, wur he naw?

T. E, Meary

T. E, Meary ; theaw tawks like o feely Ninnyhommer : For tey mey wort fort, nowt ot's owt con come on't, when o Mon deeols weh rascotly fok : Boh as i'r telling thee, he neamt a Felley ot wooant obeawt two Mile off on him (boh the Dule forget him os I done) so I munt gooa back ogen thro' *Rachdaw*. So I geet *Nip* under meh Arm ogen, mede o scroap weh meh hough, on bid th' justice good neet, weh o heyvy heart thew meh be shure : On boh os eh, thowt he cou'd asfelt fell hur eh this tother Pleck, it wou'd sartinly ha brock'n.

M. Lord blefs us ! it wur lik't trouble o meetily !

T Boh theawst'hear. I'd naw gon o'er oboon a Feelt or two, boh I coom to o greyt Bruck, weh o feaw narrow Sappling Brigo'er.it.. As it had reint th' Neet afore, os th' Welkin wou'd ha opp'nt, th' Wetur wur Bonkful ; tho' it wur feggur o deool i'th Mourning ; on o someheaw, when I'r obeawt hoave o'er meh Shough slipt, on deawn coom I, Arsyversy, weh Nip eh me Arm i'th Wetur, Nip I leet fend for hur fell'n, on flaskert int' eh geete how'd on o Sawgh, on so charr'd meh fell'n ; or elze nother theaw, nor no Mon elze had newer

see *Tum* ogen : For be meh troth I'r welly werk'nt.

M. Good Lorjus Deys ! th' like wur never ! this hadlik't to shad'awth' tother ! on yet yo coom'n farrantly off marry, for it wur a greyt Marcy ye wur'n naw Dreawnt.

T. I know naw whether't wur or naw, noather : Boh theaw meh be shure I'r primely boyrnt, on os Weet os ewer eh could sye : Beside i'd no Com to keem meh Hure, so ot I lookt licker o Dreawnt Mease in o Mon.

M. Beside, yoad'n be as cowd os Iccles.

T. Eigh theaw mey geawse i'r non Mough'n : Boh theawst hear. I'd naw gone oboon o Stone's thrut ; efore eh wundurt whot teh Pleague wur th' matter wimmey, for I begun t' smart os if five hundurt Pissmotes wur eh me Breechus : I loast um deawn' boh cou'd see nowt o wur whick : on yet I lookt as rey os o fleed Meawse ; (for were feln beawt th' scrat at my Measter's) 'Sflesh, i'r ready t' gooa woode on knew new whot eh ealt :
-----On then I unbethowt meh o me Sawt.

M. E wea's me ! i'd freeat'n that too ! I deawt it wou'd quite mar o'?

T. Now, now, Meary, i'r naw quite marr'd :

marr'd : Its true, I went Wigglety-Wagglety, foran Eawer or fò, ofore i'r ogreath ogen : On when he geet reet, on coom t' groap eh meh Singlet Pocket for meh sawt, the Dule o bit a sawt wurthur, for it wur aw run owey---On new it jump't into meh Mind ot I saigh two rott'n Pynot (Hongum) ot tis seme Brig os eh coom.

M. Did ever ! that wur o sign o bad Fartin : Far I heard my Gronny fey, hoode os leef o seen two owd Harries os two Pynots.

T. Eigh, so feys meh Noant *Margit*, on o meeny o Fok : On I know Pynots ar os cunning Eawls os wawk'n oth' Yeorth. Boh as I'r telling the Meary, whot with smart, on one think on onother, i're so stract Woode, ot I cou'd ha fund eh meh Heart ta puncht th' Bitches Guts eawt : On then I thowt ogen Nip's eh no Fawt : For be meh troth I'r welly off at side.

M. Indeed *Tummus* I believe o ; boh o lack o dey purring th' Bitch, wou'd ha bin reet rank.

T. That's true, boh theaw knows one can boh doo whot tey can doo.

M. Reet ; boh heaw didney doo with'r weet Clooas ; wur'ney naw whelly parish ?

F. Yigh be me troth ; I dithert ot meh
Teeth hackt eh meh heeod ogen : Boh that
wur naw aw ; it begun t' be dark, on I'r
beawt Scoance in a Strawnge Country, five
or fufe Mile fro Whoam : So that I maun-
dert ith' Fields oboon two Eawers, on cou'd
naw gawm where eh wur ; for I moot os
weel o bin in o Noon : On in id howd'n
up meh Hont I cou'd no moor ha seen't
in he con see o Fleigh o thee neaw ; on
here it wur I geet into a Gete : For I thowt,
I heard summot coming, an if Truth mun
be spok'n, I'r so feerfully breed, at meh
Hure stood on eend, for theaw knows I
noather knew whooa, nor whot it moot be.

M. True *Tumms*, no marvil ot o wur
so flay'd ; it wur so fearfoo dark !

T. Heawe'er, I resolv't meyth' best on't
an up speek I---Whooas tat ; A Lad's
Voice answert in a crying Din, elaw,
dunnaw tey meh, dunnaw tey meh ; now,
sed I, I'll naw tey the, Beleady : Whooas
Lad art to ? ---Whau, sed he, i'm Jone's
o'Lall's o'Simmy's, o'Marriom's o'Dick's
oNethons, o'Lall's o'Simmy's ith' Hooms,
an i'm gooink Whoam. Odd, thinks it
meh_fell, theaw's a dree-er Neme in me :
An here *Mary* I cou'd naw boh think
whot lung Nemes sum on us han ; for
things:

thine and mine ar meeterly; boh this Lad's wur so mitch dree-er, ot I thowt it dockt mine tone Hawve.

M. Preo na, tell meh ha theefe lung Nemies leet'n?

T. Um---m--mn, le meh fee--I connaw tell the greadly, boh I think its to tell fok by.

M. Well, an ha didneh gooa on with him.

T. Then (as I thowt he tawkt so awkertly) i'd ash him for th' wonst whot Uncoth's he heard sturrink. I here none, but ot Jack o'Ned's towed meh, ot Sam's o'Jacks o Yeds Marler, has wed Mall o'Nan's o' Sall's o'Pegs, ot gus obeawt o beggink Churn-milk with Pitcher, with Lid on. Then I asht him where Jack o'Ned's wooant? seys he, he's 'Prentice weh Isaac o' Tim's o'Nick's oth' Hough-lone; on he'd bin ot Jammy's o'George's o'Peter's ith' Dingles for hooave a Peawnd o Treacle t' seaws'n a Beest-puddink weh on his Feather and Moother wooan at *Rossendow*, boh his Gronney's alive an wooans weh his Noant Margery a Grinfilt, at Pleck where his nown Mother coom fro. Good Lad, sed I, boh heew far's tis *Littlebrough* off; For I aint' see it to Neet if he con hit.

hit. Seys t' Lad, it's obeawt a Mile, on
 yo mun keep streight forrud o yer Life
 Hont, on yoan happ'n do. So a thifs'n
 we partit; but I mawkint, an lost me
 Gete ogen snap. So I powlert o'er Yetes
 on Steels, Hedges on Doytches, til eh
 coom to this *Littlebrough*; on there I'r ill
 breed ogen, for I thowt i'd seen a Boggart;
 boh it prooft o Mon weh o Piece-woo,
 resting im on o Stoop ith' Lone. As soon
 os eh cou'd speyk for wnackering, I asht
 him where ther wur on Eleheawse? On
 he shoud meh: I went in on fund tn two
 fat troddy Fok wun'nt teer: On theyd'n
 some oth' warst fratchingst Cumpany, or
 e'er e saigh, for theyr'n warrying, ban-
 ning, on cawing on onother leawfy
 Eawls, os thick osleet: Heawe'er I pood
 o Cricket, on keawrt meh deawn ith'
 Nook, aside oth' Hob: i'd no soyner done
 so, boh o feaw seawr lookt Felley, with
 o Wythen Kibbo he had in his Hont,
 slapt o Sort of o wither Meazzilt seas't
 Mon, fitch o thwang oth' Scawp, ot aw
 varra reecht ogen with; on deawn he
 coom oth' Harstone, on his Heed ith
 Elshole: His scrunt Wig feel off, on o
 hontle o whot corks feel into't, on brunt,
 on frizzlt it so, ot when he ost don it, on
 unlucky





unlucky karron gen it o poo, on it slipt
 o'er his Sow, on lee like o hawin bark on his
 shilders. I glendurt like a stikt Tup, for
 fear on o dust meh feln: On crope fur
 into th' Chimney. Oytch body thowt ot
 Mezzil fease wou'd mey a Flittink on't,
 on dee in a crack; so sum on um cryd'n
 eawt a Doctor a Doctor, while others
 mead'n th' Landlort go Saddle th' Tit to
 fotch one. While this wur e dooink,
 some on um had leet on a kin on a Doctor
 ot wooant o bit off, an shew'd'im th Mon
 oth' Harstone. He leyd how'd on his
 Arm to feel his Pulse I geawse, an pood,
 os if he'd sin death pooink at th' tother
 Arm; an wur resolv't o'er-poo him:
 After looking dawkinly-wise a bit, he
 geete fro his Whirly booans, and sed to
 um aw, while his Heart becots an his
 Blood sarclates there's Hopes, boh when
 that stops its whooup with him efeath-
 Mezzil fease hearink summon o' whooup,
 startit to his Feet, stote none, boh gran
 like a Foomurt-Dog; on seete ot black
 swarffy Tyke, weh booath Neaves, on
 wawtit him o'er into th Gal keer, ful o
 new Drink wortching: He begun o poss-
 ing, on peyling him int' so, ot aw wur
 blendit t'gether snap. 'Sflesh Meary!
 theaw'd.

theaw'd o bepifs't teh, 'ta' seen heaw'th Gobbin wur awtert, when ot tey pood'n him eawt; and whot o Hobthrust eh lookt weh aw that Berm obeawt im : He kept droying his Een. Boh he moot as weel ha fowt um in his A----e, tin th' Lonledy had mede an Eaw'rs labbor on 'im ot Pump : When he coom in ogen, he glooart awvishly ot Mezzil fease ; on Mezzil fease glendurt os wrythenly ot him ogen ; boh noather warrit, nor thrapt : So they seete um deawn, on then th' Londledy coom in, on wou'd mey um't pey farth lumber ot teyd'n done ur. Meh Drink's war be o Creawn, sed hoo ; beside, there's two Tumblers, three Quisting Pots, on four Pipes masht, on o how Papper o Bacca shed : This mede 'umt glendor ot tone tother ogen ; but black Tyke's Passion wur coolt at't Pump, on th' Wythen Kibbo had quiet'nt tohter ; foot teh camm'd little or none ; boh agreed t'pey aw meeon, then seet'n um deawn, on wur Friends ogen in o Sniff.

M. This wur mad gawmling wark ; on welly os ill os th' teying th' Eawl.

T. Ney, naw quite, noather Mearey ; for Berm's o howsome Smell : Heawe'er, when aw wur satl't, I crope nar th' Foyar
ogen ;

ogen; for I wantot o whawm fearfully
for I'r booath coud on weet, os well as
hongry on droy.

M. Belcemy Tummus yomootn weell;
boh yoarn in o good Kele too to, ot idd'n
Money ch yer Pocket.

T. Eigh, I thowt I'd Money enough;
but theowst hear moor o that een na. So I
I cawd for summot t'eat, on o Pint o Ele;
on hoo browt me some Hog-mutt'n on
special Turmits; on as prime Veeol on
Pestil os ned be toucht: I creemt Nip
neaw on then o Lunshun, boh Tum took
Care oth' tother, steawp on reawp; for
I eet like o *Yorshar-Mon*, en cleart th'
Stoo.

M. Well done Tumms! yoad'n sure
need no Ree supper; for yo shadd'n Wry-
not, on flanst th' Charges frowt I hear.

T. True: So I seete on reslut meh, on
drank me Pint o Ele; boh as I'r naw
greaddy fleckt, I cawd for another, on
bezzilt tat too; fer I'r, os droy as Soot:
On as't wur t'lete t'gooa anny whither
weh meh Bitch, I asked th' Lendledey in
eh cou'd stay aw Neet; Hoo tow'd meh I
moot in eh wou'd: Sed I, I'll geaw neaw,
innin geaw wimmey? I geaw with the
ko hoo? Whot ar to seard o Boggarts,

or theaw'rt naw weynt yet on connaw
 sleep beawt o Pap? 'Sflesh, fed I, whot
 ar ye tawking on? I want gut' Bed! Ho,
 ho; if that be aw fed hoo Margit s't shew
 the: So Margit leet o Condle, on shewd
 meh o wistey Reawm; on o Bed welh
 Curtnurs forsuth: Ithowt Margit pottert on
 fettlt lung i'th Choamber ofore ho last it;
 on I mistrust it ot hoor 'meawlt for o bit o
 tufsling on teawing; 'boh o someheaw I'r
 so toyart on healo, ot I'r eh no fettle for
 Catterweawing: So I fed nowt too 'ur:
 Boh I forthowt Sin, for hoor no Daggle-
 tele I'll uphowdtey, boh os snug o Lofs
 os Seroh o'Rutchots eary bit.

M. Marry kemeawt, like enough, why
 not: Is Seroh o'Rutchots so honfome?

T. Eigh, hoos meeterly. Heawe'er,
 when hoor gon, I doft meh donk Shoon
 on Hoyse, on me doage Clooas, on geet
 in, on eh Truth Meary I newer lec eh
 fitch Bed sin eh wur Kersunt!

M. E dear Tummus, I cou'd ha lik't
 o bin with o; I warrant yoad'n Sleep
 seawndly?

T. Ney, I connaw sey ot he did; for
 I'r meetily troublt abeawt me Kawve---
 Beside, I'r seeard o eawer Fok secching
 meh, on meh Measter beasting meh when
 he

he geet Whooam : Its true meh Carkufs wur pratty yeafy, boh meh Mind moot os weel o line on o Piffmotehoyle, or in o Rook o Hollins or Gorfes ; for it wur one o'Clock ofore eh cou'd toyn me Een.

M. Well, on heaw went'n ye on ith' Mourning when eh wack'nt ?

T. Whau, as I'r donning meh thwo-oanish Clooas, I thowt I'll know heaw meh shot stons ofore I'll wear moor o meh brafs omeh brekfust: So I cawd, on th' lond-ledey coom, on kest it up to Throtteen-pence: So; thowt It' meh seln, o weawnded Deool ! Whot strushon hav I mede here ! I cou'd ha fund me seln o how Wick weh hus for that Money. Ist naw hav one Boadle t' sphere o meh oh yde Silver : On neaw I'r in os ill o Kele os meetshad ! Wur eh naw !

M. Now marry naw yo : In idd'n mede strushion, on Bezzilt owey moor Brafs inney hadd'n, yo met'n ha tawkt.

T. I find teaw con tell true to o Hure, into will Meary ; for byth' Miss, when ot eh coom't grope eh meh Slop t' pey 'ur, I'r weawnedly glopp'nt, for the Dule o hawpunny had eh ! On whether eh lost it ith' Bruck, or weh scrawming o'er th' Doytch-backs ; I no moor know in th'

Mon ith' Moon : But gon it wur ! I
 steart like o Wil-cat, on wur welly gawm-
 lefs : On ot last I tow'd hur I'd lost meh
 Money. Sed hoo, whot dunneh meeon
 Mon : Yoast naw put *Yorshar* o me ; that
 Tele winnaw fit meh ; for yoar like't pey
 o fumheaw. Sed I, boh its true, on yo
 mey grope eh meh Breeches in he win
 Theaw'rt some mismanert Jackonapes I'll
 uphowd tey sed hoo ; Ney, ney, I'ft naw
 grope eh the Breeches not I. Whau, sed
 I yoar lik't ha nowt, beawt yean tey meh
 Woollen Mittins, and meh Sawt Cleawt :
 Thoos'n naw doo, sed hoo, they're naw
 booath worth oboon two Groats.----I
 nowt elze, sed I, beawt yean ha meh
 Sneeze hurn, on I'm loath t' part weet ;
 becofe Seroh o'Rutchots gaight me th' last
 Kerfmuss. Let's see um, sed hoo, for
 theow'rt some arron Rascot I'll uphowd
 teh, So I gen um hur ; on still this brodd-
 ling Fusslock lookt feaw os Tunor when
 id done.

M. Good-Lorjus-o-me ! I think idd'n
 th' warst Luck ot ewer Kerfun Soul had !

T. Theaw'll sey so eend neaw : Well,
 I'r toyart o that pleck ; on crope owey,
 witheawt bit or sope, or Cup o Sneeze ;
 for I gawmb'l't on leet tat gooa too. I
 foyn

foyn sperr'd this Gentlemon's Hoah cawt ;
 on when eh geete tear, I gan o glent into
 th' Shipp'n, on feed o Mon stonning ith'
 Groop. Sed I, is yer Measter o Whoam
 prey o' ? Eigh, fed he ; I wou'd idd'n
 tell him I'd fene speyk at him, fed I ; Yigh,
 fed he, that I'll doo. So he'r no soyner
 gooan, boh a fine, fattish, throbbly Gen-
 tleman, coom in a Trice, on axt meh
 whot he wantut ? Sed I, I understond
 yo want'n o good *Bandyhewit*, Sur, on I've
 a pure on t' fell here ; Let's see th' shap
 on hur, fed he ; So I stroakt hur deawn
 th' Back, on crobb'd hur oth Greawnd.
 Hoos th' fin'st ot ew'ry saigh fed he ; boh
 I deawt things'n leet unluckily for the ;
 for I geete two this last week, on they
 mey'dn up meh Keawnt.----New Meary,
 i'r ready t' cruttle deawn, for theaw moot
 o knockt meh o'er with a pey. Boh whot's
 teh Price fed he ? I connaw thwooal hur
 t' meh nown Broother under o Ginny,
 fed I. Hoos cheep o that fed he ; on
 no deawt boh theaw mey fell hur.

M. Odds like ! Yoarn lung eh finding
 o Chapmon ; oytchbody'r awlus fittut so.

T. Eigh, fittut Eigh ; far they ned'n
 none no moor in I need Wetur eh meh
 Shoon, not tey : But theaw'st hear. Then

fed he, there's on owd Cratchenly Gentlemon, ot wooans ot yon Heawse, omung yon trees, meet anent us ; ot I believe 'll gi thee the Price : If not Justice fitch o one's o likely Chap, iftle gooa thither. Sed I, I'r there last Oandurth, on he'd leet o oneth Yeandurth ofore. That leet feawly for the, fed he : ---Eigh, fed I, so it e'en did ; for I mede o peaw'r o Labber o-beawt it I'm shure. Well boh this owd Gentlemon's lik'ly't of onny I know. So I mede 'im meh Manners, on seete cawt for this tother Pleck.

M. I hope in ha' better Luck, Egodsfnum.

T. Whau, I thowt eh cou'd too : For neww it popt int' Mind, ot Nip did naw howu hur iele heeigh enough, on ot Fok would naw buy her becofe o' that. On int' has naw freeat'n, I bowt two Eawnce o' Pepper when id meh Sawt ; on tho' 'twur os thodd'n os o Thar-Cake, i'd rub her A-----se weet : For I'd seen *Oamfrey o' Matho's* pley that tutch be his Creawparst-Mare ; that dey ot *Yem* oth' *Redbonk* coom't buy hur. So meet ofore eh geet tear, I took Nip, on rubb'd hur primely efeath ; een' till o' yeawlt ogen. I'r ot Heawse in o crack, on leet oth' owd Mon ih' Fowd, ossing t' geet o Tit-back. Sed

I.,

I, too him, is yoarn Neme Mr. Scar ? Sed he, theaw'r oather greeof, or greeof-by ; but I gex I'm him ot to meeons: Whot wants to wimmey ? I'm infarmed, Sed I, ot yo want'n o *Bandyhewit*, on I've o tip-top on eh meh Arms here os onny's eh *Englandshiar*. That's a greyt breeod, Sed he ; but pre the let's hondle hur o bit, for in eh tutch hur, I con tell whether hoo's reet bred or naw.

M. Odd, but that wur o meety fawse-owd Felly, too-to.

T. 'Sflesh, Meary ! I think eh meh guts, ot he'r th'bigg'ft Rascot on um aw : Boh I leet im hondle'r, on he'r so seely, on his Honds whackert so despratly, ot eh cou'd naw flick too hur, on hoo leep deawn. Neaw fort thowt I : Nip ; cock the Tele on show the sell : Boh estid ot that, hoo feet up o yeawll, clapt th' Tele between hur Legs, on crope into o hoyle ith Horse-stone !

M. Eye onn'r, i'ft ha bin os mad attur os o Pottert-Wasp.

T. Whau, i'r os mad os teaw cou'd be, ot hoode shawmt hur sell so wofully ; heaw'eer I sed to th'owd Mon, munneh tak'ur ogen for yoan find hoofe no Foo-goad on o Bitch ? Now, now, sed he ; I feel hoofe os fat os o Snig, on os smoot.

os o Mowdewarp : On I find os plene
 os o Pike-staff, be hur lennock Yeeears, ot
 hoofe reet bread : On I'd a had'ur if
 hoode cost meh o Moider, but ot o Friend
 has sent meh one cawt o *Yorshar*, on I need
 no moor : Boh i'll swop with the into
 will. Now sed I, i'll swop none : for i'll
 oather have a Ginny for hur, or hoofst
 newer gooa while meh Hecod stons o meh
 Shilders. Then I con chaffer none with
 the, said he ; boh haft' bin ot yon fine
 Bigging anent us ! Eigh sed I, boh he's
 onoo on um. Well but they're os scant :
 neaw os ewer the wur eh this Ward, sed
 he ; on there's one *Muslin*, eh *Rachdaw*,
 ot's o meety lover on 'um. Whau, sed I,
 I'll go see.---On neaw Meary, I begunt'
 mistrust ot tear'n meying o Foo on meh.

M. The firrups tak' um, boh tey ne'er
 wur be aw o like.

T. Whau, boh howd tey Tung o bit,
 on teawst hear ; for I thought i'd try this
 tother Felley, on if he'r gett'n sittut too,
 I'd try no moor : For then it wou'd be os
 plene os *Blackstonehedge* ot tearn meying
 oh arron Gawby on meh. So I went
 t' *Rachdaw*, on sperr'd 'tis Mon cawt. I
 found im o back oth' Shopboort, weh o
 little Dog ot side on 'im : Thowt I t' meh
 feln



fel'n I would teaw'a choak't this Felley 'll be sittut too, I deawt. Well, sed he on-nist Mon, whot done yo plecost' hav? I want nowt ot he han, said I for i'm come'n t' sell ye o *Bandyhewit*. Neaw, Meary, this Rascot os weel ost' rest, roost meh Bitch to the varra Welkin; but ot tat Time he did naw want one.

M. E wea's me Tummus! I deawt tearn meying o parfit Neatril on o!

T O Neatril! Eigh, th' big'st ot ewer wur medefin kene kilt ebil; on neaw I'r so strackt woode I'r arronly moydert on cou'd ha fund eh meh Heait'ta jowd aw ther sows together. I'r no soyner areawt, boh o threave o Rabblement wur watching on meh at t' Dur. One on um sed, this is im; on other, he's here; on one Basturtly-gullion asht mey if i'd sowl meh *Bandyhewit*? By th' Miss Meary, I'r so angurt ot tat, ot I up weh meh gripp'n Neave, on hit im o good wherrit oth' Yecar, on then weh meh Hough, puncht him into th' Riggot; on ill grim'd, on deet th' Lad wur for shure: Then they aw seete ogen, meh, on ofore id gon o Rood, ih' Lad's Moother coom, on crope sawfly behunt meh, on geete meh by th' hewer, on deawn coom Nip on me ith' Rindle, on th' Hoor ot top
on

on meh : While th' tuffle lastit, hur Lad
(on the baslurts ot took his Part) kept grim-
ing, on deeting meh weh Sink-clurt, ot I
thowt meh Een would newer ha done good
ogen ; for I moot os weel ha bin o'er th'
Heed in o Middingspuce, or ot teying
o two Eawls..

M. E. walla-dey, whot obunнанze o
Misfartins yo had'n.

T. Eigh, for if *Owd-Nick* ow't me o Spite
he pede me Whoam weh Use : For while
the Skirmidge lastit, awth' Teawn wur
cluttert obeawt us : I theamt os if id stown
summut, on Skampurt owey weh o Fleigh
eh meh. Yeear, on up th' Broo intoth'
Church Yort : There I'd o mind t' see if
onney body follut meh. I turn'd meh, on
who te Dule dust think, boh I'd lost Nip.

M. Whot fenneh !

T. It's true, Meary ; so I cawd, on I
whewtit, boh no Nip wur t' be fund. hee
nor low : On far aw I knew, meh Meaf-
ter seete fitch Stoar on hur, becofe o fotch-
ink th' Beaofs on Sheep ; I durst os tite
o tean o Bear by th' Tooth o'fta o'ft seech
hur ith Teawn. So I took cendwey, for
it wur welly neet ; on I'd had noather Bit
nor Sope ? nor Cup o Sneeze of aw that
Dey

M.

M. Why, yoad'n be os gaunt os Grewnt; on welly fammish.

T. I tell the Meary I'r welly moydart: Then I thowt meh Heart wou'd ha sunk int' meh Shoon; for it feld os heavy os o Mustert-boah, on I stanck so, it mede meh os waughish os owt, on I'd two or thee Wetur-tawms: Beside aw this, meh Bally warcht; on eh this fettle I munt daddle Whoam, on fease meh Measter!

M. E dear! Whot o kin of o beawt had'n ye weh him?

T. Whau, I'll tell the moor o that eend neaw: B'o furst theaw mun know, that os I'r gooink toart Whom os denawn-heartit on mallancholy os a Methodist, ot thinks he's In-pig of Owd Harry, o mon o'ertook meh riding o Tit-back on leeoding onother: thinfts I t' meh fell; this is some Yorkar Horse-Jockey; I wou'd he'd le meh ride; for theaw mun know I'r wofoo weak on Waughish. This thought had hardly glentit thro' meh nob before ot Felly sed; come honestly; theaw looks os if to wur ill to yart; theawst ride o bit, into will. That's whot eh want sed I, in ye pleas'n for I'm welly done. So loo the Meary I geet on; on I thought eh neer rid yeasier fin eh cou'd geet o humpstridd'n o Tit-back.

M.

M. A good deed *Tummu*s that wur no ill Felly; yoad'n ha no ill luck ot tis beawt e goddil.

T. E, Meary, theaws cen gext rank monny, on monny o time, on neaw theaw p---ffes by the Bowogen; for I wou'd i'd ridden eawr Billy's Hobby-horse a howdey t'gether estid o getting o this Tit: for hark the meh; we'd naw ridd'n oboon five Rood but felly asht meh heaw far Ir' gooink thatwey? Seys I, obeawt a mile on o hoave. That's reet, seys he; there's on Eleheawse just there obeawt; I'll ride ofore, on theaw mun come sawfly after on I'll stey for the there. So he feet off like hey go-mad; boh I kept o foot's pese: for me Tit swat on semm'd as toyart os I wur. Neaw loothe Meary, after this I'd naw ridden mitch oboon hawse o mile boh I heard some sock cummink after meh o gallop, o gallop os if the Deel had bad hallidey. Theyd'n hardly o'er ta'en meh boh one on um sweer by th' Mafs, this is my Tit, on I'll heyt too, if owd Nick ston not ith' Gap. With that o lusty wither Tyke pood eawt o think like o piece on o Bassoon on slappingmeh oth Shilders weet sed, friend I'm o Cunstable, an yore my Prisner.

That

The Deel tey yer friendship, on Constableship too, sed I ; whot dunneh meen mon ? Whot mun I be prisner for ? Yoan stown that Tit sed he, on yoast good back winny before o Justice- I stown nont ont sed I, for I boh meet neaw gett'n ont, on o Mon ots Gallopt ofore on whooa I took for th' owner ga'meh lecof ; so whot bisness han oather yo or th' Justice weh me ! Stuff Stuff, meer balderdash sed th' Cunstable. Wi' that I leep off th' Tit in a greyt hig, on sed, int be yoars tak't o. to the Deel o ; for I know nowt ont, nor yo noather, not I.

M. Weel actit Tummus ; that wur monfully sed, on done too ; think I.

T. Boh husht Meary, on theawst hear fur : Cum cum, sed th' Cunstable, that whisso whaffo stuff winnow doo for me : for gooa yo booath mun on shan, oather be hook or crook. On wi' that he pood eawt some Ir'n trinkums, ot rick t' like o parfil o Checons Weawns thinks I t' me fell, whot artheese ? In the bin Shack-ils, I'm in o rere scroap indeed ; I'm wur off neaw in eer eh wur : I'll be hong'd, or some devilment ot tis very time. For be meh troth, Meary, I heated th' jingling of his thingumbobs os ill, os if theaw,

or ony mon elze had bin ringing my passing Bell.

M. Good lorjus deys ! its not to tell heaw camm'd things con happ'n !

T. Heawee'r I mustert up my curridge on sed, hark o', yo Cunstable, put up thoofe things ot rick'n so ; on inneh mun gooa, I will gooa ; on quietly too : for theaw knows ot force is meds'n for o Mad-Dog.

M. Whoo-who, whoo-who whoo ! Why Tummus ! Its meet neaw buzz'd into meh heeod, ot tis seme Horfe-Jockey, had stown th' Tit, on for fear o being o'ertene geet yo t' ride t' seve his own Beak'n. on so put yor shar on ye o thifs'n.

T. Why, I think theaw guexes too o hure ; for he slippt th' Rope fro obeawt his own neck on don'd it o mine, that's fartin. Heawe'er it mede pittifoo wark indeed ; to be guardit be two Men on o Cunstable back ogen thro' Rachdaw where Id so letely lost meh Bitch, on bin so very mawkinly rowlt ith Riggot ! Heaweer theese Cunstable-fok wur meety meeverly on modest too-to, on as mute os Mowdy-warps for we geet thro' th' Teawn weh very little glooaring on less pumping, on wur ot Justices in a crack

M. E deer, Tummus, did naw a Hawter run strawngely eh yer heed ; for sum-mot runs eh mine os int wur full o'Ropes on Pully-beawls.

T. Why loothe Meary I thought so pleaguy hard, ot I cou'd think o nothing at aw: for se the meh, I'r freetn't aw macks o weys. Still, I'd one cumfortawlus popt up it heed; for thinks I't meh sell I stown no Horse, not I: on theaw knows ot Truth on Honesty gooink hont eh hont howd'n one onother's backs primely, on ston os stiff os o Gablock.

M. True Tummus; theyre prime props at o pinch, that's sartin. Boh I yammer t' hear heaw things turn'd eawt ot eend of aw.

T. Theaws no peshunce Meary. boh howd te tung on theawst hear in o snift: for theaw mun know, ot tis some Cunstable wur os preawd ot id tean poof Tumpriser, or if theaw'd tean o Hare on had hur eh the Appern meet neaw: but th' Gobbin ne'er confidert o' honging wou'd naw be cawd good spooart be ony body eh ther senses, on wur enough for't edge o finer mon's teeth in mine. Heawe'er he knockt os bowdly ot Justices Dur, os if

id ha dung it deawn. This fotcht o
 preaw'd gruff felly eawt, whooa put us
 int' a pleck we as monney Books an Pap-
 pers os a Cart wou'd howd To this mon
 (whooa I soon perceivt wur th' Clark) th'
 Custable tow'd meh wofoo kefe; an eh
 truth Meary I'r os gawmless os o Goose
 on began o whackering os if id stown o
 how draight o Horses. Then this felly
 went eawt o bit, on with im coom th'
 Justice; whooa I glendurt at sooar, an
 thowt he favort owd Jone o Dobs whooa
 theaw knows awlus wears a breawnish
 White-wig, ot hong on his Shilders like
 Keaw-teals. Well Mr. Cunstable, sed
 Justice, Whot han ye brought me neaw?
 Why, pleeos yer Worship, ween meet
 neaw tean o Horse-steyleyler whooa wur
 meying off with Tit os hard os he cou'd.
 Od, thought I't meh seln neaw, or never
 Tum, speyke for the fell; or theawrt
 throttl't ot tis very beawt, so I speek up,
 an sed; that's naw true, Mr. Justice:
 for I'r boh gooin'k o foot's pefe. Umph
 sed th' Juice there's naw mitch difference,
 as to that point. Heawc'er howd teaw
 the tung yung mon; an speyk when ther't
 spokk'n too. Well theaw mon ith breawn
 Cooot, theaw, sed th' Justice, whot has
 theave

theaw to sey ogen this felly here ? Is this Tit thy Tit, seys to ? It is Sur. Here Clark, bring's that Book on lets swear him. Here th' Justice fed o nominy to 'im, on tow'd 'im he munt tey kere o whot eh fed, or he moot as helt be foresworn, or hong that yeawth there. Well, on theaw seys ot tis Tit's thy Tit, is it ? It is, pleeos yer Worship. On where had teaw him. seys to ? I bred im Sur. E. whot Country ? Cown-Edge Sur. On when wur he stown seys to ? Last dey boh yusterday abeawt three o Clock ith Oan-durth : for eawr Yem saigh 'im obeawt two, on we mist im obeawt four o'Clock. On fro Cown-edge theaw seys ? Yus Sur. Then th' Justice turn'd im to me, on fed Is aw this true ot tis man seys, hears to meh ? It is fed I ; part on't ; on part on't is naw : for I did naw steyl this Tit . nor ist oboon two eawrs sin furst time ot eh brad meh e'en on im. Heaw coom theaw't beriding ovey wi' im then, if theaw did naw steyl im ? Why, o good deed Sur, os I'r goink toart whom to dey, o felly weh o little reawnd Hat, on o ferunt Wig, cullur o yoars, welly, boh shorter, o'er took meh ; hewur riding o one Tit on lad another. Neaw this mon

seeink I'r toyart, becofe I went wigglety-
wagglety ith' lone, he offer't meh his lad
Tit t' ride on. I'r fene oth proffe'r be-
leemy, on geet on : boh he rid off, Whip
on Spur tho he cou'd hardly mey th' Tit
keawnter, on wou'd fley on meh ot on
Ele-heawfeith road. Naw Meafter Justice
I'd naw gon three quarters on o Mile boh
theefe fok o'ertean meh ; tow'd meh I'd
ftown th' Tit on neaw han brought meh
hither, os in I'r o Yorshar Horfe-fleyler.
On this is aw true Master Justice, or mey
I ne'er gut' on ill pleck when eh dee.

M. Primely spok'n efeath *Tummas!* yo
meet fhad'n Wrynot eh tellink this tele,
think I ; boh whot fed th' Justice then ?

T. Whau, he fed ; Hears to me ogen,
theaw Yungfter ; tell meh where theaw
wur t' tother dey boh yusterday, efpeci-
ally ith Oandurth, will to. Whau, fed
I, I feet eawt fro Whom soon ith' yoan-
dnrth wi' o Keaw on a Kawve for Ratch-
daw ; meh Kawve wur kilt ith' lone,
with o Tit Coak'n os eh-coom ; on ith'
Oandurth I'r aw up on deawn eh this
Neighbourhood, dooink meh beft t' fell
meh Bitch ot fok caw'dn o *Bandyhewit* t'
fee if th. cou'd mey th' Kawve-money up
for me Meafter : but waes me e'ery-body

wur

wur gett'n fittut with um. So I'r keft into th' dark, on forc'e t ftey ot *Littlebrough* aw neet. On where wur to yufterday, fed Juftice? Wheau, fed I, I maundert up on deawn hereobeawt ogen, oth' feme fleevelefs arnt, on wur forc't harbour awth' laft neet in o Barnw here Boggarts, fwarm'n (Lord blefs us) on breed'n, I believe; for oytchbody feys its never beawt um; on to dey os I'r gooink whom I leet o this felly ot I took for a Horfe-Jockey, on fo wurtean up be theefe fok for a Tiffleyler. Boh hark, the meh, theaw Priner, fed th' Juftice, wur naw theaw here tother dey boh yufterdey wi' the Dog, prethee? I. wur Sur; boh yoad'n naw buy hur, for yoarn fittit too- Whot time oth' dey moot it bee, thinks to? Between three an four o'Clock, fed I. Beleemy mon, I think theaw'rt oather greeave or greeave-by, fed he. Here, yo, Mafter Cuftable follow me. Neaw, *Meary*, whot duft think? boh while theefe two wur cawt o bit, this Teaftil; this Tyke of o Clark caw'd me afide an proffert bring meh clear off for have o Ginney. Seys I, mon, If I knew a Hawter munt mey meh Neck os lung os o Gonner neck to morn, I cou'd naw reafe have a Ginney:

for hong'd or naw hong'd I ha' naw one hawp'ney t' leve meh neck wi'. Boh seys he, wilt gi' the Note for't? Ill gi' no Notes not I; for F'd os good t' be hong'd for this job, oft steyl on be hong'd for that; on I no other wey t' rease it boh. Steyling ot I know on.

M. Good Lord omarcy! moor Rogues, on moor! neaw awt upo' aw sich teasttrils for ever on o dey lunger, sey I.

T. Hustt hustt, *Meary*; for neaw th' Justice an th' Cunstable coom in.

M. E Law I'll be hong'd meh feln if eh dunnaw dither for fear: boh go for-rud *Tummus*.

T. Why, th' Justice after rubbing his broo on droying his sease deawn, sed; Here, yo Melter Cunstable, on yo, fellow ot owns this Tit; I mun tell ye, that yore booath ith rang Box: an han gettin th' rang Soo by th' Yeer. For this youngster here cou'd naw steyl this Tit th' last Oandurth boh one: for between three an four o'Clock that dey I feed him here me sell: on yo sen this Tit wur stown fro' Cown-edge obeawt that time. Neaw he coud naw bee eh two plecks ot one time, yo known. So heors to meh yung mon.

I mun,

I mun quit thee as to this job ; so go the way whom ; on be honest. I will, sed I, on thonks Measter Justice : for yoan pood Truth eawt on a durty pleck ot lung-length. So I mede im o low bow, on a greyt Scroap weh meh Shoough on coom meh wey.

M. Brevely cumn off *Tum!* eigh, on merrily too, I'll uphowd o'. Neaw een God blefs aw honest Justices, sey I.

T. Eigh eigh ; on so sey I too : for I'd good luck ot heel of aw, or *Tum* had naw bin here t'a tow'd teh this Tele. Boh yet *Meary*, I think eh meh guts ot teers Meawfeneezes omung sone on um, os weel os omung other fok ; or why shou'd tis seme Clark o his, when he perceiv't I'r innocent, proffert bring meh off for hawve o Ginney ? Had naw this o strung favor of fere cheeoting ; ne deawn-reetnipping o poor fok. On does teaw think ot tees Justices do naw know, when these Tykes plene o hundurt wur tricks thin this in o year ? Beside, *Meary*, I hard that fawse felly *Dick* o *Yems* o owd *Harry's* sey, ot he kneaw some on um ot went snips wi theese Catterpillars their Clarks : on if so, shou'd they naw be hugg'd oth' seme back, on scutcht with' seme Rod wi'ther Clarks. bears to me ?

M. Now now, not tey marry : for if fitch things munt be done greadly on os teh aught to bee, th' bigger Rascot shou'd ha' th bigger smacks, on moor on um, yo known, *Tummus*. Boh greyt fok oft dun who te win wi' littleons reet or rank ; whot kere'n they. So let's leeof fitch to mend when the con hit on't ; on neaw tell meh heaw ye went'n on wither Measter.

T. Eigh byth' Miss *Meary* I'd freecot'n that. Why then theaw mun know, eh fitch o kefe os tat I'd no skufe to mey, for I tow'd im heawth' Kawve wur kilt ith' Lone ; on ot I'd sowl'd the Hoyde for throtteen-pence. On then I cou'd tell im no moor ; for he nipt up the Deashon, ot stoode oth' Harstone, on whirl'd it at meh : Boh ellid, o hitting me, it hit th' Reeam-Mug ot stoode oth' Hob ; on Keyvt awth Reeam into th' Foyar : Then th' Battril coom, on whether it lawmt th' Barn ot ot wur ith' Keather I know naw, for I laft it roaring on belling ; so as I'r scamp'ring away, caw'r *Seroh* asht meh where e wou'd gooa ? I tow'd'r ot Nicko oth Farmer's greyt Leath wur next, an I'd go thither.

M. Of awth' Spots ith Ward, there, wou'd

wou'd not I ha com'n for a Yepfintle a Ginneys.

T. I geawse theaw mecons becofe fok fen Boggarts awlus hawntitit: Boh theaw knows I'r wickitly knockt up, and force is Meds'n for a mad Dog, os I tow'd te afore.

M. It matters naw; it wou'd never ha funk'n into me ta harbort there.

T. Well, but I went; an just as i'r gett'n to th' Leath Dur, whooa shou'd e meet boh Yed o'Jeremy's their New Mon.

M. Thatleet weel; for Yed's as greadly o Lad as needs t' knep oth' Hem of a keke.

T. True: So I tow'd im meh Kefe e short, an sooary he lookt too-to: I wish e durst let te lye we me fed he; but as I boh coom to wun here this Dey Sennit, I dare naw venter. But I'll shew thee a prime Mough o Hey an theaw mey do meeterly frowt I know. Thattle doo, fed I, shew it me, for i'm stark an ill done. So while he'ur shewing it me with Scoance, he fed; I summot tell the *Tum*, but I'm loath. Theaw mecons o beawt boggarts fed I, but I'm lik't venter. Theaws meet hit it fed he: An I con tell the, I cou'd like meh pleck primely but for that: Heawe'er as th' Tits mun cawt very yarly, I mun Pro-
von

vonum o beawt one o'Clock, an I'll caw
 fee heaw tha goes on: 'Sblid sed I, if
 theaw mun cawt so yarly, I'll fodder an
 Provon the Tus for the, an theaw mey
 sleep inle ley th' Proven ready. Then
 he shew'd me heawth' Mough wur cut
 with a Hey knife, hawve wey deawn like
 a great Step, on that I moot come off
 yeafily o that Side: So we bid tone to-
 ther good Neet. I'r boh meet sattlt when
 eh heard summot ith Leath. Good-Lor-
 jus Meary! meh Flesh crept o meh Boo-
 ans, on meh Yeears crackt ogen weh
 hark'ning. Presently I heard somebody
 caw sawfly, Tummus, Tummus. I knew
 th' Voice, an sed, whooas tat tee Seroh?
 Eigh sed hoo, an I stown a lyte Wetur-
 podditch, an some Thrutchings, and a
 Treacle-butuer-keke if eh con eyght um.
 Fear me not, sed I, for I'm as hongry as
 a Rott'n. Whau mitch-go-deet o with
 um sed hoo; an yo mey come on begin
 for they need'n no keeling. Neaw I'r e
 fitch a flunter egetting to th' Wark ot I'd
 freecat'n th' Spot ot Yed tow'd me on, so I
 feell deawn offth' heest Side oth' Mough,
 an fitch a Floose o Hey follut me, ot it driv
 meh shiar deawn, an Seroh, with meyt
 inner hont o top o me; an quite hill'd
 as booath.

M. Gots ffish, this wur a nice Trick oth' bookth on't, wur it naw?

T. Eigh, sot' wur; boh it leet weell atth' Podditch wur naw Scawding: For when we'd'n mede Shift to heyve an creep fro underth' Hey, some oth Podditch I fund had dawbt' up tone o meh neen. Thrutchings wur'n shed oth Weastbant o meh Breeches, an th' Treacle-butter-keke stickt to Seroh's Brat. Heaweer, weh ferawming abeawt ith Dark we geete up whot we cou'd, an I eet it Snap, for beleemy Meary I'r so keen bitt'n I mede no bawks at o Heyseed. So while I'r busy cadging mey Wem, hoo tow'd me hoolipp'nt hur feather wur turn'd Strackling, an if I went whom agen I't be edawnger o being Breant: That me deme wou'd ha met'run for I shou'd be lose ot Feersuns een on it matter't naw mitch. I thowt this wur good keawnfil, so I geet Seroh t' fotch me meh tother Sark: hoo did so, an I thank't'ur, bid Farewell, an so we partit. I soon sattlt meh sell ith mough under a floose o Hey, an slept so weel ot when e wack'nt I'r seerd ot id o'er slept me sell on cou'd naw Provon th' Tits e' Time.

M. It wur weel for yo ot e cou'd'n
F Sleep

Sleep at aw, for I'll ne'er ha lede meh cen
t'gether I'm shure.

T. Whau, but I startit up to go to th'
Tits and slurr'd deawn to th' lower Part
oth Mough; and by the Maskins-Lord
whot dust to think, boh I leet hump stridd'n
up o' summot ot feld meety Hewry, an it
startit up weh me on on its Back, deawn
th' lower Part oth' Heymugh it jumpt;
Croft t'leath; eawt oth dur winmy it
took; an intoth' Watering-poo as if the
Deel o Hell had driv'n it; and there it
threw me in, or I feel off, I connaw tell
whether for th' life on meh.

M Whoo-who, whoo-who, whoo!
whot ith' Name o God winneh sey!

T. Sey,---why I sey true as t' Gospil;
an I'r so freetn't I wur warr set to get
eawt (if possible) in e wur when Nip an
me feel off th Bridge.

M I never heard fitch teles fin meh
Neme wur Mall, nor no mon elze, think I'

T. Teles---! Udds bud, tak um awt
gether an theyd'n'welly mey a Mont ston
oth' wrang eend.

M, Well but wur it owd Nick, think'n
ch or it wur naw!

T. I hete to tawk on't. wilt howd
te tung, but if it wur naw owd Nick, he
wur th' orderer on't to be shure. M.

M. Why Tummus pre'o' whot wur it!

T. Bless meh Meary ! theawrt so yearnful ot teaw'll naw let meh tell meh tale. Why, I did naw know me fell whot it wur of an eawr.---If eh know yet.

M. Well, boh heaw went'n yo on then ?

T. Whau, wehmitch powlering I geete eawt oth' Poo ; an be meh troth, lieve meh as to list, I cou'd naw tell whether I'r in a Sleawm or wak'n, till eh groapt at meh Neen : An us I'r resolv'd to come no moor ith' Leath, I crope under a Wough, and stooode like a Gawmbling, or a perfect Neatril till welly Dey ; an just then Ned coom.

M. That wur passing weel considering th' kefe or year'n in.

T. True, Lafs ; for I think I'r never feaner t' see no-body sin ir' kerfunt.

M. Whot sed Yed !

T. Why he heeve up his Honds, an he blest, and he prey'd, an mede sitch Marlocks that if I'd naw bin eh that woso Pickle I st a brofs'n weh Leawghing. Then he asht meh heaw I coom t' be so weet ? And why e stooode teer ? An sitch like, I tow'd him I could gi no okeawnt o meh

fell ; boh that I'r carrit cawt oth' Leath be owd Nick as I thowt.

M. I'd awlus a Notion whot it wou'd prove ith heel of aw.

T. Pre'the howdte Tung a bit,---theaw puts me cawt.. I towd im I thowt it wur owd Nick ; for it wur vast strung ; very hewry ; and meety swift.

M. E, what a greyt marcy it is yore where ye ar Tummus !

T, Eigh Meary so't is ; for its moor in I expectit. Boh theawst hear. Yed wur so flay'd weh that bit at I'd towd im ot he geete meh by th' Hont an sed, come Tummus, let's flit fro this Pleck ; for my part I'll naw stey one Minnit lenger. Sed I, iftle fotch me Sark cawt oth' Leath I'll geaw with the. Ney sed he, that I'll never do while my Nemes Yed. Whau, sed I, then I'm lik't goa beawt it. Dunnaw trouble the nob abeawt tat : I twoo whoam, an I'll gi' theeth' tone, come let's get off sed he. So were'n marching away ; but before wed'n gon five Rood, I feed summut an seete up a greyt Reeck (for I thowt I'd seen owd Nick agen, Lord blefs us) : Seys Yed, whot ar to breed we neaw Tummus ? I pointit th' Finger, an sed, is naw tat te Dule ? Which, sed he : That, under th' Hedge,

Hedge, fed I. Now, now, naw hit ; that's eawer yung Cowt ot lies reawt, fed Yed. The Dickons it is fed I ! Boh I think e meh Guts ot that carrit me eawt oth Leath. Then Yed axt meh, if th' dur wur opp'n ? I tow'd im I thowt it wur. But I'm shure I toynt it fed Yed. That moot be fed I, for after theaw last me eawr Seroh browt me meh Supper ; an hoo moot leeave it opp'n. By th' Mifs fed Yed, if so Tum, this very Cowt'll prove th' Boggart ! lets into th' Leath, an see, for it's naw so Dark as't wur. With aw meh Heart fed I ; boh lets flick toth' tone tother's Hond then. A thifs'n we went into th' Leath, and by meh truth Meary I know naw whot' think : There wur a Yepfintle a Cowt-tooarts upoth' lower Part oth' Hey-mough, and h' Pleck where it had lyen as plene as a Pike Staff. But still, ist wur hit ot carrit meh, I marvel heaw I cou'd flick on so lung, it wur eh sitch a hurry to get away !

M. Whot te Firrups ! it signifies nowt, for whether ye stickt on, or feel off, I find that eawr owd Nick wur th' Cowt at lies reawt.

T Whau, I connaw sey a deeolabeawt it, it looks likly, as teaw feys : But if

this wur nota Boggart I think there never wur none, if teyd'n bin reetly sifted into.

M. Marry, I'm mitch eh yore mind,---but hark ye, did neh leet o' yer Sark.

T. Eigh, cigh ; I height eh meh Pocket se the, for its boh meet neaw at eh took meh leave o Yed, on neaw theaw sees I'm running meh Country.

M. On whot dunneh think t' doo ?

T. I think t' be an Ostler ; for I con mex'n, keem, on fettle Tits, os weel os os onny one on um aw, tho' theaw mey think its gawftring.

M. Ney, I coo believe 'o-----E law, whot o cank han we had ! I mennaw eem t' fley onny lunger. God be with o ; for I mun owey.

T. Howd :---Ney Meary : le meh ha one Smeawtch ot parting, for theaw'rt none fitch o feaw Whean nother.

M. Ney.----Neaw,----So Tummus ; go teaw, on Slaver Seroh o Ratchot's in ye bin so kipper.

T. Why neaw, heaw spytfoot theaw art ? Whot in a Body doo like Seroh ; there's no Body boh the lik'n somebody.

M Eigh, true Tummus ; boh then sometimes some body likes some-body elze.

T. I geawse whot to mecons : For theaw'r't glenting

glenting ot tat flopper-meawth't gob-flotch.
 Bill o' Owd-Katty's: Becose ot Fok fen
 Seroh hankers after im: I marvel what
 te Dule hoo, con, see in him: I'm mad at
 hur.

M. Like enough; for its o seaw life t'
 Luff thoose ot Luff'n other Fok: Boh yoar
 o Ninyhommer t' heed 'ur; for there's
 none fitch farrantly tawk abeawt'r.

T. Why, whot done they say?

M. I mennaw tell:-----Beside yoan hap-
 ply tey't non so weel in o Body shou'd.

T. Whaw, I connaw be angurt ot tee,
 chez whot to seys, os lung os to boh harms
 after other fok.

M. Why then, they fen, ot hoos o Maw-
 kinly, Dagg'd--a--ft, Wisk-tel't, Whean;
 on----on----

T. On Whot Meary? Speyk eawt.

M. Why to be plene with o; tey fen
 ot hur Moother took Billo owd Katy's on
 hur eh Bed t'gether, last Sunday Morning.

T. E---the Dev---- (good Lord blefs us).
 is tat true!

M. True! Heaw shou'd t' be other-
 ways for hur Moother wur crying, on
 foughing to me Deme last Munday yean-
 durth obeawt it.

T. 'Sflesh Meary! I'm fit cruttle deawn
 intoth?

intoth' Yeoarh: I'd leefer o tean forty Eawls!

M. Why luckit neaw; I'm een sooary fort: God help it, will it topple o'er? Munneh howd it heed while it Heart brasts o bit?

T. E. Meary; theaw little gawms heaw it thutches meh Plucks! for if t' did, theaw'd naw mey sitch o Hobbil on meh.

M. Neaw eh meh good Troth, I can hardly howd meh unlaight, t' see heaw fast yore en Luff's Clutches! Boh I thowt I'd try o.

T. Meary, whot dus to mecon?

M. Why, I tow'd o Parcil o thumping lies o purpose t' pump 'o.

T. The Dickons tey the Meary---- Whot on awkert Whean ar teaw! whot teh Pleague did t' flay meh o thifs'n far! theawrt o wheant Lafs---I'd leefer o gon the Arnt forty Mile.

M. Eigh o hundurt, rether thin o had it o bin true: But I thowt I'd try o.

T. Well; on if I dunnaw try thee, titter or latter, ittle be o marvel!

M. It's o gryet marcy yo connow doot neaw for cruttling deawn.--Boh I mun o-vey: For if meh Deme be cumn Whoam there'll be ricking.---Well think on ot yoad'n rether ha tene forty Eawls. T.

T. Is't think on ot teaw looks o bit
whisky ches whot Seroh o Rutchots is.

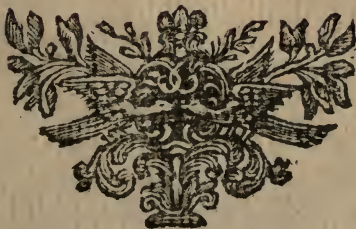
M. I heard um sey ot gexing's o kint'
lying, on ot proof oth Pudding's ith
Eyghting.---So Fere weell Tummus.

T. Meary, fere the well heartily ; on
gi'meh Luff to Seroh, let't leet heawt will.

M. Winneh forgi' meh then ?

T. Byth' Mifs well eh Meary, froth
bothum o me Crop.

F I N I S.





A
GLOSSARY
O F

Lancashire *Words and Phrases :*

Containing,

About 800 Words more than were in any
of the five former Impressions :

In which many of the useless corruptions are
omitted, and wherein the Reader may
observe,

<i>That Words mark'd</i>	{	A.S.	<i>come from the</i>	{	Anglo-Saxon.
		Bel			Belgic.
		Br.			British.
		Da.			Danish.
		Du.			Dutch.
		Fr.			French.
		Sw.			Swedish.
		Teu			Teutonic.

A		A	
A CTILLY. <i>actually.</i>	Agate, <i>on the Way.</i>		
Ackersprit, <i>a Potatoe</i>	Agog, <i>set on, begun.</i>		
<i>with roots at both Ends.</i>	Aighs, <i>an Ax.</i>	A, S.	
Addle, <i>to get ; also unfruit-</i>	An	} <i>if and</i>	
<i>ful.</i> A. S.	Ancliff, <i>Ancl.</i>		A. S.
Afterings, <i>the last of a</i>	Anent, <i>opposite.</i>		A. S.
<i>Cow's Milk.</i>			Appern,

A

B

Appern, *apron.*
 Appo, *an Apple.*
 Ar, *are.*
 Are, }
 Eawer, } *an Hour, also our.*
 Areawt, *out of doors.*
 Aik, *a large Chest.* A. S.
 Arnt, *Errand.*
 an Arr, *a Mark or Scarr*
 Arren, *arrant, downright.*
 Arsewood, *backward, un-*
willing. A. S.
 Arsey-versey, *Heels over*
Head. A. S.
 Ashelt, *likely, probable.*
 Ash, }
 Ax, }
 Axen, } *ask.* A. S.
 Ash'n, }
 Ashler, *large Free Stone, or*
Moor Stone.
 Asht, }
 Axt, } *asked.*
 Ashes, }
 Axes, } *asks.*
 Asker, *a Nute.*
 Astite, *as soon,* A. S.
 Awf, *an Elf, an earthly*
Demon. Bel.
 At't, *at it.*
 Awkert, *untoward; also*
comical. A. S.
 Awlung *all owing to, be-*
cause &c.
 Awlus, *always.*
 Awmeety, *Almighty,*
 Awntert, *answered.*
 Aw o'like, *q. all I love.*
an Interjection.

Awto'pont, *out upon it.*
 Awtert, *altered.*
 Awvish, *queer, comical.*
 B
 BACCO, *Tobacco.*
 Backurt, *backward.*
 Bakstone, *q. Bake-stone.*
 A. S.
 Bagging-time, *Baiting-*
time.
 Balderdash, *Hodge-podge*
 A. S.
 Ball, *the Body of a Tree.*
 Ballocks, *the Testicles.* A. S.
 Bally, *Belly.*
 Ban, *cursing.* Bel.
 Bandyhewit, *a Name given*
to any Dog, when Per-
sons intend to make Sport
with his Master.
 Bang, *to beat.* Bel.
 Bankreawt, *broken credit-*
ed.
 Barklt,, *Dirt &c. harden-*
ed on Hair, &c,
 Bant, *a String.*
 Bargin, *Bargain.*
 Barinskin, *a Leather Ap-*
ron.
 Barn, *a Child.* A. S.
 Barft, *burst.*
 Bastert, *Bastard.*
 Bastertly-gullion, *a Bas-*
tard's bastard.
 Bate, } *without, or except*
 Beawt, } *also about, or trial*
 Batter, *of which Pancakes*
are made.

Battril,

B

Battril, *a Batting-Staff*
us'd by Laundresses
 Bautert, *vid: barkt:*
 Bawk, *a Piece of Timber*
laid cross a House; also to
deceive. Bel.
 Bawks, *'discouragements;*
also a Hay-loft. Bel,
 Be, *by.*
 Beasting, *a beating.*
 Beavls, *lowls.*
 Beawlt'nt, *bowled.*
 Beck'n, *to call by the Fingers.*
A. S.
 Becole, *because.*
 Becart, *a Beard*
 Been, *nimble, clever.*
 Becofs, *Cows,*
 Beest, *undejected Milk,*
that next after Calving,
A. S.
 Beest'n-Castle. q. *Beefion-*
Castle, 7 Miles from Ches-
ter.
 Beet-need, *a Help on par-*
ticular Occasions.
 Begant', } *began to*
 Begunt, }
 Behint, Behunt, Behund;
all signifying behind.
 Belcady, *by our Lady.*
 Beleakins, *a diminutive of*
by our Lady, or an Inter-
jection,
 Bells, q. *bellows, makes a*
Noise.
 Belectt, *believed.*
 Beleemy. *believe me; from*
 Belamy, *my good Friend.*

B

Old Fr.
 Belive, *by and by.*
 Bellart, *a Bull or Bear's*
Ward.
 Bell'n, } *making a Noise.*
 Belling, } *A. S.*
 Bench, *a Seat.*
 Ber. *Force.*
 Berm, *Test. A. S.*
 Beshite, *to foul, to dirty.*
A. S.
 Beshote, *dirtied. Ten.*
 Bezzle, *from embezzle, to*
waste.
 Bib, *a Breast-Cloth.*
 Bin, *been.*
 Bit, *a small Part.*
 Bitter-bump. *the Bittern.*
 Blackish, *inclining to black.*
 Blackstone-Edge, *a Hill*
between Lancashire, and
Yorkshire.
 Blain, *a little Boil. A. S.*
 Bleb, *a Bubble. Bel.*
 Bleffin, *a Block or Wedge.*
 Bleffin-head, *a Blockhead.*
 Blend, *mix. A. S.*
 Blendit, *mixed. A. S.*
 Blid, *from Blood; an In-*
terjection.
 Blinkert, *blind of one Eye,*
 Blur, *a Blot. Sp*
 Boadle, *Half a Farthing.*
 Bode, *did abide; also fore-*
tell. A. S.
 Boggart, *a Spirit an Appa-*
rition.
 Boggle, *to be afraid. Du.*
 Boh, *but. N. B. Thi;*

- and some other Lancashire words ending with a, are pronounced with a very short Aspiration, as meh, for me, &c.*
 Boke, to point the Finger at Bel.
 Bonkful, hankful,
 Booan, a Bone,
 Booart, a Board.
 Bookth, Bulk, the Largeness of a Thing. A. S.
 Boofe, a Cow's Stall. A. S.
 Bote, did bite.
 Bo'th', but the.
 Bought, { the bend, as the
 Boot, { bought of the
 { Elbow, &c.
 Bowd, bold.
 Borrut, borrowed.
 Boyrn, to rinse or wash. A. S.
 Boyrnt, wash'd. A. S.
 Brabble, } a Squabble
 Brangle, } or falling
 Brabblement, } out bel
 Branglement, }
 Braggot, new Ale spiced, with Sugar, &c. br.
 Brad, spread, opened.
 Brass, Copper-Money, also all Sorts of Coin.
 Braft, } burst.
 Braftit, }
 Brat, a Child; also a course Apron. A. S.
 Brawn, a Boar.
 Breans, Brains.
 Bree, Broth without Meal; also to fear a Person.
 Brecchus, Breeches.
 Breed, frightened.
 Breether, Brothers.
 Brekfust, Breakfast.
 Breve, brave.
 Breyd, a Board.
 Brid, a Bird.
 Brigg, a Bridge.
 Briggs, Irons to set over the Fire.
 Brimming, a Sow is said to be so, when she wants to engender. A. S.
 Brindlt, a Mixture of Colours in Cows, Dogs, &c.
 Britchel, apt to break.
 Brok'n, broken.
 Brog, a swampy Place; also a bushy Place.
 To brog, there are two Ways of fishing for Eels, call'd Brogging, one with a long Pole, Line, and Plummet, the other by putting the Hook and Worm on a small Stick, and thrusting it into Holes where the Eels be. Du.
 Broo, brow, forehead.
 Bruart, the rim, or brims of a Hat.
 Bruart, the Blades of Corn just sprung up.
 Bruck, Brook.
 Brunt, burnt. Bel.
 Bruit, a rumour, a report.
 Bruited, reported.
 Bruzz'd, broken, or dilled; also

also to bruze the Skin off, is to knock it off.

Buck, a Beek.

Bullockt, bullick, cheated.

Bun-hedge, a Hedge made of twisted Sticks.

Bunhorns, Briers bored for to wind Yarn on, us'd by Woollen Weavers.

Barley, thick, clumsy. Teu.

Bar, a very tenacious Flow-crabb, or Seed of the large Water-Deck.

Buzz'd, whisper'd.

Byth' Mills, q. by the Mass, an Interjection.

Byzen, blind.

C

CADGING, to stuff the Belly; also to bind or tie a Thing.

Cam, awry, Br.

Camn'd, crooked, gone awry; also argued crossly, ill naturedly.

Camp, } to talk of anything

Cank, }
Camperknows, Ale Pot- tage, in which are put Sugar Spices, &c

Campo, } to prate saucily.

Cample, }
Cankard, rusty; also ill natured.

Cant, healthful, chearful, Bel.

Capable, able to do.

Caper-Cousins, great Friends.

Capt, to be set fast, to overdo a Person.

To Cark, to be careful and diligent. A. S.

Carl, a Clown. A. S.

Carlings, Peace boiled on Care-Sunday are so called i. e. the Sunday before, Palm-Sunday.

Carrit, carried; also a carrot.

ACarry-Pleck is a Boggy-Place whose Water leaves a red Sediment.

Carron, q. Carrion, a Term of Reproach.

Catter, to heap up, to thrive in the World. Fr.

Catterwawing } wooing, or
Catterwalling } rambling
in the
night, af-
ter the
manner of
cats, from
whence it
comes.

Cawd, } called.

Cawd'n, }
Cawn, they call.

Cawse, a Calf.

Cawse-tail, a Dunce.

Chaffo, to chew.

A Char, a small job of work also to stop. A. S.

Charger, Platters, Dishes.

Chark, a crack.

Charn, a Churn.

Charn-curdle, a Churn-staff,

Charo,

C

Chary, *careful, or painful.*

Chat, *to talk; also a small*

Twig. Fr.

Checons, *Chains.*

Cheeor, *cheat.*

Cheop, *cheap,*

Chez, *from chuse.*

Chieve, *to prosper.*

Chill, *cold. A. S.*

Chil-blains, *Swelling in
the Fingers and Toes.*

Childer, *Children.*

Chilt, *a Child.*

Chimley, *a Chimney,*

Chip, *an Egg is said to chip
when the yong cracks the
Shells.*

Choamber, *a Chamber.*

Choance, *a Chance.*

Chomp, *to chew; also to
crush, or cut things small*

Choynge, *change.*

Churn-getting, *a Nightly
Feast after the corn is cut.*

Clammer, *to climb; also a
great Noise.*

Clammy, *Gluish, tough.
A. S.*

Clatch, *a brood of chickens.*

Clatter, *a sudden Noise.
A. S.*

Cleeart, *cleared.*

Cleawd, *a Cloud.*

Cleawt *a Clout.*

Cleek, *to catch at hastily.*

Clecon, *clean.*

Cleoning, *the After-birth
of a Cow.*

Clemm'd, *famish'd, starv'd*

C

Clever, } *lusty, skilful; also*
Cliver, } *very well.*

Clewkin, *a Sort of strong
Twine. A. S.*

A Clock, *a Beetle.*

Clocking, *the Noise of broody
Hens. A. S.*

Cloos, *Cloaths.*

Cloyse, } *very near; also a*

Cloie, } *Croft or Field.*

Clotted, *sticking together.
Bel.*

Clough, *a Wood; also a
Valley. A. S.*

Clonzoms, *Tallons, vid.
Clutches,*

Clum, *did climb.*

Clumst, } *unbundy, un-*

Clumty, } *weildy. Du.*

Clussumt, *swollen with
Cold. Du.*

Clut, *to strike, a blow,*

Clutches, *the Hands, the
Talons of Birds; also in
Possession of.*

Clutters, *all on Heaps. Du.*

Clutert, *gather'd on heaps.
Du.*

Coaken, *the sharp Part of
a Horse-shoe; also to strain,
in the Act of Vomiting.*

To Cob, *to throw.*

Cobstones, *Stones that may
be thrown; and also lar-
ger Stones. A. S.*

Cob-coals, *large Pit-
Coals. A. S.*

Cock, *to stand up, as Cock
thy Tail hold it high.*

Cocker,

C

Cocker, *to fondle*; also an
old *Hose without foot*. Fr.
Cockers, and Tralhes, old
Stockings without Feet and
over-worn Shoes
Cocket, *pert*. A. S.
Cods, *the Testicles*. A. S.
Cod-piece, *the fore part of*
Breeches. A. S.
Coil, *a great stir*; also a
Lump on the Head, by a
Blow.
Collock, *a large Pale*.
Com, } *a Comb*.
Coomp, }
Coom, *came*.
Con, *can*; also *to con a*
thing over, is to look it
over.
Condle, *a Candle*.
Conny, *brave fine*.
Cooth, *a cold*.
Cops, *Balls or Lumps of*
Farn. A. S.
Cop, } *a Fence*, A. S.
Copping, }
Copweb, *Spiders Web*, bel.
Cokes, } *Cinders*.
Corks, }
Cosy, *a Causeway*.
Cost'n, *did cost*.
Costil, *a little Barrel*.
Cotsfish, q. *God's Fish*;
} *a Pin to hold the*
Cotter, } *Wheel on the*
Cotterel, } *Axle tree, by*
} *some called a*
} *Lin-pin*
Covert covered

C

Cowd, *cold*. Du.
Cowken, *a straining to vo-*
mit.
Cown, *Coln in Lancashire*.
Crackling, *a thin Whea-*
ten cake.
Craddins, *to lead Craddins*
is play bold adventurous
tricks.
Craddinly, *cowardly*.
Crag, *rocky rough Places*.
Br.
Cram'd, *crooked*.
Crap, *Money*.
Crash, *the Noise of any*
thing when it breaks.
Cratch, *a Rack for Hay,*
&c. A. S.
Cratchinly, *feeble, weak*.
Creawp-ars'd hog-breech'd
Creawn, *a Crown*.
Creeas, *the Meazles*.
Creawse, *very loving, lus-*
tiful.
Crevis, *a Hole, or Crack*.
Creemt, *to give a thing pri-*
vately.
Cretur, *Creature*.
Crewet, *a sort of glass vial*
to hold Vinegar.
Crib, *a Place to hold suck-*
ing Calves; also. *a Pin-*
fold, a Goal.
Cricks an howds *pains and*
Srains.
Cricket *a small Stool; also*
a House Insect.
Crimble *to go into small*
Crumbs

C

Crimble ith' Poke, is to
 run back of a Bargain, to
 be cowardly.
 Crinkle, to bend under a
 Weight; also to rumple a
 Thing. Du.
 Christins, Christians.
 Crom, to stuff; also to put
 a Thing in a Place.
 Cromm'd. stuff'd.
 Cronk, the Noise of a Ra-
 ven; also to prate. bel.
 Crony, a true Companion.
 Croo, a Crib for a Calf.
 Crope, crept.
 Crop'n, crept into.
 Crow, an Iron Gavelock.
 Crummil, Cromwell.
 Cun. } to cun thanks, is to
 Con, } give thanks.
 Crump, Cramp, a Disease;
 also to be out of humour.
 A. S.
 Crumple, to ruffle.
 Cruttle, to sloop down, to
 fall, vid. crinkle. Du.
 Cubbort, cupbeard.
 Cud'n, could.
 Cudneh, cou'd you.
 Cullert, coloured.
 Cumbert, lumbered. Du.
 Cumn, come, or came.
 Cumpunny, Company.
 Cumt', come. to
 Cnn, can.
 Cap o' Sneeze, a Pinch of
 Snuff.
 Cartnurs, Curtains.
 Cutter, to make much of, a

D

a Hen or Goose of their
 young.
 Cuzz'n, Cousin; also to
 cheat.
 D
 DAB, a Blow; also be-
 ing active at any
 Thing.
 Dacker, tickle, or unsettled
 Weather. Teu.
 Daddle, to reel, or waver
 on the road, to go as ducks.
 Daffock, a dirty Slattern.
 Dagg'd-arse } q. dirty arse
 Dagg'd-tele } q. dirty slut
 Bel.
 Dane, down.
 Dangus, the same with das-
 sock.
 Darn, to draw up a Holz-
 with a Needle, A. S.
 Dawnger. Danger.
 Dawnr, to fear.
 Dawntle, to fondle.
 Deawk, to go over head in
 Water.
 Deawmp, dumb.
 Deawt, } Doubt.
 Date, }
 Deeave, to flun with a
 Noise. Du.
 Deeavely, lonely.
 Deeing, dying.
 Decod, dead.
 Deool, a deal, much.
 Deeols, deals, trades with.
 Deooth, death.
 Deer, daubed, besmear'd..

D

Deg, to wet, to sprinkle
water on. Fr.

Deme, Dame.

Desunt, handsome.

Dey. Day.

Didney, } did you.
Didneh, }

Dick, a by Name for Rich-
ard

Dickons, an Interjection.

Dicky, a diminutive of Ri-
chard

Dicky o' Wills, vid. Tam-
mus o' Williams

Din, a Noise. A. S.

Ding, to knock, to strike.
Ten.

Dingle, a Valley. A. S.

Difactly, exactly.

Dither. to tremble. A. S.

Dithert, quaked, trembled

Douge, wetish, a little

Dock, to cut off

Dofft, put off undressed.

Donk, a little wetish, Bel.

Donn'd, put on dress'd.

Dons, put on.

Doo, do

Dooal, Money, &c. given
at a Funeral, or other
Times. A. S.

Dosome, healthful.

Dowd, dead, flat, spirit-
less.

Doot nor do, lingering, a
bad state of health.

Doing, or } healthful
Dowing, }

Dowter, Daughter

D

Doytches, Ditches

Doytch-backs, Fences

Dozening } Slumbering.

Dozing, } A. S.

Drass, grains A. S.

Draight, a Drought or
Team

Drape, a barren Cow, one
that is not with-calf. A. S.

Dreawps, Drops

Dreawnr, drowned

Dree. long, tedious. A. S.

Dreecomt, dreamed.

Drench, to draw or let in
water. A. S.

Drift, did drive.

Drizzle, to rain softly. bel.

Droy. to wipe, a for thirsty

Droyve, q. drive, a so to
put off

Dubbler, a large dish. Bel.

Dungn, knocked

Dunnaw, do not

Dunnch, do you

Dur, a Door

Dur-cheeks. the Frame of
Wood to which Doors hang

Durn, that Piece of Wood

or Stone by which Yeats,
or Gates hang.

Duzz'n, a Dozen, 12

E

E q. ehl an interjection,
also I; also in 12
you.

Ealt, ailed

Eary, every

Easing, or } the Eaves of a
Yeasing, } House.

Eawer

E

F

Eawer, or } our, also an	Cromwell's Justice of
Aie, } Hour	Peace. Bel.
Eawls, Owls	Ele, Lie, also ail
Eawnee, Oule	Ere ever, before.
Eawt, out	Elshin, a Pale
Eawtcumbling, out-cum-	Elfin, a fox of a Aul. Teu.
bling, a Stranger	Eit, to stir Dough sometime
Eawther, Author	after kneading
Ebil, Abel	Elshole } the hole under the
Eabreen, } Eyebrows	Ashole } fire to hold ashes.
Eebrees, }	Efid, instead
Elder, an Adder. A. S.	Eteaw, broken; in Pieces
Eddish, Grass after Mow-	Ettercrops, } Spiders. B.
ing. A. S.	Attercrops, }
Ee, an Eye; also, Ee, Ee,	Ett'n, eaten
is yes. yes.	Ewer, ever
Eem, I cannot em; i. e.	Ex'n, q. Oxen
I have no time.	F
Een, } Eyes; also even; also	FADGE, a Burden or
an interjection;	part of Horse's Load,
and likewise an	Fag, to tire
Eve, or Vigil	Fag-end, the Tail-end,
Eendless-annat, the	a Remnant. A. S.
straight Gut	Fair-faw, a Term of wish-
Endways, endways, for-	ing well
ward.	Faminith'd, starv'd by Fa-
Endneaw, by and by	mine.
Eeic, } did eat	Fangs, the Tusks of a Dog.
Eeyght, }	or Bear. A. S.
Egad, a diminutive of the	Far, for
Oath, by God	Far-geh, forgive
Egodnum, q. in God's	Farrently, q. fair and like-
Name	ly, handsome
Efeakins, a diminutive of	Farrow, a Sow's bringing
in Faith	forth young. A. S.
Eh, be; in; I, and you	Farry, a litter of Pigs.
Eigh, yes the same with Ee	A. S.
E-law, q. ab, Lord!	Fartin, Fortune
Elder, an Udder, also a.	

Fash, *the Tops of Turnips.*
&c.

Fattle be ith' Foyar. *all*
will be wrong

Fattish, *inclining to be fat*

Faw } *fall*

Fo. } *fall*

Fawn } *fallen*

Foan, } *fallen*

Fawse Lunnners, *the in-*
genious Author of the
Monthly Review

Fawt, *Fault*

Feear, *afraid*

Feaberry, *Gooseberries*

To Felt, *is to give an*
Estate for Life, &c.

Feathering, } *the finishing*
 } *or topping*
 } *of a hedge,*
 } *also laying*
 } *Hay on a*
 } *Cart. A.S.*

Feaw, *foul, ugly*

Feawly, *ugly, unfortunately*

Feaw whean, *an ugly Wo-*
man.

Fearfo, *fearful*

Feel, *fell*

Feggur, *fairer A. S.*

Feld, *felt, perceived*

Fect, *a Field*

Feerfuns-een, *Sbrowetide.*

Felly, } *a Man.*

Fellow, } *a Man.*

Fellicks, } *the Rounds of a*

Fellies, } *Wheel. Da.*

Felly'l, *the Man will*

Fend, *to endeavour, to pro-*

vide for

Fare } *fair, honest; a Fair,*
 } *also Fare, or cheer.*

Fest, } *q. to fasten; to bind.*

Fest'n, } *Apprentice. A.S.*

Fethur, *Father.*

Fettle, *dress, case, condi-*
tion.

Fewtriis, *little things*

Fey, *the Earth lying over*
Stone, Slate, &c.

To Fey, *is to remove such*
Earth.

Fib, *a Lye*

Fin'ft, *best, bravest*

Firrup, *a kind of Impre-*
cation

Fittut, *fitted, supply'd.*

Flaight, *a light Turf*

Flap, *the Lap of a Coat,*
&c. A. S.

Flasker, *to dash or play in*
Water

Flash, *a Lake Bel.*

Flasket, *a shallow Basket*

Flay, *to fear, to frighten.*

Flay'd, *frightened*

Fleak, *a Hurdle made of*
twisted Hazles; also a
thing made to dry oatkakes
on.

To Fleak, *to bask in the*
Sun Du.

Fleckt, *spotted*

Flee, Flay, *to skin.*

Fleed, *skinn'd*

Fleigh, *a Flea*

Flet, *skinn'd Bel.*

F

F

Flet-Milk, <i>Milk with the Cream taken off</i> Bel.	Foyar, <i>Fire</i>
Flick, <i>a Fitch of Bacon</i> A. S.	Foyar-new, <i>very new</i>
Flit, <i>to remove</i> Da.	Foyar-potter, <i>an Iron instrument to stir up the fire</i>
Fliz, } <i>a Splinter or</i>	Framput, <i>an Iron ring that runs on a Stake to which Cows are fastened</i>
Flizzing, } <i>Shiver</i> Da.	Frap, <i>to crack; also to fall into a Passion</i>
Floofe, q. <i>Fleeze of Wool, Hay, &c.</i>	A Fratch, <i>a Quarrel</i>
Flopper-meawth, <i>blubber-lipp'd</i>	Fratching, <i>quarrelsome</i>
Flunter, <i>in a great Hurry; out of Flunter, not well, sickly</i>	Freeot'n, <i>forgotten</i>
Flusk, <i>to fly at, as two cocks</i>	Frem, <i>not a kin; also tender</i> A, S,
Flyer, <i>to laugh scornfully</i>	Fresh-cullert, <i>rosy, well coloured</i>
Elyte, <i>to scold</i> A, S,	Fridge <i>to rub, to scrat</i>
Fob, <i>a Pocket</i> A, S,	Frim, <i>tender</i> A, S,
Fog, <i>Grass after the Mowing; also a Mist</i> A. S,	Frist, <i>trust</i> A, S,
Foist, <i>a F---t</i>	Fro, <i>from</i>
Foisty, <i>sinking</i>	Fro off on her, <i>off her</i>
Fok, <i>Folk</i>	Frough, <i>tender, rather brittle</i>
Fok'll <i>Folk will</i>	Flowt, <i>for ought</i>
Follut, <i>followed</i>	Frump, <i>a mock or jeer</i>
Foo, <i>a Fool; also full</i>	Fun, <i>found; also Sport</i>
Foo-goad, <i>a play-thing</i>	Furst, } <i>first</i>
Fooinurt, <i>the Pole-Cat, or Wild-Cat</i> br	Furster, }
For fartin, } <i>for certain</i>	Fuis, <i>a great Stir</i>
For shure, } <i>certain'y</i>	Fustock, <i>a term of reproach for fat idle Women</i>
For't <i>for it</i>	G
Forthowght, <i>repented; also Foresight</i>	GA, <i>gave</i>
Forfuth, <i>for sooth</i>	Gable-end, <i>the wall at the end of a House, &c, bel,</i>
Forrud, <i>forward</i>	Gablock, { <i>a strong Iron Bar us'd for</i>
Foryeat'n, <i>forgosten</i>	Gavelock, { <i>a lover</i> A, S
Fotch, <i>fetch</i>	Gad,
Fowd, <i>a Fold, or Yard</i>	

Gad, to run about, as cows	Gerse, Grass
in hot Weather A, S,	Geete, did get
Gaight, gave it	Geet, give it
Gainer, wearer	Ge't'n, got
Galkeer, a tub to work drink	Gex, }
in	Geaux, } guffs Du
Gam, fine Sport, diversion;	Geawle, }
also Game	Gezlings, q, GoTings, or
Gan, give, did give	young Geese A S
Gar, to force	Gibberidge, stammering,
Garth, a Hoop for Tubs.	broken, or imperfect speech
Ec, A, S,	A S
Gash, a large Cut or wound	} a Machine used in dressing Cloth; al- so a Hole made in the Earth to dry Flax
Gate, -away, gone forwards	
Gaunt, lean, empty A. S,	
Gawby, a Dunce	Gig, }
Gawm, understand or com- prehend; also to mind	To set oth' Gigg, is to set on to stir up
Gawmbt, play'd the fool	Giggle, to laugh wantonly:
Gawm'less, stupid, senseless	bel:
A, S,	Giglet a wanton Girl bel:
Gawpe, to stare with open Mouth	} are lengths of hair twisted on which Fishing - Lines are made
Gawster, to boast	
Gawsting, bectoring, brag- ging	
Gawt, { a passage for water, a flood- gate A, S,	Gilliver a Gilliflower; also a wanton woman
Geaw, go	Gill-hooter an Owl
Geawn, the gummy Matter issuing from tender Eyes	Gilt a female Pig; tho' it be cut
br:	An opp'n Gilt one ungelt or uncut
Gee, to gee is to agree, to suit,	Gimlet a Nail-piercer to bore Holes Fr:
Geer, Stuff of all sorts; also a Horse harness A, S,	Ginnil a strait Street; a narrow passage
Gieh, or }	Girn to grin
Gi' }	

- Gizzern *the Stomach of a Fowl* Fr :
 Glead *a Kile* A, S.
 Glendurt, *stared* A. S.
 Glent, *a Glance, or fly Look* A. S.
 Glenting, *Glancing* A. S.
 Gley, *to squint* A. S.
 Glib, *smooth, slippery* A. S.
 Glimmer, *to shine a little* Du.
 Glimmering, *shining a little, a Spark* Du.
 Gliss'n, *to shine* A. S.
 Glister, *to shine or sparkle* A. S.
 Glitter, *to shine*
 Gloor, *to stare* A. S.
 Glooart, *stared* A. S.
 Glopp'nt, *frightened*
 Gloolly, *shining* A. S.
 Glur, *the softest of Fat*
 Goads, *Customs; also Playthings*
 Goart, *pierced that Blood appears* A. S.
 Gob, *a large Piece of meat;*
 Gobbin, } *a greedy clownish person,*
 Gobstetch, } *a dunce*
 Godsum } *in God's name*
 Goddil q. *God will*
 Gog *to set a gag is to set on* Br:
 Gonner, *a Gantier*
 Gonnerhead *a stupid person or Dunce*
 Gooa go

- Gooan *gone*
 Gooddit *Sbrowetide*
 Goodlorjus deys q: *Good Lord Jesus what days!*
 an *Interjection*
 Gooink, *going*
 Gooms Gums A. S.
 Gore *Blood; also a triangular Piece of cloath put in a Skirt to widen it* A. S.
 Gorfes, *Furze, a prickly Shrub* A. S.
 Goshawk, *a Fowl; also a duncely Person* A. S.
 Gole *a Water Passage*
 Gowd, *Gold*
 Gran *did grin!*
 Grash *to eat greedily to break any thing*
 Graunch *vid. Grash*
 Greadly, *well, right, handsomely*
 Grave *a Grave*
 Greawnd *Ground the earth*
 Grease *Fat; also Grass*
 Greawt *small Wort* A. S.
 Greece *a little Brow; also Stairs* Fr.
 Greeof *or greeof by right or very near so*
 Grim'd *besinear'd bel.*
 Grin *a Snare; also a sneering Look* A. S.
 Gripp'n *clasp'd or clinck'd*
 Hand' A S

G

Grip-yort, } *a seat of gre*
 Grip-yard, } *clods or turf,*
 } *Supported*
 } *with twisted*
 } *baughs (bur-*
 } *dle-wife) and*
 } *generally made*
 } *round shady*
 } *Trees A. S.*
 Grit, sandy A. S.
 Gritty, } *sandy A. S.*
 Gritley, }
 Groats, Oats hull'd, but
 unground
 Gronny, a Grandmother
 Gronsur, a Grandfather.
 Groon, grown
 Grooing, growing
 Groop, the Place where
 Cuttle piss in a Snippen
 Grope. to feel awkwardly
 or in the dark A. S.
 Groyn, a Swine's Snout
 A. S.

To Gry, is an easy Ague
 Fit, or the Ague hanging
 on a person

Gurd o Leawghing, a Fit
 of Laughter

Gutt', go to

Cuzzet } *a four square piece*
 } *of cloath to widen*
 } *the arm-pit of a*
 } *Shirt*

H

HA, }
 Hav, } *have*
 Hen

Hack., knock'd together,

H

H

also to cut laughingly
 Had-loont-rean, the Gut-
 ter or space between the
 Head Lands and others

Had'n, had

Hag,

Haggus, } *the Belly*

Hast, or } *the Handle of*
 Hest, } *a Knife; also*
 } *Hest is a Life*
 } *A. S.*

Haigs, the white Thorn-
 berry A. S.

Hal o' Nabs, q. Henry of
 Abraham's

Halliblash, a great Blaze

Hallidey. hollyday

Halloo, to shout

Halloo'd, shouted

Hammeh, have me

Hammil. a Village A. S.

Hangum, } *hang them*
 Hongum, }

Hanker, to desire, to covet
 Hap, to cover; also to pat
 or encourage a Dog, &c,
 A. S.

Happly, perhaps

Harbor, to entertain A. S.

Harr, to snarle like an an-
 gry Dog.

Harms, after, to speak the
 same thng like an Echo.

Harry, q. *harry to tease,*
 tired. Fr.

Harry's Henry's

Haston, } *q. barth-stone.*
 a stone, }

Hask, dry, parched

Havet.

H

Haver, Oats. Du.
 Haver-bread, Oat-bread
 Haust, a cough, a cold, Du.
 Hawmpo, to halt
 Hawmpow't, did halt
 Hawpunny, Half-penny
 Hawms, two Pieces of crook-
 ed wood placed on the
 Collar of a Horse when
 he draws
 Hawm-bark' the Collar of
 a Horse
 Hawps, a tall duncely person
 Hawve, half
 Healo, bashful
 Hearo, beat you
 Heasty, hasty
 Heck, a half Doer. A. S.
 Hee, a Male; also high
 Hed, did heed, minded
 He'er, he was
 Here, hoar Frost, also a
 Mist
 Hee-witch, a Wizzard
 Hear'n, hear
 Heaw, how
 Heawse, House
 Heawt, how it
 Heeve, did heave or lift up
 Height, have it, also high
 Helder. more likely
 Helt, likely,
 Hem, the Edge
 Heps, the Bryer's Fruit
 Herple, to halt or limp
 Het. q. hight, or named.
 A. S.
 Hetter, keen, eager as a
 Bull-Dog

H

Hew'r, Hair
 Hey-go-mad, like mad,
 shouting mad; also to do
 any thing after an exceed-
 ing Manner
 Hey-mough, Hey-mow
 Heyt, have it
 Hig, a passion
 Heyvy, heavy,
 Hill, to cover, A. S.
 A Bed-hilling, a Coverlet,
 a Rug
 Hight-nor-ree, nothing at
 all of
 Hippink, a Linnen Clout,
 to keep infants clean
 Hit, it; the thing
 Hitting, a lighting on;
 also striking. Da.
 Ho, or }
 Haw, } a Hall
 Hoave, half, also did heave
 Hob-nob, rashly. A. S.
 Hobs, are stones set up. or
 laid at either end of the
 Fire, a duncely Fellow is
 also call'd a Hob
 Hobbil. } a natural
 Hobgobbin } Blockhead
 } or Fool.
 Hobble-to-hoy, a strippl-
 ing at full Age of puberty
 Hobgoblin, an Apparition,
 a Spirit
 Hobthrust, the same; this
 is suppos'd to haunt only
 Woods
 Hobbling, limping; also
 stammering

Hog-

H

Hog-Mutt'n, *Mutton of a*
Year-old Sheep

Hondle, *bundle*

Hong, *hang*

Hont, *band*

Hontle, *bandful*

Hongry, *hungry*

Hongim, *hang him*

Hoo, *she. Br.*

Hooant, *swell'd, hard in*
the Flesh

Hook or crook, *force*

Hoor, *a Whore; also she*
was

Hoose, *she is*

Hooft, *she shall*

Hopper, *a Sort of a basket,*
A. S.

Hoppet, *a little basket*
A. S.

Horse-flon, } *Steps to*

Horse-stone } *mount horses*

Horty, *heartly*

Hose, *Stockings. A. S.*

Hotching, *to limp, to go*
by jumps, as toads

Hotter, *to stir up, to vex*

Hottering, *mad, very mad*
or ill vexed

Hough, *a Foot sometimes*
the Leg

How, *whole*

Howd } *bold*

Howt } *bold*

Howd-te-tung, *bold thy*
prate

Howd'n, *bolden*

Howse, *to stir up, to patten*

Howsome, *wholesome*

H

Hoyde, *a Hyde a Skin;*
also to hide

Hoyle, *Hose*

Hoyte, *long Rods or Sticks*

Hubbon, } *the Hip*

Huggon, }

Huckster, *a Seller of herbs*

Roots, &c. Du.

Hud, *hid covered*

Hugger-mugger, *conceals*

Hunimobee, *the larger round*

Bee

Humpstridd'n, *a Stride*

Hur, *her*

Hurly-burly, *a great stir,*

a Noise. A. S.

Hure, *Hair*

Hurn, *a horn. A. S.*

Hurrying, *drawing, or*
draging; also being in

haste.

Husht, *silence. Du.*

Hus, *we*

Huzz, *to hum. to make a*

Noise like Bees

Hye, *to make haste. A. S.*

I

ICCLES, *long Pieces of*

Ice at the Eaves of

Houses, &c.

Id, *be bad; also I bad.*

I'd, *I bad; also I wou'd*

Idd'n, *you bad*

Ifidd'n, *if you wou'd*

Ift, *if thou*

Iftle, *if thou will*

Ill-favoit, *ugly*

Im, *him*

Imp, *to rob, to deprive of*

In,

I

In, *that; also or if, also than*
 Inkling, *a hint.* Teu.
 Infarm, *inform*
 Inneh, *if I; also if you*
 Innin, *if you will*
 Int, *If it*
 Iutle, *if you will*
 Into, *if thou*
 I'r, *I was*
 Li, *you are*
 Irning. *the making of Cheese; also the smoothing of Linen*
 Ist, *is it; also is the*
 I'tt, *I shall; also I shou'd*
 It'. *I to*
 Ither, *in their*
 Ittle, *it will*

J

JACKANAPES, *a term of Derision*
 Jannock, *a Loaf made of Oat-meal leavened*
 Jawms, *the sides of a Window; and also of the bottom Part of a Chimney.*
 Fr.
 Jawnt, *a walking, or riding out a Journey.*
 Jingum-bobs, *play things*
 Jim, or } *spruce, very neat*
 Gim, }
 Jobberknow, *a Dunce, or Dolt* Du.
 Jone's John's
 Josty, *come to*
 Joytt, *a Summer's Grass; also a piece of Wood laid*

J

eross a Floor. Fr.
 Jump, *a Coat; also to* Le
 K
 A, or } *a Cow*
 Keaw, }
 Kazzarley, *subject to Casualties*
 Katty, *a diminutive of catharine*
 Keather, *a Cradle*
 Keawer } *to sit or stoop down*
 Kare, }
 He Keawls } *he's cowardly*
 Keawlt, }
 Keawnty, *County*
 Keawnfil, *Counsel, or Council*
 Keawerler, *worse; also a hunter with greyhounds*
 Keckle, *unsteady; also the Noise of a frightened Hen.*
 Du.
 Keck, *to go pertly.* Du.
 Kee, or } *Cows.* A. S.
 Kye, }
 Keegh, *to cough; also a Cold.* Du.
 Keel, *to cool.* A. S.
 Keem, or } *to Comb*
 Kem, }
 Keen-bitten, *eager, sharp-bit*
 Keep, *catch* A. S.
 Keke, *Cake*
 Kele, *Time, Place, circumstance*
 Kene, *a Cane, or Cain*
 Kere'nCare

Kers'n,

K

Kers'n, *Christian*; also *t. Christen*
 Kerlunt, *Christened*
 Kerlinus, *Christmas*
 Kefe, *case*.
 Kestling, a *Calf calved before the usual Time*
 Kest, *cast*
 Kestit. *reckon'd up*; also *to vomit*
 Keyke, or } *to standercocked*
 Kyke, . }
 Keyvt, *averturned*
 Kibbo, a *long stick*
 Kibe, *to draw the Mouth awry*. A. S.
 Kibe-heels, *cracked or sore Heels*,
 Kilt, *killed*
 Kin, *kind Sort*
 Kindly, a *kindly Cow*, &c. is a *handsome, healthy Cow*.
 Kink, *to lose their Breath with coughing, the Chin-Cough*. Da.
 Kink-hauft, a *violant cold*. Du.
 Kipper, *amorous, lustful*
 Kirtl, *ticklish*; also *unstable*
 Kist, a *chest*. A. S.
 Knaggy, *Knotty*. A. S.
 Knep, *to bite easily*
 Knoad, *know*
 Knockus, *Knuckles*
 Knoblocks } *little lumps of*
 Knoblings } *coal's about the*
 Knaplings } *size of Eggs*

L

Knattert, *Gnawed*
 Knattle, *cross-ill-natur'd*
 Knotchel, *to cry a woman*
Knotchel is when a Man gives publick Notice he will pay none of her new-contracted Debts
 Know, q, *Knowl, a Brow or small Hill*
 Knurs, *knots, warts on trees*
 Teu.
 Ko, *qath*
 Kreawle, *vid. Creawse*.
 Kyb'n *to flout, by raising the under Lip*.

L

L. ABBOR, *Labour*
 L. Lad, a *Boy*; also *did lead*
 Laft, *left*
 Lag, *to stay behind*. Sw.
 Laith, a *Barn*; also *to invite*; also *ease, or rest*.
 Lamm, *to beat*
 Lant, *Urine*
 Langot, a *shoe-latchet*. Fr.
 Lap, *wrap*.
 Larjus, } *muc. agist. Fr.*
 Largefs }
 Lastut, *lasted*
 Lat, *slow*; also *very late*; also a *Lathe*. A. S.
 Latching, *infesting, catching*
 Lawm, *lame*
 Lattent, *hindered*
 Lawint, *lamed*
 Le, *let*
 Leach, a *Lake*

L

Lean, *to keep, secret.* A. S.
 Learock, *a Lark*
 Leawk, *long, barren, or*
 heathy Grass
 Leawky, *full of Leawk*
 Leawpholes, *q. Loopholes*
 Leawie, *a Louse*
 Leck on, *put on water; al-*
 so when a Vessel will not
 hold Water, it is said to
 Leck. Fr.
 Lee, *lay*
 Ledy, *Lady*
 Leefer, *rather.* A. S.
 I'd os leef, *I would as soon*
 ot rather. A. S.
 Leeof, *leave*
 Leep, *did leap*
 Leeond, *lend*
 Leet, *light of, on, or met*
 with; also light and
 Lightning.
 Leett'n, *to lighten*
 Leetsom, *lightsome*
 Os thick os Leet, *as quick*
 at one Flash of Lightning
 follows another
 Leete; *let go*
 Leuger, *longer*
 Lennock, *slender, ptiable.*
 Fr.
 Lether, *to beat*
 Lew-warm, *Blood-warm*
 Ley-land. *rest, or untill'd*
 Land. A. S.
 Leyther, *rather*
 Lick, *to beat*
 Licker, *more lickely*
 Lickly, *very likely*

L

Licklyest, *most likely*
 Lieve. *believe*
 Like, *to love*
 Lik'n, *to guess; also to com-*
 pare
 Lik't; *likely to have; also*
 did love
 Lilt, } *to do a thing cle-*
 Liltng } *verly or quickly*
 Lamp, *to halt*
 Linch, *a small step.* A. S.
 Line, *layn*
 Lin-pin, *a Cotter, oo Pin*
 that holds the Cart-Wheel
 on. A. S.
 Ling, *long Heath*
 Lipp'n, *expect; also leaped*
 Lipp'nt, *expected*
 Lite, *a few*
 Lithe, *calm; also to put oat-*
 meal in Broth. A. S.
 Lither, *idle.* A. S.
 Littlebrough. *a Country*
 Village near Rochdale.
 Livert, *vid. thodd'n.*
 Loath, *unwilling.* A. S.
 Loast, *loosed; also lawest.*
 Lob-cock, *a great idle per-*
 son.
 Lod, *a Lad.*
 Looad'n, *loaden.*
 Loft, *a Chamber,*
 Lonleydey, *a Landlady.*
 Lone, *a Lane.*
 Loont *a Land, a But, or*
 Division of plough'd land.
 Lopper'd-Milk, *crudled*
 Milk. Sw.
 Loppering, *boiling,* Sw.
 Loppering-

L

Loppering-Breawisbrew-
is made at the killing of a
Swine, with broth of the
boiled Entrails, &c.

Lorjus o'me, (from Lord
Jesus have Mercy on me)
an Interjection.

Looth } look thee, behold.
Lothy }

Lost'n, did lose.

Lotch, to halt; also to jump
like a Frog.

Lothor, a Latber. A. S.

Lovers. the Chimney.

Loyse, to lose.

Loyte, a few.

Luckit. a nurses term; al-
so us'd by way of scoffing.

Luck'o, look you, see you.

Luff, Love.

Luff'n, do love.

Lug. to pull by the hair.
A. S.

Lumber, } Mischief, or
Lumbert } hurt, also useles
A. S. } household stuff.

Lung, long.

Lunjus, subtle, very surly.

Lunnon, London.

Lunnon-Boggarts, the au-
thors of the Monthly Re-
view.

Lunthon, a large Piece of
Meat.

Lardin, q. Lord-Dane, an
idle lubberly Fellow.

M

M

MACK, sort.

Manchet, white
Bread.

Mander, Manner or Sort.

Mar, to spoil A. S.

Marlocks, awkward ges-
tures; also Fools.

Marcy, Mercy; also the
River Mersey.

Mare } a large Lake. Br.
Meer }

Margit, Margaret.

Marr'd, quite spoiled. A. S.

Mary, a common interjec-
tion.

Marry kem-eawt, a scorn-
ful interjection.

Marvil, Wonder, to wan-
der also admirable.

Masht, broke to Pieces.

Maskins, } a Sort of Petty

Mackins, } Oath.

Matho, Martha.

Mattert, signify'd.

Mattock, a Tool in husban-
dry. A. S.

Maukin, } a bunch of rags,
&c. ty'd to a

or } pole to sweep an

Mawkin, } Oven; also a

} dirty woman.

Maunder, Murmuring; also
a wandering, or walking
stupidly Fr.

Mawkinly, sluttish, dirtily

Mawkinr, sickly also dun-
cely. A. S.

Maw, the Stomach, A. S.

May-guts,

- May-guts, *Magoots*.
 Mead'n, a *Maid*; also
made.
 Meary, *Mary*.
 Meary o'Dic's vid. *Tum-*
mus o'Williams.
 Measter, *Master*.
 Meaty, giddy, vertiginous.
 Meawlt, mouldy.
 Meawntebank, a *Quack*.
 Meawse, a *Mouse*.
 Meawt, to *Moult*. Du.
 Meawth, a *Mouth*.
 Meawng'nt, did eat greedily.
 Meazy low, giddy, or empty
headed.
 Medl'n, *Medicine*.
 Meeon, mean; also to go
halves; also a thing bad
in its kind.
 Meawse-neeze, q. *Mouse*
nests, *Knaveish actions*.
 Meeny, a family; also very
many. Fr.
 Meeterly, indifferent, mo-
derate.
 Meet-neaw, *this moment*.
 Meet-shad, *exceeded*.
 Meety, *mighty*.
 Meeverly, *modestly*, *hand-*
somely, *gently*.
 Meg-harry, a *robust Girl*
that plays with boys.
 Meh, *me*; also *my*.
 Mennaw, cannot, *may not*.
A. S.
 Mex'n, to *clearse a Stable*,
&c. *A. S.*
- Mey, or } *may*; also *make*,
 Make, }
 Meyt, *meat*,
 Mezzil-feas'd, *fiery-fac'd*
full of red pimples. Du.
 Midge, a *Gnat*. A. S.
 Middingspuce, a *Sink* or
sewer. Br.
 Min, to *min on*, is to put in
mind.
 Misfartins, *misfortunes*.
 Misgives, *forbodes*, *tells*.
 Misimannert, *clownish*
unmannerly.
 Mistrustit, *doubted*, *sus-*
pectsd.
 Mitch-go-deet'o, *much*
good may it do you.
 Byth'Mits, a *common kind*
of an oath from Mass.
 Mucaw, to *call nick-names*.
 Mishmash, a *bodge-podge*,
Fr.
 Mistene, *mistaken*.
 Mistol, a *Cowhouse*.
 Mitch, *much*.
 Mitten's, *Gloves without*
fingers, also a very strong
pair to budge in. Fr.
 Mizzles, *Rains o little*. A. S.
 Mizzleth, a *raining softly*.
 Mizzy, a *Quagmire*.
 Mob, n *Women's close Cap*.
 Moider, to *puzzle*; also a
Moidore.
 Molart, a *Mop tockan O-*
vens vid. *Mawkin*.
 Mon, a *Man*.
 Monny, *many*.
 Moqast,

M

Mooast, *most*
 Moods, *carth Sw.*
 Moor, *a bill; also a com-*
mon, also more A. S.
 Mooter, *Mill-toll.*
 Moother, *Mother.*
 Moot, *might A. S.*
 Moot point, *exact, very*
near
 Moot'n, } *might have done*
 Met'n, }
 Mough, *a Mow of Hay,*
&c. A. S.
 Mough'n, *being very hot,*
to sweat from Molten A.S.
 Mourning, *Morning*
 Mowdywarp, *a Mole. A.S.*
 Moydert, *puzzl'd, non-*
puls'd
 Mudlock, *dirt, Rubbish.*
 Mun, or } *must.*
 Munt, }
 Munneh, *must I.*
 Muse'n, *to think or wonder.*
 Murth, *abundance.*
 Mustert-bo, *q. Mustard-*
ball.
 Muyce, *Mice.*
 Muz, *a Nurses Term for*
Mouth.
 Muzzy *sleepy; also a little*
drunk.

N

NAB, } *a by Name for*
 Ab, } *Abraham*
 Nang-nele, *a Sort of corns*
A. S.
 Narfe, *Fundament. A. S.*
 Naw, *not*

N

Nawstler, *an Ostler.*
 Ne, or }
 Ney, } *nay*
 Neeam, *an Aunt A. S.*
 Neaint, *named.*
 Neatril; *a Natural, a fool.*
 Neatril, *a Natural, a Fool.*
 Neaw, } *now.*
 Nah, }
 Neb, *a point; the fore part*
of a Cap, &c A. S.
 Ned, } *these are us'd pro-*
 and } *miscuously, for*
 Need'n } *need, and did not*
 } *need; and go-*
 } *vern'd by the*
 } *Word following.*
 Necessary, *mistaken for ac-*
cessary.
 Neeom, *an Unkle. A. S.*
 Neen, *Eyes, also nine.*
 Neeft, *a Nest; also nighest*
A. S.
 Neet, or } *Night.*
 Neeight }
 Neeze, *Coughing by being*
tickl'd in the Nose. A. S.
 Nele, *a Nail.*
 Neme, *a Name*
 Nese, *the Noise A. S.*
 Nesh, *Tender A. S.*
 Nestlecock, *the Darling, a*
last Child. A. S.
 Nettle, *to vex.*
 Newer, *never*
 Ney, *nay*
 Neyve, *a Fist*
 Nice, *strange, comical, also*
neat

Nifle, ..

- Nifle, *a nice bit of any thing, also Trifling*
 Ninnyhommer, *a vile Dunce*
 Nip, *the Name of a Dog; also to pinch, bite, cheat, or wrong*
 Noant, *an Aunt*
 Nob, *the Head*
 Noger, *an Augar A. S.*
 Noggin, *a small pale hold-ing a Mefs Bel,*
 Nominy, *a speech*
 Nook, *a Corner Bel,*
 Noon } *an Oven*
 Oen, }
 Nooncawp, *the Labourers resting time after dinner*
 Now, *no*
 Nown, *own*
 Nowt, *nothing; also naught or bad*
 Nudge, *to jog, or hit*
 Nuer, *never*
 Nuzz-e-boz, *q Nose it's bosom*
 Nuzzle, *to stick the Nose in Bosome, A, S,*
 O
 O', *Sometimes us'd as a, on, you, and of*
 Oamfry, *Humfrey*
 Oandurth, *Afternoon A, S,*
 Oather, *either*
 Obeawt, *about*
 Oboon, *above.*
 Obunnunze, *abundance*
 Od, *a diminutive of God, an Interjection; also strange,*
 Odder, *very strange*
 Oddsfish, *a diminutive of God's flesh; an interjection*
 Odds-on-ends, *odd trifling things*
 Oe'rley, *a Leathern Sur-cingle*
 O'erfutcht, *done slightly*
 Oe'r't, *over it*
 Off-at-side, *Mad, delirious*
 Ofore, *before*
 Ogen, *again; also against*
 Ogoddil, *if God will*
 Ogreath, *well, right*
 Ogreyt matter on im, *no great Matter on him, he's not worth pitying*
 On, *in, on, and, of, and upon*
 Onner, *of your*
 Onny, *any*
 Onoo, *a sufficient Quantity*
 Onough, *enough*
 On-o-wey, *always*
 On's, *ones*
 On ye been o mon, *q. if you be a Man*
 Oon, *an Oven*
 Ofs, *to try*
 Os lee'f, *I wou'd chuse A, S,*
 Ofling, *trying, offering*
 Oft, *as the; also as it; also essay'd, try'd*
 Ot, *at; also that*
 Othergets, *q. otherguise, otherfort, otherwise*
 Otherweys, *otherwise*
 Ots, *that is*
 Ottey, *that I*
 Ottle, *that thou will*
 Over

Over bodit, is when a new
upper part is put to the
Skirts of an old Garment

Ousel, a Black-bird A, S,

Owd, old,

Owd Harry } Names for

Owd Nick } the devil

Owdham, a large Village
near Rochdale

Owey, away

Owie, an Ox Du

Owt, any thing; also good
A, S,

Oytch, each every

P

Paddock, a small en-
closure

To Pan, to joyn, to agree

Papper, Paper.

Parfit, perfect

Parisht, starv'd, or very
cold

Pars'n, Parson; also a per-
son

Peawnd, o Pound

Peawr, abundance, also
might

Peawfweawse } the strong
Paxwax } white ten-
dan in a

Neck of
Veal, &c,

Pede, paid

Pedidigree, for Pedigree

To Pee, is to squint queerly

Peel, did strike or beat

To Peigh, to cough

Penny-whip, very small
Escr

Peshunce, patience

Pestil, the shank of a Ham
of Bacon

Pet, to Pet: is to be surly

Pettish, apt to be surly.

Petch, a Patch

Petch-wark, Patch-work

Pews'nt, Poisoned

Pey, a Pea

Pewls, does beat

Peyling, striking or knock-
ing rudely

Phippenny, Fir'penny

Pickle, Case, condition Du.

Peice-woo, as much Wool
as makes a piece

Piipit. Pulpit

Pingot, a small croft near
the house

Pinn, to do a thing in haste
or eagerly

Pissmote, Ants

Pleawmtree, Plumbtree,

Pleck, a Place. A, S,

Plees, please

Plucks, the Lungs

Poo, a Pool, or Pond

Poo'd, pull'd

Peogh, a slighting Inter-
jection

Poots, Young Hens, &c.
Fr

Pop, a short space; to pop
in, to go in

Popt, dipt; also put in

Possing, rn action between
thrusing and knocking

Pot-crate, a large open

P

Basket to carry earthen-ware in
Pote, To thrust with the feet Fr,
Pottert, disturb'd, vex'd
Pow, to cut Hair, also a Pole
Powse, *Lumber*, *Offal*
Powsement, a term given to bad person
Protty, pretty
Praest, praised
Pre o
Piey o } pray you
Prime, the best, or very good
Primely, very well
Proft, proved
Proven, provender
Pumping, asking of questions
Purch'd }
Praest, } kicked
Purr'd }
Pule, to cry; also a pew
Puppr, a fool; also a pepper
Pycors, *Maggies*

Q

Q *Uagmine*, a very buggy Place
Quagmire, at a Loss, in a brown Study Fr
Queyn } a whore; a term
Quean } of reproach S
Quiert not made fit
Quitting, Pits, half Gills from Quaffing. A, S

R

R *Abbiement*, the crowd or Mob

Q

Rack (of Mutton,) a neck of Mutton, also a frame to hold fodder for cattle.
Rack and reend, to go to rack and reend, is to go to ruin
Raddlings, long Sticks
Raddle the boons, is to beat soundly
Rank, wrong.
Rap and reend } do all they
Rapan tear, } possibly can A.S
Rapscallion, an ill person
Rascally, *Knavishly*
Rash, a sort of itch with Infants
Rachdaw, *Rochdale* a town in Lancashire
Rat her, a Rock. Rocky
Rattl, scolded from rattled
Rakth fire, is to cover the Fire to keep it in
Rawk, to idle in neighbours houses
Reawp, a hoarse cold
Reant, rained
Rearest finest, best
Reaving, mad; also talking in ones sleep
Reawnt, did whisper.
Reawst, rust
Recak, } to squall, to make
Reeam, } a shrieking noise. A. S.
Reeam, cream
Reeam Mug, the cream-mug

Retan,

R

Reean, a Gutter.
 Reeast } the outside of Ba-
 Reest } con.
 Reech, } smoke. A. S.
 Reck, }
 Reek, }
 Reek, a shriek
 Reesupper, a second Supper
 Reet, right.
 Reecht, smoaked. A. S.
 Render, to stew, to sepearate
 the skinny from the fat
 Part of suet &c.
 Restut, rested.
 Rether, rather.
 Rey, }
 Rea, } raw.
 Reytch, reach. also rich
 Rick, to gingle; also to
 scold; also a Stack of corn;
 &c. A. S.
 Ricking, jingling; also scold-
 ing.
 Rid, to part two fighting.
 Ridd'n, did ride, or being rid.
 Riding, is the hangiag upon
 Persons for Liquor.
 Riddle, a coarse Sieve. Br.
 Rife, common, swarming.
 A. S.
 Riff-Raft, Lumbr. A. S.
 Rift, to be sh. A. S.
 Riggot, a Channel or Gut-
 ter; also a Half-Geided
 Horse, &c.
 Rim, the Border or outside
 of a Wheel, or Pot. A. S.
 Rindle, a Gutter.
 Rive, to split. A. S.
 Riven, is split. A. S.

I

R

Romp, to leap, or run a-
 bout.
 Ronk, rank, streng.
 Rooort, roared.
 Rook, a Heap.
 Rooze, to praise. A. S.
 Roost, commended, praised
 also a rest for Poultry.
 A. S.
 Rops, the Intralls, Bowels.
 Rottle, to rattle in the throat
 Rott'n, a Rott; also pu-
 trify'd. A. S.
 Roytch, rich.
 Rufo, rueful.
 Rue Bargain, a repenting
 Bargain.
 Runge, a long Tub with
 two Handels.
 Runt, a Dwarf. Teu.
 Rushberring, q. Rushbear-
 ing, a Cuntry Wake.
 Ruchoto' Jack's, vid Tum-
 mus a Williams.
 Rut, the Path of Wheels.
 Rynty, stand off.
 Ryz'n-Hedge, a Fence of
 Stakes and twisted boughs.

S

S Ackless, innocent. A. S.
 Saig, a Saw. A. S.
 Saigh, did see.
 Sam, to gater together, to
 put in order.
 Sappling, a young Oak;
 also Oak Wood.
 Sark, a Shirt. A. S.
 Sartinly, ceroainly.
 Sattlt, quiet, from settled
 Savort'n,

- favort'n, *did favour.*
 fawgh,, *a kind of Willow.*
 fawfly, *softly, slowly.*
 fawnter, *to walk idly about.*
 fawt, *Salt.*
 scallion, *an Herbin Taste,*
like Onion.
 scampo, *to run fast, to be*
in a Hurry. Du.
 scampurt, *run fast,* Du.
 scant, } *very scarce, rare*
 scanty, } A. S.
 scarr, *a steep, bare, and*
rocky Place in the side of
Hills. A. S.
 scawd, *to scald.*
 scawd-head, *a scurfy or*
scabby-head.
 scawp, *the Head.* Du.
 scap, *escape*
 Scap-Gallows, *a Term of*
Reproach, as much as to
say he deserves the Gal-
lows.
 Schrieve, *to run wet Mat-*
ter, a corrupting.
 Scoance, *a Lantern; also*
the Head. Bel.
 A Scope, *a Bason with a*
Handle to lade Water.
 Bel.
 To Scotch a Wheel, *is to*
lay a stay under it.
 Scramble } *a striving to*
 Scrabble, } *catch things on*
 Scrattle } *their Hands*
 } *& Knees on*
 } *the floor.* A. S.
 Scrannil, *a meagre, or lean*
 Person.
 Scratting, } *a pulling with*
 Scratching } *the Nails.* Du.
 Scrawn, *to climb awk-*
wardly.
 Scroof, *a dry sort of Scales.*
 A. S.
 Scrub; *to scratch or rub.*
 A. S.
 Scrumple, *to ruffle.* A. S.
 Scrunt, *an ever worn Wig,*
Beesom, &c.
 Scutcht, *whipp'd; also to*
do a thing slightly, or
quickly.
 Seawke, *Suck; also to suck.*
 Seawl, *wet stuff, &c. to*
eat with Bread. A. S.
 Seawndly, *soundly, hear-*
tily.
 Seawr, *sour; also ill-u-*
tur'd
 Secont, *second.*
 Seech, *seek,*
 Seech'd, *do sick.*
 Seed saw.
 Seel or } *a sieve.*
 Seeigh }
 Seel'n, *seldom.*
 Seely, *weak in Body; also*
trifling, also empty headed
 See't, *saw it; also see it,*
also a sight.
 Seete, } *sat, did sit.*
 Seet'n }
 Seete owey,, *set off, or*
out.
 Seg, *a Gelded Bull.* A. S.
 Sefe, *safe.*
 Seigh,

Seign, <i>seven.</i>	Shog, <i>to jog; to go unea-</i>
Seln <i>self.</i>	<i>sily. Teu,</i>
Selvege, <i>the edge of Linen</i>	Shoo, <i>a shovel.</i>
<i>Cloth.</i>	Shoods, <i>Oat hulls.</i>
Sen, <i>say.</i>	Shoon, <i>shoes.</i>
Senneh, } <i>say you.</i>	Shop-board, <i>a Counter from</i>
Sen ye, }	<i>shop board.</i>
Sennit a Week.	Shough, <i>a shoe.</i>
Setter, <i>an issue for Cows &c.</i>	Shu, <i>a term to frighten Poul-</i>
Sey <i>say.</i>	<i>try.</i>
'Sflesh, <i>a diminutive of</i>	Shunig, <i>a frightening</i>
<i>God's flesh an interjection</i>	<i>fowls:</i>
Shad, <i>over did excell'd; also</i>	Shy, <i>backwards unwilling</i>
<i>divided A. S.</i>	<i>Br.</i>
Shan, <i>shall.</i>	Sib, <i>related to, akin. A.S.</i>
Shaffle, <i>to shuffle, to trifle.</i>	Side, <i>very long.</i>
Shaftman, <i>the length of a</i>	Siftit, <i>examined.</i>
<i>fist with the thumb stand-</i>	Sike, <i>a Gutter,</i>
<i>ing up. A. S.</i>	Siinpert, <i>minced words af-</i>
Sharn, <i>Dung. Teu.</i>	<i>fectedly. A. S.</i>
Shart, <i>short,</i>	Sin, <i>since.</i>
Shawm, <i>shame.</i>	Singlet, <i>an undy'd woollen</i>
Shed, <i>spill'd,</i>	<i>Waistcoat.</i>
Sheed, <i>to divide; also to</i>	Sinkdurt, <i>Channel-mud.</i>
<i>over do.</i>	Sitch, <i>such.</i>
Sheam't, <i>ashamed.</i>	Size, <i>six; also preport ion</i>
Sheawt, <i>shout.</i>	<i>also a Glue to strengthen</i>
Sheawtit, <i>shouted.</i>	<i>Woollen Yarn.</i>
Sheed, <i>to spill.</i>	Skam, <i>did skim or take off;</i>
Shiar, <i>or shire, quite, en-</i>	<i>also to throw a thing low.</i>
<i>tirely.</i>	Skeawr, <i>to make haste; also</i>
Shilders, } <i>shoulders.</i>	<i>to scour. Teu.</i>
Shooders }	Skellit, <i>a small Pan with</i>
Shift, <i>a Contrivance, a de-</i>	<i>a handle .Fr.</i>
<i>vice; also a smock.</i>	Skellut, <i>cook'd.</i>
Shipp'n, <i>a Cowhouse. A.S.</i>	Sken, <i>to squint. A. S,</i>
Shire, <i>wooly, entirely.</i>	Skew-whift, <i>a wry.</i>
Shoavt, or }	
Sheawvt, }	

- skime, *to draw up the nose scornfully.*
 skire, *loose open, thin.*
 skirmidge, *a little battle,*
 skrike o'day, *Day-break.*
 skrikeing, *to squall or cry out.*
 skuse, *an excuse.*
 slab, *the first board of sawn Timber,*
 slabby, *dirty.* Du.
 slaigh, } *the black-thorn*
 sleawgh, } *berry.* A.S.
 slap, *a blow.*
 slapt, *Whipt beaten.*
 slash, *a Cut ; also to cut*
 flat, *dirtied or wet, also did set on Dogs.*
 slaver, *the spittle.*
 slay, *the hand-board of Looms*
 sleawm, *a slumber.*
 sleawtch, *any thing that hangs-down ; also an ill-look'd person.*
 sleawtcht-hat, *i. e. uncock'd*
 sleek, *a small Pit-coal.*
 sleekt, *quenched.*
 sled, *a carriage without wheels.* Du.
 sleeat, *to set on dogs.*
 sleek, *smooth* A. S.
 sleet, *snow and rain mix'd* A. S.
 sleeveless-arnt, *a going to no purpose.*
 slice, *a thin bit of Wood to stir Meat in Pots, &c.*
- A. S.
 slid, *did slide, or slip ; also an Interjection.* A. S.
 slich'n, *smooth.* Du.
 slister, *a Creviss.*
 slim, *sly, cunning.* Teu.
 sliven, *an idle Person slovenly.* Du.
 slooar, *to grasp.*
 sloode, *the path of Carre Wheels.*
 slop, *bending or bevil.*
 sloppety, *a dirty woman.*
 slotch, *a greedy clown.*
 slough' *the cast skin of an Adder ; the slime of snails.*
 also *a deep dirty Place.* A. S.
 sloytch, *to take up Water, &c.*
 slur', *to slide.*
 slutch, *mud.*
 slyvin, *a dirty idle Man.*
 sinack, *a Blow ; also the crack of a Whip*
 smeawtch, *a kiss.*
 smelt'nt, *smell'd*
 smit, } *a black spot.* A.S.
 smut, }
 smoorring, *smothering* A.S.
 smoot, *smooth.* A. S.
 snaffle, *to speak through the nose,* Du.
 snap, *quickly ; also to bite at ; also to cheat, or over-reach.* Du.
 sneap, *to check.* Da.
 sneck, *the Latch of a door*
 Bel.

sneeze, *snuffs* A. S.
 sneeze-hurn, a *snuff-box*
made of the tip of a Horn
 sniddle, long grass, or
stubble
 snidge,, to hang on a person
 snift, a *Moment*; also to
snuffle at the Nose. A. S.
 snifter, to *snuff at the Nose*
 A. S.
 sniffling Fellow, a *snuff-*
ling sneaking person. A. S.
 snig, an *Eel.* A. S.
 snips, to go *snips* is to go
halves, or parts with a
person.
 snite the Nose, to blow the
Nose. Br.
 snod, smooth, sleek. A. S.
 snoode, a *Fillet* to tie up
Women's Hair.
 snook, to smell.
 snior, } to make a Noise in
 snore, } sleep.
 snot. mucus of the Brain.
 Du.
 snug, tite, handsome. Du.
 snye. to swarm; also to
pull up the Nose scorn-
fully. A. S.
 soany o fims, q. *Alexan-*
der of simeon's.
 sod, a clod, or Turf. Du.
 soke, to lye in Water to sof-
 ten. A. S.
 soltch, a heavy fall.
 snoblint, q. *sand-blind,*
short sighted,
 sops, *Toasts.* A. S.

soo, a few A, S,
 sooy, sorry
 sope, a sup, a little,
 so't, so it,
 sow, the head.
 sowgh, to sigh
 sowght, sighed
 sowd, sold
 sowt, sought
 'spade-graft, about a foot
 deep
 sparrow-bills, short nails
 us'd by shoemakers
 spanvin'd, a strained horse
 Fr.
 speaks } the rays or staves
 spokes, } of a Wheel, A S,
 speek, did spake
 speer, a shelter in a House,
 made between the door and
 'fire, to keep, the wind off,
 Br,
 spelk, a thin bit of wood,
 A, S,
 sperr'd, enquired; also to
 be sperr'd, is to be publish'd
 in the church A. S.
 speyk at him, speak to him
 splinter, a small Piece of
 Wood. Bel.
 spokes, the staves of a wheel
 Br.
 spout, the spittle.
 spok'n, spoken.
 'pon new, bran new never
 wore.
 spooart, sport.
 spoos, bobbins for weavers
 shuttles.

S

spots, places; also stains.
 spoytfo, spiteful.
 scymous, }
 squeamous } saucy
 stadles, Marks made by
 the small pox. A. S.
 stangs, long, strong staves,
 A. S.
 stank, did stink, Du.
 stanniel, a Hawk.
 stark, very stiff. A. S.
 stark-giddy, very angry,
 mad.
 stark'en, to stiffen as mutton
 fat in the frost, A, S,
 staw, to be resty, will, not
 go. A, S,
 stawnch, stanch, firm;
 also to satisfy. Fr.
 stawnshons, upright staves
 in a Window Fr.
 stawp, to go clumsily
 stawtert, reeled.
 steart, stared.
 steawk, a handle
 steawp, to stoop down
 steawp on reawp, all, e-
 very part;
 steawt, q, stout; also
 proud. A, S,
 steigh a Ladder, also a stile
 steep, Rennet
 steepo, a sledge.
 steyl, a handle
 stickle. to stand stiffly to a
 thing, Teu,
 stickle-but, stuck
 frickt, pierced, gored
 riddy, an anvil; A, S,

S

stingy, sneaking, A, S,
 stint, to set bounds to A, S,
 stirk, a heifer of a year old
 A, S,
 stoar }
 store } value, also treasure
 stond }
 ston', } stand,
 stonning, standing
 stoo, a stool
 } astump in the roads
 } to keep Carts off=
 stoop } also Pieces of
 stud, } Wood or stone by
 } which Gates are
 } hang'd,
 stown, stolen
 stracklings, rash, foolish
 persons
 strack, off their senses
 strawnge, strange, un-
 known
 streck, did strike.
 strey, straws.
 strike, two pecks, A, S,
 strickle, an Instrument to
 mete corn; also another
 to whet sythes, A, S,
 strinkle, q, sprinkle
 strinea, the sides of a ladder
 stroakt, stroaked
 stroke, of corn two pecks,
 strung, strong,
 strunt, vid, scrunt,
 strushon, waste
 strowlt, q, strolled
 stub, an old stump
 stuff, to exam; also a gene-

- ral name for many things, swill, to wash slightly,
 Du, A, S.
 stunnish, to stun, also to swinging stick, a stick for
 sprain the sinews beating or opening Wool,
 stir, stir A, S,
 suds, a lather, A, S, swingle-tree, a piece of
 sulky, subtle, ill-natur'd Wood to keep the Geers of
 summot, somewhat a horse open.
 sunheaw, some way. swither, } to blaze, to burn
 sunk'd, sunk, swithur } very fiercely,
 sur, fir swoon, to faint A, S,
 fuse fix swop, exchange
 swat, to swoon sye, to put Milk, &c.
 swad, a Pease or bean husk thro' a sieve; also to rain.
 swaith } a single row of very fast.
 swathe } grass cut by a T
 Mower. Du. TA', take
 swathe-bawkt. grassmifs'd T'a, to a
 in cutting between the Tak't, take it,
 swathes Taleméd's Father, the
 swamp, a Boggy place Teu Author of Telliamed, or
 swarffy, tawny, blackish, the Indian Philosopher,
 A, S, Tarrit. tarried
 swarm'n, do swarm; also Tat, that
 a great number Tawk'n, they talk,
 swat, sweat, also did sweat Tawkn't did talk
 swatch, a piece for a sam- Tawin, to swoon, to vomit
 ple, Te, } thy; also the; also
 twattie, to waste things by Teh, } they
 degrees, to drink Tead'n, } they had
 sweatmish, a bad stomach, Theyd'n }
 jaucy Tealie,, a Taylor
 sweltit, hot with sweating Tean, taken
 q, melted, A, S, Tearn, they were.
 sweal, to burn, to blaze, I'eat, to eat
 A, S, Teastril, a cunning Rogue
 swilker, to dash over, to Teathy, peevish, cross,
 shake liquor in a Vessel, A, S,
 A, S, Teaw, to pull; also to work
 hard.

T

hard; also to ruffle a
Person; also thou. A. S.
 Teawing, *hawling, ruff-*
ing, working hard, A. S.
 Teawn, *a Town*
 Teawst, } *thou shall,*
 Theawst }
 Teawrt, *thou act,*
 Teawse, *to pull or rufflo,*
 Teawzer, *q Towzer*
 Ted, *te spread Grass for*
Hay. A. S.
 Tee, *thec; also a Hair*
Repe to shackle Cows in
Milking.
 Tcear, *they were; also to*
rent
 Teem, *to pour out. A. S.*
 Tecny, *fretful, vid. Tea-*
thy; also very little. A. S.
 Tele, *a Tail, or Tale*
 Tell, *to know*
 Tem'd, *pour'd out, A. S.*
 Teins, *a Sieve. A. S.*
 Ten, *then,*
 Tent, *ro guard.*
 Tey, *take; also thy,*
 Tey't, *take it.*
 Teytch, *teach*
 'Tharcake, *q. Hearth-*
cake. from being bak'd on
the Hearth. 'Tis made
of Out-meal unleavened
mixed with Butter &
Treacle.
 The, *thee; also thy; also*
they.
 Theaw, *thou,*
 Theawrt, *thou art*

T

Thear'n; *they were.*
 Theaw'll *thou will.*
 Theawm, } *Thumb.*
 Thame, }
 Theaws'n, } *Thousand.*
 Theawson, }
 Theawst, *thou shall.*
 Theeigh, *a thigh.*
 Theese, *these,*
 They'n. *they will.*
 Thible, *vid. Slice*
 Thick, *podditch, thick*
water Gruel.
 Thin, *than.*
 Thing 'n, *Things will*
 Think, *a Thing.*
 Thiss'n, *after this manner,*
 Thooan } *wettish.*
 Thoan, }
 Those'n, *those will.*
 Thowt. *thought*
 Thodden Bread, *&c. is*
said to be thodd'u when it
is stiff and close like the li-
ver of Hogs
 Thooal, *to afford. A. S.*
 Thrang, *throng. A. S.*
 Thrap-wife, *vid. Thrunk*
A. S.
 Thraw, } *to argue hot, and*
 Threep } *loud. A. S.*
 Thrift, *a Pain in the joints*
of young Persons. Teu
 Thrimmo, *to finger a Thing*
too long, as a Miser his
Money; also Yarn ill spun
 Throddey, } *fat, broad,*
 Throddle } *bulky,*

Throtteen,

T

Throtteen, *thirteen*,
 Throttlt'. *strangled*.
 Thrung } *very busy*
 Thrunk }
 Thrunk os thrap-wise
 when hoo hong'd'er sell
 ith Dishcleawt, *this is*
spoken of persons triflingly
busy: A. S.
 Thrut, *the throw of a stone*,
&c. also the throw in
wrestling.
 Thrutches, *thrusts*.
 Thrutcht, *did thrust*; also
am thrust, or squeez'd.
 Thrutchings, *the last press'd*
Whey in making of cheese.
 Thump, *a blow*.
 Thumping, *a striking*;
also a thing very large or
notorious.
 Thunk; *a Lace of Whit-*
leather. A. S.
 Thurn, *a thorn*.
 Thwack } *a great blow; al-*
 Thwang } *so a large piece*
 } *of Bread or*
 } *Cheese*. A. S.
 Thwole } *to afford, to al-*
 Thooal, } *low*. A. S.
 Thooanish, *a little wet*.
 Thwite, *to cut with a knife*.
 Thwittle, *a wooden-hafted*
Knife.
 Tick, *a Vermin on Cows*,
&c.
 Tift, *to be in good Tift is to*
be in good Order.
 Tike, *perhaps from Tick*

T

which see, any out of the
way Person, is call'd a
tike.
 Tilly, *till I*.
 Timmerfome. q. *timorous*
fearful.
 Tin, *till*; also *to shut a*
Door.
 Tinge, *a small red Insect*.
 Tinn'd, *is shut*.
 Tit, *a horse or mare*.
 Titter, *to laugh*. teu.
 Titter, or latter, *sooner, or*
later. A. S.
 Tite, *neat, spruce*; also, *as*
well, as soon.
 Tizeday, *Tuesday*.
 To, *too*; also, *thou*.
 Toart, *toward*.
 Tone, *the one*.
 Tooart, *a T---d*. A. S.
 Tooad, *a Toad*,
 Tooat, *a Tuft of Hair*,
Grass, &c.
 Toose, *those*.
 To't, *to it*.
 Too-to, *us'd when any thing*
excels.
 Topple, *stagger, also to*
fall.
 Tory-rory, *vid. Hey-go-*
mad.
 Tother, *the other*.
 Towd, *told*.
 Tyne, *shut*.
 Tynt, *is shut*.
 Toyart, *wearied*.
 Track, *a Path, as sheep*
tracks, &c. Fr.
 Tramp,

T

Tramp, a Journey, to tramp
is to travel.

Trash, a ripe fruit; also an
over-worn shoe. teu.

Treat, did treat.

Traunce, a tedious Jour-
ney.

Treacle - Butter - Cake,
bread spread o'er with
Treacle.

Trett, a strong large stool,
Fr.

Trice, a Moment, quickly

Trig, to run softly,

Trindle, the trundle of u
Wheel-barrow. A. S.

Trouble'o, trouble you.

Troubl't. troubled.

Tum, to Tum Wool, is to
card it slightly

Tum, a By-name for Tho-
mas.

Tummus o' Williams, o'
Margit, o' Roaph's, q.
Thomas of William's of
Margaret, of Ralph's.
These proper Names are
us'd in some Parts of Lan-
cashire. to distinguish per-
sons, where there are many
of the same name in the
same Neighbourhood.

Tunor, Tuncer a dog's name

Tung, Tongue.

Tup, a Ram.

Tupunny; two-penny.

Turnits, turnips.

Turnoil, to vex; also to
work very hard.

T

Tussle, to struggle, .o wres-
tle.

Tutch, a comical Trick.

Tuttle, an awkward person
in shape, humour, &c.

Twattle, to S---te; also;
to go about with tales.
Bel.

Twinge, to nip, to squeeze
Bel.

Twindles, twins. A. S.

Twinter, a year old heifer.

Twirl, to whirl. A. S.

Twirlpoo, a Whirl-pool,
A. S.

Twitch, to pinch, to nip.
A. S.

Twitch-ballock. the great
black Beetle. A. S.

Twitter, is to laugh secretly
within a Twitter is within
a little; twitter't yarn is
unevenly spun teu.

'Twou'd, it wou'd.

'Twur, is was; also, it were

Tyke, vid. Tike.

Tyne, to shut. A. S.

Tyney, very little,
U

Uddzlud } diminutive
Uddzo, } oaths from
and Gods- } Gods blood
wounds no }
interjecti- }
ons not }
commonly }
understood }

Um, them.

Unbethowt,

U

Unbethowt, *reflected, remembred,*

Unlaight, or } *unlaugh'd*
 Unleawght, }

Unkert, } *Steange ; also*

Uncooth, } *News. A. S.*

Uphowd, *maintain, uphold to warrant a thing,*

Uphowdteh, *maintain in thee,*

Uphowdo', *maintain it to you,*

Urchon, *a Hedge-hog, A. S.*

Us't. *used,*

V

Varlet, *a vile person, F.*

Varment, *Vermin,*

Varry, *very.*

Vceol, *Veal,*

View-tree, *the Yew-tree,*

W

WAKKER *easy to be*

awaked, *Du,*

Wack'nt, *awaked, Du*

Waddle, *to stagger, or go like Ducks, Du.*

Waesme, *woe is me*

Waggle, *to go like Ducks,*

Bel,

Wamble, *vid Waddle, A. S.*

Wag. *to move to and fro ;*

also an arch person, A. S.

Walk-mill, *a Fulling Mill*

Bel,

Walladey, *q. wail the day !*

an Interjection of sorrow

Wantit, } *wanted*

Wantut }

Want'n, *want,*

W

Wap, *a Peep ; Wap't by, is went swiftly by,*

War and war, *worse and worse*

Wark, *Wo k ; also ached*

A, S,

Wark-brattle, *loving to*

Work, *A, S,*

Warkt, *ached, A, S,*

Ward, } *World,*

Warld }

Warry, *to Curse, A, S,*

Warrit, *did Curse*

Warritt'n, *Warrington,*

Warst *worst*

Wracht, *ached, A. S,*

Wattles, *the lowest Parts of*

a Cock's Comb, teu,

Waughish, *faintish, sickly,*

Weuter, *to stagger A, S,*

Wawk'n, *walk,*

Wawt, *overturn A, S,*

Wax, *grow A, S,*

Waybroad, *the herb plain-*

tain, A, S,

Weal, *to chuse,*

Wear, *to lay out Money ;*

also, a Dam. Br.

Wea's-me, *q. woe is me e*

an Interjection of sorrow,

Weaughing, *Barking ;*

Weaw, *the cry of a cat*

Weeks of the Mouth, *the*

sides of it,

Weekly, *moist wetish*

Weel, *well*

Ween, *we have ; also we*

will

Weet, *wet ; also with it. AS*

Weete,

W

Weete, to wet, A, S,
 Weh, with
 Well'd, boil'd, or scalded
 Milk; also to forge Iron,
 Welly, or } q. well-nigh,
 Well-ney } very near
 Welkin, the sky A, S,
 Welt, a doubling in the
 Garment; also an Hem,
 A, S,
 Wem, the Belly, A, S,
 Went'n. went
 Wetur, Water,
 Wetur-tawms } sick Fits,
 } water
 } qualms.
 Wey, way
 Weynt, weaned
 Whackert, quaked, trem-
 Whaff, } a blast of Wind,
 Whaft, } A, S,
 Whake to tremble
 Wharle-knot, a hard knot
 Wharloch, a Wizard,
 Whau, why; also well; an
 Interjection,
 Whawm, to take a whawm
 is to warm ones self,
 Wheant } q quaint stronge,
 Wheint } also comical,
 Whean, } q Wean a whore
 Wheign } a slut, Du
 Wheas'n, the Gullet. A, S,
 Wheeze, to make a Noise in
 Breathing, A, S,
 Wheem, near; also handy,
 A, S,
 Whewtit, }
 Wheawtit } Whistled

W

Wherr, very Sour,
 Wherkn't, suffocated with
 Water, smook, &c
 Wherrit, a Blx on the ea.;
 also did Laugh
 Wherrying Laughing
 Whelpt, whelped, A, S,
 Whick, alive
 Whiffo, Whaffo, or whiff
 whaff, trifling words or
 Deeds
 Whimper, offering to Cry.
 Ten
 Whinney to Neigh Br,
 Whirl-boon, the round
 Bone of the knee, the Pa-
 tella,
 Whirlyboons, the knees
 Whisht, Hush, silence,
 Whisk-telt, light of carriage
 Whoreish
 Whisky, Whorish
 Whinnit, neighed, Br.
 Whithern, whither will
 Whiz, to hiss as a flying
 Bullet, A, S,
 Whoam, Home
 Whoav't, covered A S
 Whooad, who would; also
 who had
 Whoats, Oats
 Whoo-up, shouting when
 all's over
 Whoo-who, -whoo-who,
 whoo! an Interjection of
 great surprize
 Whot, what.
 What's what is:

Whott'n,

W

Y

- Whott'n, *what will they ;*
also, what will you
 Whottle, *what will*
 Whotyel, q. *Hot Awl, an*
Iron to bore holes
 Why-kawve, *a female calf*
 Wick, *a Week*
 Wilccat, q. *Wild Cat, the*
Pole cat
 Wilcome, *welcome*
 Wimmy, *with me*
 Win, *will*
 Winnaw, *will not*
 Winrow, *Hay put together*
in rows before housing it.
 Winte, *the Wind*
 Wilket, *a Basket,*
 Wistey, *a large spacious*
place
 Witheawt, *without*
 Wither, *very strong, lusty,*
 Wither } *with her ; also*
 } *with your*
 Wizz'n, *to pine away to*
dwindle,
 Wofo, *woful*
 Wonst, *once; also on purpose*
 Woo, *Wool*
 Wooans, *Lives or dwells*
 Wooant *did live* A, S.
 Woode, *mad* A S
 Wort, *a word; also new*
Liquor, A, S,
 Wortch, *to work*
 Wou'd, *I wish.*
 Wou'didd'n } *I wish you*
 Woudyedd'd } *wou'd.*
 Wough, *a Wall.* A. S.

K

- Wrang } *wrang.*
 Wrank }
 Wrofile. *to wrestle also to*
grow ripe
 Wroftling, *Wrestling, Du*
 Wrynnot, *a surname.*
 He shad Wrynnot, and
 Wrynnot shad the devil
 Wrythen, *twisted; also, ill-*
 natur'd A, S.
 Wryth'nly *possibly* A S
 Wondert *wondered*
 Wuns lives: *also, an inter-*
 jection from wounds A S
 Wunt *did live* A S
 Wur, *was*
 Wurneh } *were you*
 Worney }
 Wurr *worse*
 Wurr'n *was, were.*
 Wurrit } *was it*
 Wurt, }
 Wurther *was there*
 Wythin Kibbo, *a strong*
 willow stick
 Wyzles *stalks of potatoes*
 turnips &c

Y

- YALB *a herb*
 Yammer *to desire ear-*
 gerly
 Yarey, *early soon in the*
 Morning
 Yean *you will; also a sheep*
 is said to yean when she
 brings forth A S
 Yeand *erto before noon*
 Yeasing *the eaves of an house*
 Yestinus

Y

Yestmus }
 Yestpintle } *a bandful*
 Yeafy *easy*
 Yeate *a Gate*
 Yearnstful *very earnest*
 Years *Ears*
 Yeawl q *howl like a dog*
 Yed *a by-name for Edward*
 Yem, *a byname for Edmund*
 Yoarth *Earth A S*
 Yepintle *two hands full*
 Yer *your*
 Yigh *yes, yea*
 Yo *you*
 Yoan *you will you have*
 Yoar *you are*
 Yood'n *you was*
 Yorlhar *Yorkshire to put*
Yorkshire of a man is to

Z

trick, cheat, or deceive him
 Yort *a Fold or Yard*
 Yuletide *Christmas time*
A S
 Yugams *Christmas Games*
A S
 Yugoads *Christmas play-*
things A S
 Yusterday *Yesterday*
 Yusterneetyesternight
 Yunk }
 Yung } *Young*
 Yunger *younger ; also*
youngest

Z

ZUns *a petty Oath from*
Gods-wounds; an in-
terjection

T H E
B L A C K - B I R D :
A
P O E M.

The DEDICATION.

To the most High, and Mighty,
Stern - visag'd P L U T O,

PRINCE of STYGIAN DARKNESS, chief ENGI-
NEER of NOCTURNAL THUNDER, and GE-
NERALISSIMO of all the departed GHOSTS in the
infernal Regions, &c. &c. &c.

SULPHUREOUS and dread PRINCE !

I Am very sensible 'tis the highest Presumption in
me imaginable to address the following Poem
to your grisly Majesty, but I humbly conceive I
have not done it without strong inducements ; for
where could the *Whistling Owl* have found an As-
ylum, to screen her from the British Minos (her
austere and implacable Enemy) but in your swarthy
Dominions ? tho' at the same time she flies to you
for protection, She's possess'd with an ominous
Fear, that when her Adversary makes his Exit

The DEDICATION.

out of these terrestrial Regions, you'll immediately degrade *Aeneas*, advance him to the Bench, and assign to his profound and equitable Care all the European Provinces; or at least constitute him itinerant Judge in your shady Jurisdictions.

But to leave this to your profounded Wiidom, I must presume to tell you, most awful Monarchs! that 'tis my humble Opinion, that every carping Momus, and snarling Critic, will acquiesce with me in my second motive for electing you my Advocate since 'tis the D---I of a Poem, on a black subject, written by a Collier, in an obscure Style. and therefore none so proper for its patron Paramont, as your gloomy Majesty.

Another Reason is, because I don't remember that any of the ancient, or modern Higlars in Rhime ever dedicated any of their Productions to your dusky Godship: tho' they have not failed to celebrate your tremendous Name, extol your supreme Power, and (if I may so speak) have given us the Cosinography of your ample Dominions.

While you are thus slighted, there are not wanting those who are busy making puny Gods, and Goddesses, of meer terrestrial Lump; and the Press has given us a modern Proof of a Thresher, who has thrown down his unwieldy Flail, and taken up the pliant nimble Pen, to make one, who has lately pass'd thro' your sooty Territories, as Powerful, and more indulgent to us, than the Goddess CYBLE was to the Ancients.

Since the clumsy Flail has presum'd to address a Terrene Queen, accept, great Prince of Darknes! of the first fruits of the swift-pac'd Shuttle; which was a scion that blossom'd, and whose Fruit came to Maturity. this keen benumbing storm, when Looms were more terrible to cringing thin-belly'd Weavers, than ever the Pillory was to those obnoxious and loyal subjects of yours, *Pryn & Bastick*.

And

The DEDICATION.

And now methinks I have almost beaten that modish, and much-frequented Path of Dedication enough; tho' I neither have, nor can condescend to that nauseous and servile Flattery which is so redundant in addresses of this kind: and I hope you'll not reject the patronage, if I could have found a more powerful protector than your great Self, you had never heard of the *Whistling-Ouzel*: Neither would I have you think, that I have play'd the timid Indian, and offer'd the *Black-Bird* to your Gastliness as a propitiation for some enormous Crime, committed against your Majesty; no, 'twas not this, but your ability to defend, that prompted me, and entirely banished that modesty, which otherwise would never have permitted me to have sent the *Black-Bird*, on her well ballanc'd sable pinions, to your footyness for protection: the which I hope you'll grant her; and that you'll permit her to flutter at your feet, and perch, and nestle about your awful Throne: If your dreadful Majesty will do this, Sir *Minos* may do that which he would not suffer her to do, *i. e.* go Whistle, I am,

tremendous Sir,

now,

and ever will be,

TIMOTHY BOBBIN.

From the Chimney-corner,

Jan. 15th, 1739.

T. H. E.
BLACK-BIRD;

A. P. O. E. M.

The INVOCATION.

*Thou who with Ale or vile Liquors,
Didst inspire Wuthers, Pryn, and Vicars,
And force them, tho' it was in spite
Of Nature, and their Stars to write;
Assist me but this once, I'mpleare,
And I shall trouble thee no more.*

Hud.

WHEN bright Apollo's flaming Car had run
The Southern Course, and in our Climes
begun

To perfect Blossoms, and the budding Flow'rs
To paint the Fields, and form the shady Bow'rs,
The distant Prospects all around were seen;
To wear a curious Eye-delighting-Green;
And School-boys stood, while Sloth put on the Reins
And with cramm'd Satchels faunted in the Lanes;
The younger Sort wou'd stroll about to get
The Daisy, Primrose, and the Violes;

While

While *Tom* and *Will*, with eager Eyes wou'd view
 Each Bush, and Tree, from whence a *Linnet* flew,
 And every Hedge did pry into, to find
 The downy Structure of the feather'd Kind.

SUCH were the Days when *MINOS* wou'd be dress'd
 To look more awful on a Day of Rest ;
 His sapient Head he deckt in Perriwig
 Of three-tails dangling, to look *Quorum* big ;
 His Beaver cock'd, plain-dealing-wise, he pull'd
 So low, his Forehead in it seem'd involv'd,
 But this was done, his Visage more to grace,
 And cou'd a third Part from his pouting Face ;
 Being Cloak'd and Booted, they who knew him not
 Thought *HUDIBRAS* o'er gloomy *Styx* had got :
 And as that Knight, so he'd a 'Squire to wait,
 Whene'er he sall'y'd forth thro' creaking Gate.
 This for his Outward-man ; but I must strain
 For to dissect his wonder-working Brain ;
 Unless I can get *Cibber's* fawning Muse,
 To bathe my Skull in crowning Laurel-juice ;
 But since I've ventur'd the Out-side to scan,
 I'll slightly touch upon his Inward-man.
 (But know, my angry Muse reflects not on
 This tinkling Cymbal for it's jarring Tone ;
 But for affecting those Celestial Airs.
 By which the Organ charms the list'ning Ears.)

If Speech be the true Index of the Mind,
 And doth denote with what the Head is lin'd,
 We may conclude, that since his Speech is clipp'd,
 His moving Garret is but half equipp'd :
 But lest a Pun won't please the *wou'd-be-wise*,
 His Wit wants Ballast, and his Judgment Eyes ;
 For Nature made him without Care, or Art,
 And left unfinish'd much the better Part ;
 Or else in forming, tir'd with too much Pain,
 She nodded o'er him, and so spoil'd his Brain.

If any wonder why as Judge he's plac'd,
 Or how the Bench comes with his Worship grac'd.
 That Thought's submerg'd in this, to think that we

Are sway'd by Fools, much greater Knaves than he
 We grant, he seems a genuine Chip of those
Convention-Wits, who lead us by the Nose;
 'Tis true, we go like BRUIN to the Stake,
 Who knows his Task, & fain his Bonds wou'd break
 But forced on, he shakes his shaggy Fur,
 And looks with Fury on each bridl'd Cur;
 * *Craftsman*, the Bearward, doth promulgate Law,
 And threatens Wounds from deep Panonian-Jaw;
 Asserting ne'er a Collar'd-Whelp doth play
 The Game that's fair, but runs a Thievish Way;
 And thinks with Justice, in this dire contest,
 Each Cur shou'd run with fawning-tail the first,
 Or, if you please, smooth-chins shou'd rule the roast
 And Hairy-Ruffs'ns kick'd from ev'ry Post.
 Which scheme, before all others, I prefer,
 If my old Grannum may be Treasurer,
 For I'm her only Fav'rite, and must taste with her. }

BUT lest some Critic thinks my *Ouzel's* flown,
 And from a *Black-Bird*, 'tis a *Bearbair* grown,
 I'll to his Worship once again repair,
 That's going now to snuff the Country Air,
 After a Turn or two, within the Room,
 A Hem breaks forth----and then he calls his Groom
Here Jack! Where's Jack? I'm here his Man replies;
Bring out my Horse, and straightway *John* complies.
 He being gone, the Knight must see the Glass,
 To fix some upright Airs in oblong Face;
 His hand adorn'd with ruff'd shirt he drew,
 Unto his head, and set his Wig askew;
 Then gently strok'd his manly Beard, and then.
 Adjusted three-tail'd peruke once again;
 The Bob before he'd often toss behind,
 As pleas'd his curious self-admiring Mind;
 He lower'd his Eye-brows, made a furrow'd Brow,
 Pull'd in his Chin, more majesty to show:

Pleas'd with the sight, and fift aside the man
Bow'd low, and this soliloquy began :
" I'll say't thou'rt Graceful ;--very graceful-and
Thy very look will reverence command !
Thy dress is handsome,----very genteel :----still
Not the least Foppish if i've any skill :

Besides, 'tis known this head can penetrate
Into dark things, and solve each hard debate,
Or, as the proverb says can see as far
Into a Millstone"--here the Gate did jar ;
For John had done according to command
And waiting stood, with nag, and cap in hand,

THE steed was sleek, and bore a lofty crest,
And worth a troop of HUDIBRAS's Beast ;
Nor ever was DON QUIXOTE's dapple fit,
For speed, and beauty, to be nam'd with it ;
So this, you'll say, was fit to bear a pack:
Of precious ware, as they, upon his back ?
And all agree his worship's teeming full
Of just such wit, as they bore in the skull,
This bonny Nag fir MINOS did bestride.
And thro' the town with solemn pace did ride ;
About ten furlongs they had pass'd, before
The knight, and 'squire, of silence broke the door.
And then it was the Justice came t'himself,
From contemplating on his wit, and pelf :
With lisping accent, and emphatic voice
(While Pate, and bum, on thigh kept equal poise.)
He put these queries to his cunning 'squire,
And then fly John to knight rode something nigher.
Jack, thou must tell me true what now I ask,
Since 'tis no wicked, or ungodly task :
Sir, there's no doubt, (says John) then tell me pray
What says the world that now I bear such sway ?
Why, sir ! they speak exceeding well of you,
As wise, and good ; to king and country true.
Thou answer'st well, and glad I am to know,
The world such thoughts so justly do bestow.

Here

Here Jack, with wry mouth, turns his eyes askew,
As he came on : but hark thee, Jack ;---tell true ;
When I appear, don't wicked rascals quake ?

Yes, that they do ; and like an aspin shake.

What do they think, when I'm upon the bench ?

You knock down sin, and burning lust do quench.

Whose Judgment is't a knotty matter clears ?

Sir, yours alone sinks twice as deep as theirs :

Jack bites his lip, that while the knight goes on,
Thy words are good,---I'll mend thy wages, John.

I thank you, Sir ;---I'm much oblig'd to you :

Now th'Ouzlewhistles, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u

And so went on like a shrill flute, to play

That gleesom tune, the twenty-ninth of May.

Hold, Jack. stand still, I hear a whistling noise

Within that house : 'tis sure some atheist's voice :

Tho' catholics, i've heard my father say,

Wou'd whistle, dance, and sing, o'th' Sabbath-day,

But who can this be ? says John, I cannot tell ;

But man, or maid, it whistles very well.

Some Papist ! Jack ;---In that I'gree to you ;

Then comes the prelude, wheet-wit wheet-wit
whee'u.

Both list'ned, while the tune was whistling o'er,

The Knight, more vex'd then e'er he was before,

Turn'd short his horse, and in a furious Mood,

Said, I'll commit him,---he's the serpent's brood,

He sees me stand, and yet he wistles on

This Sabbath-day ; was such a thing e'er known ?

'Tis Papist-like to whistle against me,

Or, what's the same, against his Majesty :

No doubt he knows I represent the king,

And that we both are but the self-same thing.

Sir, says the'squire, this thing I know t'be true,

Now comes the flourish, wheet-wit wheet-wit

And so proceeds with the old tune again ; [whee'u

The knight cries out, O monst'rous and prophane !

Was ever antichristian impudence

So base, to give both God and man offence !
 'Tis most seditious !----Jack, light off thy horse,
 And bring the rascal, else use all thy force :
 For I this Moment will commit him safe,
 Where he'll not whistle, dance, or sing, or laugh.
 Scarce sooner spoke than John was in, but made
 Such queer demands, they knew not what he said.
 But he repeats, the whistling man must go
 Before a Justice, for he'd have it so.

The man replies, “ the whistler's good and true,
 “ And serves me well ; but what's all this to you ?
 “ He takes no bribes, he asks for nought but meat
 “ Fawns on no king, nor doth his country cheat ;
 “ He's not encumber'd with perplexing cares,
 “ Nor meddles with mysterious state-affairs ;
 “ He'll whistle on, altho' a justice stand
 “ Within the room, and slight his stern command.”

Jack hearing this, began to smell a rat ;
 Howe'er he goes, and tells the justice flat,
 The whistler wou'd not come ; he fear'd no law,
 Or king, or justice valu'd of a straw.
 But when the knight heard this, he rav'd and tore,
 And sev'ral times thus by *ASTREA* swore,
 I'll make him like a beacon on a hill,
 An everlasting monument of ill,
 A sad example seditious tools,
 Of pagan knaves, and antichristian fools.
 And with these words he nimbly quit his horse,
 Raging with passion ; never fury worse ;
 And in he flies, with, where's this prophane wretch
 That slights the law ? whom I myself must fetch ;
 Where is this whistling turk ? this stinking he-jew.
 And now the bird sings, wheet-wit wheet-witwhee'u
 And then the twenty-ninth of May begun ;
 What (quoth the knight) was such a thing e'er known
 And, puppèr-like, he whisks himself about,
 To see if he cou'd find the whistler out.

The tune went bravely on, whilst he, amaz'd,

Saught

Sought ev'ry corner, and about him gaz'd ;
 But still this whistler was not to be seen,
 Which fill'd the justice with tempestuous spleen ;
 He stamp'd with foot, and lift his eyes above,
 A tho' he call'd on thunder-ruling jove ;
 And then burst out in this emphatic strain,
 Ungodly ! wicked ! heath'nish, and prophane !
 To break the sabbath ! whistle against heav'n !
 The king and me ! 'twid never be forgiven :
 A disaffected tune too shameless man ;
 Notorious rogue, he's of the Jesuits clan ;
 And then once more tow'rd's heaven his eyes he sent
 And saw the Black-bird in a wire-cage pent,
 Most sweetly whistling the concluding strain,
 Which stunn'd the knight, as tho' with lightning slain
 He motionless as old lot's wife did stand,
 And still stretch'd out his sense-directing hand ;
 But at the last, he wheels himself about,
 His mouth he open'd, and his thoughts flew out :
 Is this the whistler ? nay, I scarce believe,
 But both my Eyes, and Ears, do me deceive :
 I'll say't 'tis strange ! surpassing strange ! a Bird
 To whistle tunes ! ----- the like was never heard ;
 I thought it was not possible for art
 To teach Bird's Musick ! ---- not the easiest part :
 Sure this is some Italian Ouzel brought
 O'er seas, and was by wicked Jesuits taught :
 Why Poz,* I ne'er was so deceiv'd in all
 My life before, and with a thing so small !
 I'll say't, I took it for some Jacobite
 That whistled thus, but who is always right ?
 A SOLO MON may play some foolish tricks,
 And British CATO † err in Politicks
 Then beck'ning Finger, makes the man draw near
 And in soft tone, thus whispers in his ear,
 Here, honest man, i'll give thee all a crown,

* *A favourite Word of the Knight's for Positively.*

† *Wal ole.*



To promise me this thing must not be known,
 For shou'd the wicked ever hear this thing,
 'Twou'd shame both me, and our most gracious king
 The fellow took the piecc, and made a bow ;
 But, wiseman-like, in promising was slow.
 And knight perceiving that the Bird was put
 In close confinement, and in Limbo shut :
 Old Oliverian and Phanatick zeal
 Grew cold, and did to crufted ice congeal ;
 And, calm as Midnight, took his leave, but said,
 Be sure this thing be never publick made,
 Thus MINOS left the Black-bird closely pent,
 And, mounting fteed, on new Adventures went.



L

T H E

T H E
G O O S E:
A
P O E M.

To J----B----, *Esq.*

SIR,

AS I have the Honour to be a Member of the ancient and venerable Order of the Gormogons, I am obliged by the Laws of the great *Chin Quaw-Ki-Po*, Emperor of *China*, to read yearly some Part of the ancient Records of that country.

I was performing my annual Task, when the extraordinary Piece of Justice in the following Poem fell under my Perusal : the Original is in prose ; but more Reasons
sons

sons than one determin'd me to translate it into Verse.

Your worship is too well known in these Parts, for any one to imagine, I could long hesitate in the choice of a Patron.

The Stupidity, Peevishness, passion, and Vanity of the Chinese Justice, will undoubtedly serve as Foils to set off, and illustrate your consummate Wisdom, and prodigious Virtues.

You may believe, Sir, 'twas with this Regard I dedicated the Poem to you: every true Britain, who hears of your Justice, Candour, and Humanity, (especially to Strangers) must be charm'd with your Conduct; for had all Britain such Justices as your Worship, we might sing, or say, with one accord, *Our Country is finely govern'd!*

But tho' I give you your just Praises, I am afraid I offend your Modesty.

I am sensible that harsh sounds cannot escape the Animadversions of critical Ears: and for that Reason have been often on the Point of changing the Title of my Poem from *the Goose*, to *the Gander*. But reflecting, that the Geese, who gave warning of the Enemy's Approach, were called *Servatores Romæ* I chose to retain my

former Title in Honour of them, and such like illustrious Patriots.

To you then, Sir, the *Goose* waddles for Protection, and begs Leave to assure you, that the present *Poet Laureat* * shall never want a Quill to celebrate your immortal Praises

May your Worship live as long here, as you are an Ornament to the high Station you are plac'd in : and when you remove out of this country, may you be preferr'd to the Chair in the other, before *Æacus*, *Minos*, or *Rhadamanthus* , which is the sincere Wish of

S I R &c.

* *Colly Cibber*

T H E



T H E G O O S E.

WEAR Y with homely Food, and Toils of
Life,

With crying Children, and a scolding Wife,
A Weaver is resolv'd to banish sorrow,
And live to-day, let what will come to morrow :
For who the tiresome Loom can always bear,
And not regale his Stomach with good Cheer ?

WITH this Intent he from his Looms doth start,
And asks his Pockets, if they'll take his Part ?
And Fortune favours, for they answer---Yes :
Which makes him skip, and thank his Stars for this---
Then Sunday-Coat he o'er his Singlet* puts,
And in high Spirits to the Market struts ;
Where Geese and Ducks, and Chickens feast his Eyes---
But only one fat Goose poor Shuttle buys.

AND now he thinks the happy moment come,
To triumph, thro' the Streets, and bear the Trophy-
home.

But who can guard against the turns of Fate ?
The Wench he bought the Goose of, cries---a Cheat !!!
From hence ensues a noisy doubtful Strife,
Such as was never heard 'twixt man and Wife :
The gaping Croud around in Parties stand !
But, lo ! old Granidoodle just at Hand :
When now their Anger boils to such a Pitch,

L 3

That sat

* A Woollen Waistcoat undy'd.

That there was Wore, and Rogue, and Dog, and
Bitch :

But Words like these a Poem may debase,
And only suit the Hero of the Case.

His Worship hearing, could no longer bear,
But cries aloud----*What Noythe, what Noythe, iththere?*

*Ith it for nought that I, the mighty I,
Do reprehent high Chinethe Majethty?*

Or that in vain I wear, the Towhrd, and Thield?

My Name ith, wath and will be-----

BOTH trembled at his voice---but first the Man,
Made a respectful Bow, and thus began.

“MAY’T please your Worship’s Honour and your
Glory

I will exactly tell you all the story ;

This Goose I bought for Twelve-pence, and paid
down

In Good and lawful Money, Half a Crown :

But now a faucy Slut by Change refuses,

Demands more coin, and gives me gross Abuses.”

What thay you, Woman ; ith ithith fultb or true,

Thith Fellow dotb athert contherning you ?

“MAY’T please your Sov’reign Lord, the King’s,
great Justice,

In whom for Goose or Money, all my Trust is ;

I wish I ne’er may see my Spouse, or House,

If ever I receiv’d of him a Soufe.”

*But will you thwear thith ith the Cathe ? if the,
He thall to Bridewell for Correcetheon go.*

“FOR God’s sake hear me, Sir, the Weaver cries,
I’ll swear to every Thing which she denies :

If I han’t given her Half a Crown. than never

Let Warp and West be firm y join’d together.

*Wheat! Huther. Thirrah! be thewar, you thewear too :
If Tholsmon wath here, what can d he do ?*

The Matter ith tho nithe apen ny Trett ;

My Mind ith inth me to col fuse you bitb :

But held-----

*I'll toth a Piecth of Money up, thath fair.
Whitch thall decide the Person that mutht thewear :
But mark me well, the Woman ith to chuthe,
Or Head, or Tail, like Chantbe to win or loothe.*

No sooner said, than done—both Parties willing
The Justice twirls aloft a splendid Shilling ;
While she (ah ! Nature, Nature !) calls for Tail,
And pity 'tis, poor soul, that she shou'd fail !
But Chance decrees—up turn great *Chin-QuawKi-Po*
Whose very name my Belly sore doth gripe—oh.
His Worship view'd with joy the royal Head,
And thus in broken lisping Accents said :

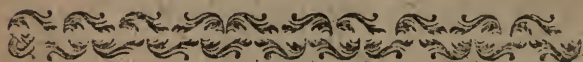
*By thith Event we very plainly find
That futhth will take Plathe, tho' thumtimeh blind :
And had not I by Providenth been here,
You two had fought it out, like Dog, and Bear.
Here, Fellow——take the Book——for Chantb decreethe
You take the oath :——but pay me firtht my Feethe :
From Peril of the Law you'll then be losthe :
Hutthe, give him the Changth, and eke the Goothe :
And Thuttle, for the future, let me tell ye,
You must not Pamper your ungodly Belly ;
Geeth, Duckth, and Caponth, are for huth thage Catothe,
Be you content with Thjannock and Pottatoth.*

His Work thus finish'd, passing thro' the Streets
He tells the wond'rous Tale to all he meets ;
And hugs himself for this rare Action done,
Whilst all men stare, some laugh ; still he goes on,

*Plain ith a Pibe thstaff 'tiib., that I in Pow'r,
Do King and Country Thervice ev'ry Hour ;
And to my utmuth do good Orderth keep,
Both when I am awake, and when I thleep.
O two, three, four, nay, five Timth happy Nathion,
When Mithbrath have tutch a Peneathion !
No Trangrath now for Bread thall dare to roam,
But with their Wiveth and Children sthay at Home :
Ath for Philospherth, I'll make them thqueck,
In Tapith of all their Latin, and their Greek.*

*Newton himself thoud here find no Proteſtion :
 And all hith Pupiltb thall receive Correſtion :
 They're Papiltb all, in diff'rent Mathks, and we
 Thou'd watch, like Arguth, Dangerth to forethee,
 The Nathionth Right on Juſtitieth depend,
 And tith our duty Roguth to apprehend.*

*Thus withe Men alwayth act, and I, thith Day,
 Have Church and Thſtate pretherov'd, by quelling thith
 thad Fray.*



A

C O D I C I L

To the Laſt Will and Teſtament of

JAMES CLEGG, Conjurer.

BE it known unto all Men by theſe Preſents, THAT I *James Clegg*, of *Broad-lane* within *Cafſleton*, in the Pariſh of *Rochdale*, and County of *Lancaſter*, Conjurer; having made my Laſt Will and Teſtament bearing Date the 18th of *Febuary*, 1749, do hereby codicil, confirm, and re-tify my ſaid Will; and if I die a natural Death,

Death. *i e* elude the Gallows, and within two miles of *Shaw-Chapel*, then I will that my Executors *John Collier*, and *Paul Greenwood*, come to my House the Day following, and with the Advice and Assistance of *James Worral*, order my Funeral, as follows :

I. I will that they invite to my Funeral Sixty of my Friends, or best acquaintance, and also five Fiddlers ; to be there exactly at Two o'Clock.

II. That no woman be invited ; no man that wears a white Cap, or Apron, that no Tobacco or Snuff be there, to prevent my Sneezing.

III. That they provide Sixty-two spic'd Cakes, value Ten Shillings ; and Twenty Shillings Worth of the best Ale that is within too Miles ; allowing the best Ruby-Nosepresent, *Roger Taylor* and *John Booth* to be Judges.

IV. That if my next Relations think a Wooden-Jump too chargeable, then I will that my Executors cause me to be drest in my Roast-Meat-Cloths, lay me on a Bier, Stangs, or the like ; give all present a Sprig of Rosemary, Hollies, or Gorses, and a Cake : That no Tears be shed, but be merry for two Hours.

V, Then

V. Then all shall drink a Gill-Bumper and the Fiddlers play *Britons Strike Home*, whilst they are bringing me out, and covering me. This shall be about five Minutes before the Cavalcade begins; which shall move in the high Road to *Shaw-Chapel* in the following, Order, viz. The best Fidler of the five shall lead the van, the other four following after, two and two playing *The Conjurer goes Home*, in the afore said Tune. Then the Bier and Attendants, none riding on Horseback, but as *Hudibras* did to the Stockes, i. e. Face to Tail, except Mr. *George Stansfield* of *Sowerby*, (which Privilege I allow him for Reasons best known to myself.) Then the *Curate* of *Shaw Chapel* shall bring up the Rear, drefs'd in his Pontificalibus, and riding on an Ass; the which, if he duly and honestly perform, and also read the usual Office, then my Executors shall *nemcon.* pay him Twenty-one Shillings.

VI. If the Singers at *Shaw* meet me Fifty Yards from the Chapel, and sing the Anthem begining, *O clap your Hands*, &c. pay them Five Shillings.

VII. Next, I will that I be laid near the huge Ruins of *James Woolfenden*, late Landlord.

Lord of *Shaw-Chapel* ; which done, pay the Sexton Half a Crown.

VIII. Then let all go to the Alehouse I most frequented, and eat, drink, and be merry, till the Shot amounts to Thirty Shillings; the Fiddlers playing *The Conjuror's gone Home*, with other Tunes at Discretion; to which I leave them : and then pay the Fiddlers Two Shillings and Sixpence each.

IX If my next Relations think it worth their cost and Pains to lay a stone over me, then I will, that *John Collier* of *Milnrow* cut the following Epitaph on it.

HERE Conjuror CLEGG *beneath this Stone,*
By his best Friends was laid,
Weep, O ye Fiddlers, now he's gine,
Who lov'd the Tweetling-Trade!
Mourn all ye Brewers of good Ale,
Sellers of Books and News ;
But smile ye jolly Priests, he's pale,
Who grudg'd your Pow'r, and Dues.

FURTHER, As I have some Qualities and worldly Goods not dispos'd of by my said Last Will, I do give and devise, as follows That is to say, I give unto the *Rochdale-Parish* Methodists all my Religion, and Books of Freethinking, as believing they'll be useful and very necessary Emollients.

ITEM, I give unto any one of that whimsical

fical Sect, who is sure the Devil is in him, my Slice of the Liver of *Tobit's* Fish, which my Ancestors have kept pickled up above Two Thousand Years; being certain that a small Slice fry'd, will drive *Belzebub* himself, either upwards or downwards, out of the closest made Methodist in his Majesty's Dominions.

ITEM, I give unto any three of the afore-said Methodists, who are positive that they have a Church in their Bellies my small Set of Squirrel-Bells to hang in the Steeple; being apprehensive that a Set of the Size of *Great Tom* of *Lincoln*, would prove detrimental to a Fabrick of such an airy and tottering Foundation.

ITEM I give my Forty five Minute Sand-Glass on which is painted Old Time sleeping) unto that Clergyman living within three Miles of my House, who is most noted for preaching long winded, tautologizing Sermons: Provided he never turn it twice at one Heat.

ITEM, I leave all my Spring-traps. Flying nets, and all my other valuable Utensils whatsoever, belonging to that new-invented and ingenious Art of Cuckow-catching, unto my generous, honest, and open-hearted
ed

ed Friend, Mr. *Benjamin Bunghole*, late of *Rochdale*, being thoroughly satisfy'd of his good Inclination, and great Capacity of the proper Use of them.

ITEM, I give unto one *Timothy Bobbin*, wherefoever he may be found, a Pamphlet entitled, *A View of the Lancashire Dialect*; being fully perswaded few others capable of reading, or making any sense of it.

ITEM, I give all my Humility, Good-nature, Benevolence, and Hospitality, with all my other good Qualities whatsoever, not before dispos'd of, unto that Person in the Parish of *Rochdale* who can eat the most *Raw Onions* without crying.

LASTLY, I will that this Codicil be, and be adjudged to be, Part of my said Last Will and Testament, as fully as if the same had been there inserted.

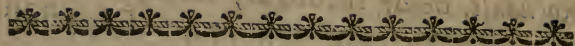
IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto fix'd my Hand and Seal, this 24th Day of May, in the Year 1751.

Witness

JAMES CLEGG.

Robert Lees.

Joshua Warren.



LETTERS

IN PROSE.

A Narrative of the Case between the *Queen*
at the *Booth*, and the *Author*,

To T. P. Esq.

Jan. 30th, 1752,
BY your Favour of the 20th cur. I perceive you have heard of the furious Rupture that is lately broke out betwixt me, and a certain Lady who is sometimes called the *Queen at the Booth*, and at others the *Yorkshire Lawyerefs*; and seem fearful that it will be detrimental to my Family and Interest, I thank you for your tender Care; but, chear up, Sir, I'm not afraid of the Law; for I have a Particular Friend that will screen me from long and costly Suits: I mean Poverty.

You

You desire me to send you a full Account of what has past between us, I shal oblige you in this, tho' it will be both intricate and prolix; and as Truth has always something of the agreeable attending it, I must own that I was the first Aggressor: for it arose from that strong Tincture of Quixotism that you know reigns so predominant in me; though if I was inclin'd to Phanaticism, I should give it another Name, and call it the Spirit of Reformation.

The first Time I saw her was at *Dean-Chapel*, in the Parish of *Huthersfield*, where she immediately took my Eye, and rais'd my Curiosity to know who, and what she was: Being (if I may so speak) the very Gallimaufry of a Woman. She was dress'd as gay, and airy as a girl of Sixteen; tho' Old Age stared full at me thro' every Wrinkle: In short, her out of the way Figure and Behaviour spoiled my Devotion, and rais'd my Choler to that Pitch that I could not beat rest, till I had given her a Reprimand.

Service being over, I stepp'd into a little Alehouse near the Chapel, and enquir'd of the Landlord who the Bedlamite was, who was so old, and so very airy? He an-

swer'd with a Sigh, She's my own Aunt, but you know I cannot help her dressing so awkwardly. Very true, says I, but will she come in here, think you? I'm not certain, he reply'd, but very likely she may. So I sat down a few Minutes, but Madam not appearing, I went back into the Chapel-yard amongst the Croud; but she had given me the slip; and so escap'd my Resentment at that Time. However, I left strict Orders with her Nephew (who promis'd me to tell her) to dress and behave more agreeable to her Age; or otherwise, if she persisted, she should hear from me in a more disagreeable Manner.

This past on about a Month, when I chanc'd to see her again at *Ripponden*: And perceiving her Ladyship was in no Humour for reforming, but rather more janty than ever; I took a Resolution (Quixote-like) to write a Letter to her under a feigned Name; and which, tho' I kept to Matter of Fact, she pleases to call a Libel; and by one means or other she is become positive that I am the Author: But this Opinion might chiefly arise from my leaving the pragmatICAL Order with her Nephew.

Be this as it will, it is certain, that the *Tuesday* following she saddled her Nag, and rode

rodé to Justice R---- for a Warrant, to bring me to an Account for that, to which I was determined to plead *Not Guilty*.

On her Arrival there, and laying her Complaint before the Justice, he demanded whether she would swear the Letter on me? N----o, but 'tis nobody else. Have you any Evidence that will swear to this Man's writing it? N--o, but he was at the *Black-Lion* in *Ripponden*, where the Letter was first found, and the very Night before I received it. In short, she could not swear positively, and consequently no Warrant was granted.

Things past on about a Fortnight, when she received Intelligence that I was going immediately to leave *Yorkshire*. So she resolv'd to pay me a Visit at Mr. *Hill's* before my departure. I happen'd to have the first Glent of her Ladyship as she came up the Court, with the Bridle of her strong *Rosinante* on her Arm, and a young Woman (*Phebe Dawson*) attending her.

On rapping at the door the old Gentleman went out, and after the usual salutations, she begun----. I'm come to see Sir, if you'll suffer any of your servants to abuse me? No Mistress that I wou'd not do: pray, have I any that does do so? Why

have not you a servrnt they call *Collier* ? No. that I have not, reply'd the old Gentleman. But have you not some such a Man about your House ? Yes ; he's in the House ; and I believe there is some little connection between my Son *R.* and him : but I have nothing to do with him. Very well Sir, then I've been wrong inform'd, and I will take it kindly if you'll tell him I'd fain speak with him. Yes Mistress, that I will do. On his telling me that a Lady desired to speak with me. I appear'd surpriz'd, tho' I guess'd what she was about well enough : however I went to the Door and made her a complaisant bow, which her irritaid Stomach scorn'd to return.

As to her dress, &c. I shall refer you to the Notes on Hoantungs Letter : only observe that a blue Riding-habit, hoop'd with Silver Lace, a Jockey's Cap, and a pretty large black-silk Patch, on each side of her mouth, made her cut a most grotesque figure.

After a full stare, at each other, she ask'd me if my N. me was *Collier* ? Yes, Madam, said I. What's your Pleasure with me ? Why, I want to know if you'll stand to what you've done ? O yes, to be sure, Madam,

Madam, said I ; What is't ? Why about this Libel : Libel ! said I, I dont know what a Libel is. I suppose you do ; and I want to know if you'll stand to it, or not, for you writ it to be sure. Indeed, Madam your Speech is all Riddle to me. But as I'm very busy at present, if you'll go down to *Ripponden*, I'll follow as soon as I can, and there get an Explanation. That's what I want, she reply'd, but pray tell me what House I must go to ? To *Campenot's*, to be sure, said I. And you'll follow me, says she ? O don't doubt it, Madam. So away she goes, and her Witness along with her : But I kept my distance, as wanting both Time and inclination to follow her.

Messes. *Hill's* laugh'd at me for being honour'd with this unexpected visit from the *Queen of the Booth*, and thought I had met with more than my Match : all the Gentry round being afraid to provoke, or contradict her : and wondered that I should have any thing to do with her ; as she would undoubtedly ruin me, tho' I was worth Thousands. I told them, innocence did not know what Fear was, and that I was not apprehensive of any Danger.

This

This affair happen'd on *Friday* ; and the *Sunday* following I left the *Kebroyde* pretty early for my Journey into *Lancashire*: and on going up to *Soyland* to bid adieu to my friends there, I found in the Road, behind an *Ash-tree*, Six papers, written all a like in a large print Hand, a Copy of which follows.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

ON *Friday last* from *Rishworth* stray'd,
 Or was by *Satan's Imps* convey'd,
A Chesnut Mare, with prick-up Ears,
Bad Eyes, *Teeth* lost, *advanc'd in Years*.
Had two light-colour'd Feet before,
Her Mouth was patch'd, and very sore.
A right Whisk-tail, and *Grissel Mans*,
A heavy Head, and *Body plain* ;
A Filly trotting by her side,
And both good blood as e'er was try'd.
Who e'er can them to Pluto bring
Their owner, that grim sooty King :
Shall for their pains in this good job
Receive Ten Pounds, of

TIMMY BOB.

You cannot imagine, Sir, but that I must see the purport of these Papers, and what they were intended for : so I took care to have them put up, at *Ripponden*, *Ealand*, *Hallifax*, &c. on that Day before Noon ; and they causing much Staring, and various Surmifings in the Country ; some

Pick-

Pick-thank or other convey'd a Copy of one of them to her Ladyship : Who on perusing it, readily father'd the Brat upon me ; and said to the Messenger, you have done me very great service ; for now I never doubt, but I can catch the Fox in his craftiness, and then I'll make him clear all Accounts, and pay you handsomly for you Trouble.

What follows is chiefly from information, and I was told for fact that that Evening she kill'd the fatted Calf, as it were and feasted some of her Privy Council ; rejoicing that she had so fine a Prospect of gratifying her Spleen, and attaining the summit of her wishes ; and the next morning she mounted her Gelding, and, with the young Filly, set off for the Justice.

On her arrival she found his Worship had Company : however being well acquainted with her, he came into the Room where she was, (which had a Table standing in the Middle) and several Gentlemen followed him. She then drew out the Copy of the Advertisement, and threw it on the Table : on which is Worship said well Madam what's to do now ? Why, Sir, said she, you wou'd not grant me a Warrant before for this Rascal, and now I have

have suffered a fresh abuse from him ; a that Paper will prove, if you'll please to read it.

He takes the paper up (the Gentlemen all staring at the queer Dress and Behaviour of her Ladyship) and reads :

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.
*On Friday last from Rishworth stray'd,
 Or was by Satan's Imps convey'd,
 A Chestnut Mare,-----*

Why Madam, have you lost a Mare? N--o n--o please to read on--: It means me Sir,

*A Chestnut Mare, with prick-up Ears,
 Bad Eyes, Teeth, lost, advanc'd in years.
 Had two light-coloured feet before,*

This cannot have any Reference to you,--sure you have not four feet !

I ask your Pardon for that, Sir, and beg you'll go on, for you'll find it means me and no body else. Here the Gentlemen broke out into a Laugh, which being over the Justice went on.

*Had two light-colour'd Feet before,
 Her Mouth was patch'd, and very sore.*

Here she hastily interrupting him, said That's true ; and is a very good Proof
 that

that he means me ; for at that very Time I had a Tetter-worm on each Side my Mouth, covered with black Silk, and he names the day too, Sir ; which was *Friday* : What stronger Evidence can be either given or desired ? Here the Justice join'd the Gentlemen in another merry Fit ; and then his Worship ask'd her, And who writ, and posted these Advertisements up, do you say ?

Why this Rascal---this *Collier* ; to be sure---

To be sure will not do, Madam :---- But did you, or any other Person, see him write, or put them up ? Or will you swear this is his Hand ?

N - o, n---o,---that is not his Hand : for I have Evidence here, that they were either printed, or writ like Print : and I can also prove that he writes that Hand better than any in the Country ; and that's another Proof that he writ, and put them up, or ordered others to do it ; which is all one you know, Sir, in Law.

But will you make Oath that he writ, or put them up !

I durst swear he did ; but, alas ! I did not see him.

Well, Madam, I perceive this Man will
 slip

flip us again ; for without a positive Oath I cannot grant a Warrant.

Here her Ladyship (with a heavy Sigh) said, If Justice-Law will not do, I must see Council 'which I am told she actually did.) But I'm so very uneasy that I cannot sleep, and I think this grand Villain will be the End of me.

When that happens, said one of the Gentlemen, if you'll come hither again, we'll try him for his Life for committing Murder ; and to make him pay the piper with a witness.

Ah ! Sir, but this is no jesting Matter, ----for all's gone when I am gone, and that I fear will not be long----for I hear this same Ruiner of my good name has actually got that same Letter printed which I brought to you---and if so, it is so scandalous, that taking all together, it will break my Heart ; and you know, Sir, the dark Side of a good Character is not quite spotless.

Very true, said his Worship, but I can see no remedy for you in this Case without good Proof,

'That's what I fear I must never have, said the old lady, who turn'd her Back-side without any Compliment, lest the
Rhymes

Rhymes on the Table, and budg'd off; the whole being a pretty Scene of Diversion for those she left behind.

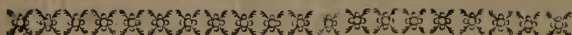
Thus, Sir, I have endeavour'd to satisfy your Curiosity, hoping you'll excuse the Length of the Narrative; and now I have only to tell you that the Letter she mention'd to the Justice, is actually printed. (a Copy of which I here enclose you) and which I sell for a Friend. Her ladyship has sent for several, and always by persons she thinks most capable of pumping me: I always oblige her by sending them. but still keep innocent, and quite ignorant of its Production, otherwise you might say----Good Lord have Mercy upon

SIR,

Your most oblig'd humble Servant,

N

T. B.



HOANTUNG's LETTER (a)

TO THE

Empress of RUSSIA.

Translated from the Chinese with explanatory Notes) by LYCHANG the Mandarin.

The ARGUMENT.

*To scourge a publick Pest, the Wife of old
Thought meritorious, tho' a Bawd or Scold:
I own this Mungrel Owl-and-Crow is not
Half worth my Powder or one Grain of Shot
Yet as no Person e'er could probe her Heart,
No Admonitions make her conscience start,
Let this true Mirror shew her peevish Mind,
And how her Frame's to every sin inclin'd;
If she reforms, 'tis well,-----if not, i'm right;
To plague the plaguy, is refin'd delight!*

We

(a) The Original was left about Michaelmas 1751, at a Publick-House in Ripponden, by a tall swarthy Person, in a long furtout, Turban, and Whiskers: a broad Scimeter hanging on a Button, and his whole air and countenance so fierce, that none durst say, from whence comes thou? so he walk'd off undiscover'd.

We Hoantung the Great, Emperor of all the Emperors of the East, To our most dazzling and serene Sister, the Princess Eleeza, Empress of all Russia, send Greeting.

WHEREAS our Wisdom, like the Beams of the great Luminary of the Day, pierces into the remotest Regions and as all things transacted between the Poles are under our immediate Cognisance, by which our Empire is become universal and consequently checks the Actions of Sovereign Princes : We do now, by our aforesaid power, require that you, on receipt hereof, forthwith retire to your sofa; and there contemplate how, and by what Means, you attain'd the Palace of your residence (b) and the Empire (c) which you so haughtily govern ? Why the Czar, (d) your first Husband, was so suddenly sent over the Acherontic-Lake, and by whom ? How the present Cazar, your

N 2

lawful

(b) The estate on which she resides.

(c) This by the soundest critics is always taken for the Township of Rushworth, in the parish of Halifax.

(d) In a Letter from the dusky Regions, 'twas hinted, she push'd him into old CHARON's Boat, to whom she paid double fare to waft him over.

lawful spouse, came to be banished (e) ? What Fury could induce you to trouble your neighbouring Kingdoms and states, (f) with one continued Scene of War, Rapine, and disorder ?

We say, reflect on these things ; and consider with what indulgence we have suffered you to rule with an high hand, ever since you seized the imperial throne (g) ; which Usurpation we have wink'd at with impunity for the space of three Hundred Moons ; not doubting but Time the offspring of eternity, and father of wisdom, would have mitigated the severity of your reign : that the *Czar* would have been recalled, and restored to the sovereignty : That all your subjects, from the boyar to the plebtan, might have reposed under

(e) Her present Husband, whom she banish'd by meer dint of Dagger, for one morning after a hot Dispute about that Mushroome sect the methodists, he found that Weapon on a chair by her bedside ; and after several expostulations (she not being able to satisfy him as to the use of it) he very prudently fled.

(f) Some distant, as well as neighbouring townships, which she continually vexes with litigious suits, about Filiations, Settlements, &c.

(g) The Government of the Township ; she being a kind of perpetual constable, Overseer of the Poor, Highways, &c.

der their citron and pomegranate-trees ; eaten their Autumnal Fruits, and enjoyed the rights and privileges, with which the God *F O H E*, and his Handmaid *Nature*, hath endowed them, But seeing that time works not the expected Effects, but that you still drive the car of government with an outstretched arm ; we are (as it were) constrain'd to send this our awful and imperial injunction ; requiring and commanding, and we do hereby enjoin and command you, without the least Hesitation, to recall the *Czar* from Banishment, and restore him to the seat of empire ; to the Boyars and Waywoods, (h) their respective powers, and Jurisdictions ; and all your other subjects and vassals, to their liberties and privileges : That you consider the unconstrained freedoms and well-known pleasures of your youth (i) nay even since time fix'd his plough-share in your forehead ; and be not too curious with your piercing Optics, and officious hands, in prying into the sprightly pastimes, and

N 3

rustic

(h) The Officers of the township aforesaid.

(i) Here is a large field for reflection ! but I hope the reader will excuse it, if the Curtain be drawn over this part of her Character, which may be unfolded on some other occasion, if after seeing herself in this Glass she prove incorrigible.

rustic Amours, of the softer sex within your dominions (k).

Further, We will that when you approach the Mosques of the Gods, particularly that of *Worotin* (l); that your posture be decent, that you observe the religious ceremonies, and in all respects demean yourself as a true worshipper of the God *F O H E*, and his prophet *Confucius*: that your deportment be grave as becomes the Evening of life: That your dress (especially the Attire of your Head & Neck) (m) be

(k) This alludes to her well-known Practice of groping the Bubbies, Bellies, &c. of young Girls within her Territories, when 'tis whisper'd *A MAIDENHEAD IS LOST*. After close Examination, if she finds the unfortunate pregnant, she forces her to discover her Paramour; on whom her Highness seizes (under the sanction of a Warrant) with as much Fierceness as the Eagle her Prey.

(l) The Chapel of Ripponden; where when she comes to shew her Hunting dress, Baybles, and Bedlamantish Attire, she stands waiting in the idle scorning to come in a Pew, because she was not suffered to have her Lang-Bettle, or old Form in its place, when, on rebuilding the Chapel, it was seated after a uniform and beautiful Manner: And even attempted to force an Audience of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Gloucester, to give this as a sufficient Reason why the Chapel ought not to be consecrated.

(m) In this she affects the most Girlish Airs: Tho' her

be modell, and free from those youthful
Airs you seem to delight in, and are
always the unerring Index of a contami-
nated Mind; That you appear no more in
publick with your locket, ear-rings, and
other juvenile trinkets : as you and all the
world know them to be the wages of car-
nal and youthful Pleasures, and can never
make you more agreeable than a spruce
Baboon.

Lastly, It is our royal will and pleasure,
That you make a full and general restitu-
tion ; allow your vassals and slaves all due
and accustomed Measures (n) ; encourage
Honesty, and not study to pervert truth
and Justice (o) ; heal all intestine divisions
extirpate

her Mouse-colour'd griffel hair scorns to bend, or
lie in Ringlets, but keeps its most ancient posture,
which is that of a——Sow's Tail.

(n) This our learned Mandarin confesses to be
very obscure, and may have several Constructions;
but inclines to believe it hints at a certain antique
Pot, or Cup, with a Piece two Inches deep out of
its Top ; having been long, and too well known
to poor Taylors, and other labouring Persons.

(o) Being ever ready & studying to torment her
Husband (as well as others) she this Year lent her
Familiarity to the Labour of her own Niece, to per-
suade her to father her Bastard Child on him ; fol-
lowing immediately herself, and finding her per-
suasions ineffectual, she herself first used smooth and
flattering

extirpate perjury, banish false witnesses (p); eradicate strife; cultivate peace; and let the dead sleep in their Graves (q). Thus we take our Leave; expecting all due Obedience to this our royal and sacred Mandate, at the direful peril of our tremendous indignation-----: For such our Will and pleasure.

GIVEN at our seraglio, in our imperial city of *Twang Chew*, this 14th day of the 999th Moon of our happy Exaltation.

Sign'd, HOANTUNG.

flattering terms, then beich'd out deep imprecations to gain the point; but finding the Girl resolv'd to father it right, she sent for the Constable to force, or intimidate her to do it; but Mother Midnight being a Women of Sense and Spirit, told him, he was out of his Elements, and if he entered within her Jurisdictions, she would try whether his Scull or the Tangs were harder Metal; so he wisely desisted.

(p) As an old Lioness is attended by her Jackal, so her shrivell'd Grimmeis has always in her Train one Phebe Dawson or some other, who can swear the Truth, the whole truth, and——more.

(q) She charged her Husband with being false to her Bed before Marriage; and would needs have a young Woman taken out of her Grave, who had been buried upwards of three Months; pretending a Suspicion she was with Child by him; and actually got the Coroner and Jury to the Place for this Purpose: But in this Article she was prudently over-ru'd.

Her

Her E P I T A P H.

*Reader stop here. ----- behold what death can do,
 He's turn the Gew-gaws from Queen Bess's Brow ;
 And made one Stone her Majesty suffice,
 Who living did from many Pairs arise.*



PRICKSHAW-WITCH blown up :

O R,

The CONJURER Out-conjur'd.

To T. P. Esq..

S I R,

IT was a little before the last *Easter* that a Mixture of Malice and Envy between a Brace of Booksellers, produc'd two Auctions at the same Time in *Rochdale* ; where one of the Evenings, I, with other bookish Fellows of my Acquaintance, resolv'd to stay for a little Refreshment after the Shew was over.

It happen'd that among others, there drew in his Chair, an ancient man with
 one

one Eye, a slouch'd Hat, and very meagre Countenance. Some of the Company (as usual) on coming out of the Auction Room, complained of the Coldness of the Weather, Single-peeper answer'd, *Cowd it is, an ittle naw awter theese six Days.* I ask'd him how he could tell that? *Ho, weel enough* (said he) *becose ot Moon's oth' Gusp oth' thrid Heawse to Neet at Ten o' Clock,* Humph, said I, you understand Astrology, I perceive *Eigh,* (reply'd Blinkard) *Ive studit it e'er sin ir fifteen yer owd.* Why then you can calculate Nativities, tell Fortunes, and find lost or stolen Goods? *Eigh, Eigh,* said he) *ive practic'd thoose Things oboon forty Yor, on winnow turn my Back o nobody.*

I seeing his Self-sufficiency, and that he was a kind of a Mungrel between Fool and knave, star'd at him with open mouth, as in great Suprize and Admiration. Ah Lord! (said I) I've often heard of such Folk, but never saw any before; Why, then you're a sort of a Conjuror? Here he smil'd, and answer'd, *Eigh, Im oft cow'd so; and sometimes Prickshaw-Witch.*

Prickshaw-Witch! Good Lord bless us! said I, trembling----I've a little Girl of about six Months old, whose Fortune I would gladly know, but for the Sin of applying

to such Persons about it. *Sin ! now, now, its no Sin at aw ; its naw like Logic, or th' Black-Art, but as harmless as any Art ith Ward. Very well. (quoth I) if it be so, what must I give you to calculate my Girl's Nativity ? Ho--I con doot at any Price, between one Shilling and Twenty. Nay, if that be that Case, I'll have the best, tho' it cost me five Pounds.*

Thus the bargain was made, and I was to meet him the *Tuesday* following, and the Party that did not appear, was to forfeit a Dozen of ale. Then, after a short Fit of studying and staring on the Ground, he requested that what I would have known concerning my Daughter, might be given him in Writing ; and, in particular, the exact Time of her Birth ; and I being a little on the Slack-rope, resolv'd to humour him, and immediately trump'd up the following Rhymes.

OCTOBER *th' Tenth my Girl was bern,*
Ten Minuets after Four i' th' Morn ;
Brown Hair, and Eyes of fair Complexion,
And all her Limbs of good Connexion.
I want to know her Term of Life ?
If Competency, without Strife ?
Her Husband, whether good or bad ?
Her first Child, whether Lads or Lad ?
These things are wanted to be known,
And you'll be paid whene're they're shown.

I gave

I gave him the Paper, and, after perusing it, he said, *I con mey Rhymes, bo' now thus fast.* So after a while the Shot was paid and we parted.

When the Day of our Meeting was come I had forgot my Engagement, and consequently neglected to meet the Conjuror. So the *Friday* following he came to my House (when I happen'd to be in *Yorkshire*) and without knocking, or speaking one Word, bursts open the Door, runs to my Wife, takes the Child out of her Arms, and at the Window examines its Eyes, Hair &c. the better to peep into Futurity. So that my Wife who knew nothing of the Matter, took him for a Madman. Then he ask'd her for a Pen, Ink, and Paper, and left me some worse than Namby-Pamby Rhymes of the little Child, and a strict order to meet him the *Tuesday* following, otherwise it would be to my cost, *i. e.* he would all-to-be-conjure me. This so rais'd my Spirits, that it put me on contriving a Way to be reveng'd on him, and fir'd me with a Resolution to meet him, whoever paid the piper.

Accordingly, I went to *Rochdale* a Day before the Time appointed, to find a proper Room, and a partner or two to assist me

me in the Plot, which I had laid to counter-
termine this modern *Faustus*.

Having light of a Ground-Room, and a couple of Comrades to my Mind, I bought a Pound of Gunpowder, and try'd how much would blow up a Chair, the better to guess what Quantity would lift a Conjur'er. Then we took up a Piece of a Board from the Chamber-floor, and under the Hole placed a Shelf, where a large Quantity of well-mix'd T--d and P---fs might stand, to be pour'd on his Head, just when the Gunpowder took fire, to prevent his burning: and spent the Evening merrily enough, in hopes of paying old *Merlin* well for his Study and Pains the Day following.

The Time being come, my Worship was the first that appear'd at the place of Rendezvous. I found the Landlord had discover'd the whole Plot to his Wife, and that she would not allow of the stinking Compound, (because the Tragi-Comedy was to be acted in her Bed-Room) but as much Water as we pleased. So I was forced to be content with a double Quantity of Water, which was plac'd on the Shelf over the Conjur'er's Chair, and the Powder under it; with a train run-
O
ning

ning from thence to the Fire End, where I plac'd a man as if drunk and asleep, with a stick in his hand, ready to put Fire to the Train ; and the Landlord above, as ready to empty the Pale on his Head when he saw the Gunpowder take Fire ; the Word of Command being, *O the wonderful Art of Astrology !*

All things being ready, I sat about an Hour very impatiently, and began to suspect the Conjuror had smelt a Rat ; when, to my great Satisfaction, old *Faustus* appear'd. I rose up with Joy in my Face, asked his Pardon for not meeting him as before appointed, and led him into the Room.

As I had order'd all the Chairs out of the Room but two, I, *sans ceremonie*, sat down in one, and the other of Consequence fell to the Conjuror's Share, with a Table betwixt us. Then I enquired if he had fulfilled my Desire about my Daughter's Nativity ? He answer'd in the Affirmative, and immediately produc'd a Paper-Book of sixteen Pages, writ, closely containing the Passages of my Girl's future Life, a Table of the twelve Houses, and a Speculum tolerably drawn. I took hold of it with as much seeming Veneration as if
it





it had been a *Sibyllian* Oracle, and begun to peruse it ; sometimes stopping as tho' I was overwhelm'd with Thought, and deep Admiration; and sometimes groaning in the Spirit, like a full-blown Quaker, which I saw tickled the Conjuror's Vanity, and made him expect to be doubly paid for his profound Ingenuity.

After I had perus'd about one half of it, I rose up, and, with the Book in my Hand, walk'd soberly towards the door (having a particular Antipathy to Gunpowder) and cry'd out, *O the wonderful*, &c. at which the sleepy Man tickled the Train, and run out, which immediately fir'd the Grand Magazine ; this was met in the Nick of Time by the Water which I heard, but neither could see that, or the Conjuror ; all the Rooms in the House being full of Smoak in a moment

When old *Spyrophel* came out of the compound Cloud of Fire, Smoak, and Water, he found me in the passage with my wig and hat on the floor, as if frightened out of my Wits, and in a violent passion ; I pretended to strike him with my Hasslestick, but hit the Wall ; gave him a curse or two for putting the conjuration-tricks upon me, and then made off with the old

Knave's Notes, and left him the shot to pay. We all met in an appointed room, where I'll leave you to guess, Sir, at our Mirth, that the Plot had met with the desired Success.

After a while I enquir'd of the Landlady what was become of the Fortune-teller? She answer'd, He walk'd half a dozen Times across the Floor, brushing his Coat and then ask'd for me? She answer'd. that I went off in a great passion, but had not seen me since: *Well, (said he) bo if he knew aw, he'd be meety woode ot teyn obur'd me o thifs'n*: and then was for marching off. Hold, hold, says the Landlady, as you have frightened all my Guests away, I'm resolv'd you shall pay the Shot. *Od, but that's hard too-too; bo I neer deawt Mr. Collier---'ll pay'th Shot.* I'll neither trust Collier, Tinker, nor Cobler; pay me for my Ale. So he was obliged to satisfy her, and after a few hums and haughs he budg'd his Way.

Since that Time I neither saw nor heard from him, before the last *Friday*, when I received the following Letter:

S I R.

S I R,

THIS comes to acquaint you, that if you do not pay me for the calculating your Daughter's Nativity, I will make Use of the Law to get it, and then you may expect to pay dear for your pastime ; for I do not find that ever you intend to pay me, for you have had Time sufficient to pay me already the small sum of Five shillings.

Note, If you neglect to pay me. I will send the Catchpoles in a few Days: all from

Your abused Servant,

Smalshaw, die
Nov. 15, 1752.

GEO. CLEGG.

The Day following the Receipt of the above, a Whim came into my Head to answer it in Rhyme, directed,

*To Mr. George Clegg, Conjurer-General.
would be, of the County Palantine of
Lancaster, at his nocturnal Study at
Smalshaw.*

FROM you, George Clegg, or *Prickshaw-Witch*,
Or Docter *Faustus*, chuse you which :
It matters not :-----but I've a Note
By one of you three lately wrote,

Which intimates, that 'tis a Crime
With Conjurers to pass the Time.

Besides, it makes this queer Demand,
That I must pay into your hand
A crown of English Money straight,
Or Catchpoles soon must on me wait.

But hold, Friend *George*, not quite so fast,
You'll go as far with lesser haste :
I promis'd Payment, that is certain,
If you would tell my daughter's Fortune ;
But that 'tis done, I flat deny,
Since one half gives the rest the lye.
Nor was it Sterling-Coin I meant,
That being far from my intent,
But such as you received have,
And should be paid to ev'ry Knave,
Who rogishly would thus dispense
With reason, and all common sense,
And whilst their own they do not know---,
Pretend another's Fate to shew ;
Which was the case, or I'm deceiv'd,
When you 'twixt Fire and Water liv'd.

Again, consider, it's not hard,
After my Wig and cloaths were marr'd
With Fire and Smoak, then as you conjur'd,
That I must pay for being injur'd.

Nay, rather, you deserve a drub,
For raising up Old *Belzebub*,
Who every one did almost choak
With stinking Brimstone, fire, and Smoak ;
Which threw us into such a fright,
Two p---s'd, and three or four did sh---e.

But now, good *Faustus*, tell me true,
How comes five shillings thus your due ?
Was it for coming to my dwelling,
To cheat me with your Fortune-telling ?
As you've done many honest spouses,
By selling them your starry-houses,

Your

Your Oppositions, Quartiles, Trines,
 Your fiery and Aquatic Signs ;
 Your Speculums, and Nodes i'th' Ikies,
 Cusps, Aspects, and ten thousand Lies.
 And don't you in your conscience think,
 Instead of fingering my chink,
 That you deserve. in high degree,
 To mount on *Rochdale's* Pillory ?
 Which is the only Place that cools
 That Heat of astrologic fools ;
 And turns sometimes a cheat like you,
 Into a Liege-Man, good and true ;
 But now, because I've shewn you mercy,
 You fall upon me arsy-verfy ?

No, no, good *Faustus*, 'twill not do,
 My Teeth as soon as Coin for you :
 And hope that this, my flat denial,
 Will quickly bring it to a trial ;
 When I don't doubt to make you pay
 For all your Rogu'ries in this way :
 A Cat with nine-tails, wooden stocks,
 And Pillories, are for such folks ;
 And sure there are some Laws i'th Nation
 In Force against your conjuration :
 Or, what deserves more ample scourging,
 Your cheating folk, with Lies and forging.
 So if you squeak but in the Gizzard,
 You're try'd by th' Name of *Prickshaw-Wizard*.

From your affronted Master,

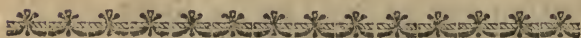
PILGARLIC the Great.

This, Sir, is the Truth of the Story,
 to the Date hercof ; and should he play
 the Madman to that Degree as to make a
 Quarter

Quarter-Sessions Job of it, I hope you will take it in a favourable light, and stand my Friend : but I rather think he intends the common law, as I hear of a certainty that he has been at an Attorney of my Acquaintance, who had Sense enough to laugh at his simplicity, & honesty enough to decline being employed against me in this Case. What the Issue will be I know not ; but if the Bedlamite be as determined to sue as I am to defend, there will be Smoaking between the conjurer and

S I R, *Your most, &c.*

T. B.



To Mr. JOHN SEPHTON,

Brewer-General, in LIVERPOOL.

SIR, *Milnrow, Jan. 11th, 1760.*

AS most of the Roast-Beef, Goose and Minc'd-Pies, Tarts and Custards are devour'd in my Neighbourhood? I have now Time to reflect on, and perform the promise I made you, of sending you some *Lancashire Dialect*, and a few of *Hoan-tung's*

tung's Letters to the Empress of *Russia*. All of which (could I have my Wish) should not be thrown by for two or three Years on some useless Shelf, a Corner, or Hole in a Garret, hid from the Sight of Mortals by Curtains of Cobwebs, but turn'd into Cash in a few Months, to be ready against the next Time I come to *Liverpool*. In short, vouchsafe to think on these two lines,

*Some write for Pleasure, some for Spite,
But want of Money makes me write.*

Which, tho' they are but Heathen Rhymes are as true as the Gospel. But now I think on it, I ought to ask Pardon for this useless Hint to one whose Good-nature has been so conspicuous in this Way; for in the few Days I was with you in *Liverpool* I sold Fifty-two Bandyhewits, for which I thank you, Mr. *Eyes*, and a few more of my Friends,

When I reflect on, and compare the Humours I observ'd in your populous Town, with a few others I have lately been in; I cannot but think, that all cities and Towns are subject to youth and old Age; have their Constitutions, Dispositions, beauties, failings, whims, and Fancies, like us two-legg'd Mortals; for Instance :
The

The City of *York* seems to think as well of itself as a true-born Welchman; or, if you please, the House of *Austria*; (who each of them can deduce their Orgins from the Time of *Numa Pompilius*) and at present walks like a plain drest Nobleman of a royal House, and very extensive Revenues: who lives splendidly, and in Affluence, without desiring to increase, or so imprudent as to diminish, his paternal estate

Leeds is a cunning, but wealthy, thriving Farmer.--Its Merchants hunt worldly Wealth, as eagerly as Dogs pursue the Hare; they have, in general, the Pride and Haughtiness of *Spanish* Dons, mix'd with the Meanness of *Dutch* Spirits; the strong Desire they have of yellow Dirt, transforms them into Galley-Slaves, and their Servants are doubly so; the first being fastened with Golden, but the latter with Iron Chains.

Halifax is a Mengrel, begot by a *Leeds* Merchant, and a *Lancashire* Woman; and nurs'd by a *Dutch* Frow. They are eager in pursuing Gain, but not so assiduous as to forget Pleasure; and every Day at noon think it no scandal to lay aside business to eat Beef and Pudding.

Rochdale

Rochdale is like a growing Haberdasher or Master Hatter, black and greasy with getting a little Pelf: Whose inhabitants (like *Leeds* and *Halifax*) are great lovers of Wooll and Butter: not immediately to eat, but to fatten' them in prospect. They don't study to oppress their Dependents, as knowing it to be impossible: for their Servants sometimes work hard, drink hard, and (being resolv'd to be independent) play when they please.

Manchester is like a--a-- I don't know what :-----hold ;-----why, 'tis like a lucky *London* Merchant, who by the assiduous Care and Pains of himself, and his servants round him, has made his fortune, purchas'd a large Estate in the country, keeps his Coach and fix, enjoys more Affluence, Ease and Pleasure, than ever his Fore-fathers dream'd of; which is demonstrated by his healthful constitution, his prominent belly, his rosy cheeks, and blooming countenance; and has ambition enough to aim at being the Monarch (and perhaps deservedly) of the whole County. But as your Town and *Manchester* appear to me to be as like one another as two King George Halfpennies, or a *Wa---lpole* and a *Pu---llney*; and as one
Cap

Cap will fit both their Heads, I'll refer its further Character till I come to your favourite Town, *Liverpool*.

Warrington within these thirty years is grown a busy tradesman ; who by a lucky hit or two, in tow and Copper, has got new Life and Vigour, and with an equal Quantity of Hope and Resolution, dreams of being a great Man.

Chester seems to resemble an ancient Lord, of an old, but mongrel Descent ; got between a Naked *Briton* and an encroaching *Sasson*, (or *Saxon*) ; has so much of the antique Blood in his Veins. that he's resolv'd his Servants shall still be one third *Welch*, and two thirds *English*. He's proud of, and boasts his Pedigree from the old *Aborigines*. Lives in great Magnificence ; scorns to make any Alterations, or Additions, in his Great-Great-Grandfather's leather breeches, his trusty Armour, or his old Mansion-House ; but is quite content with the old fashions, and his large an ancient patrimony.

As for *Liverpool*, I'm at a loss for an Hieroglyphic, or a Comparison for it : Hold,----let me consider----ho, tis like a healthful Bee Hive. in a hot summer's Day. where all the Community (except
a few

a few humming Drones) mind each their proper Business.-----No----this will not do ;----for Bees fly from bitter Ale, and the Fumes of Tobacco. Then 'tis like a broad ars'd Mynheer, who by bartering, buying, and selling, is resolv'd to get Money in this World, tho' he goes plump to the Bottom of the Sea, or even to the devil for it when he dies. No,---this last Part does not tally neither.---Well, then, 'tis like a Gamester, who is resolv'd to be a Knight, or a Knitter of Caps : This is the best Draught of the three, but a little unlike the Original still. And now, I own, I am quite gravelled, and am forced to be a little serious ; for *Liverpool*, and its Twin-Brother, *Manchester*, are certainly agreeable, merry, and brisk Towns. The people, in general, appear to be actuated by sensible, generous, and good-natured Spirits : yet for all this, I could as well live in Mount *Strombulo* when in a Fit of the Ague, or in a Passion, as in such flow-moving Clouds of Tobacco Smoke, as are puffed out in the public Rooms in *Liverpool* and *Manchester*.

Two Days ago I put on my old black Coat, which I lately wore with you eight or ten Days, but I soon whipp'd it off again.

P

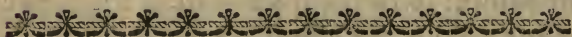
for

for it is more strongly fumigated, and stinks worse, than an over-smoak'd red Herring; and I believe I must either send it to the Fulling Mill (as our Country Folks do p---s'd and sh---n Blankets) or pickle it a few Months in Mint and Lavender-Water, before it will be in any tolerable Season. But tho' it is so disagreeable to me, yet Smoke to a true *Liverpolian* seems a fifth Element, and that he could no more live out of it, than a Frog out of Ditch-Water in a warm *April*.

By the Time you have got thus far, 'tis very probable you'll think two Tings; first, That this Epistle is too prolix; and that I write like no body else. I plead Guilty to both Indictments; and to prevent you thinking me incorrigible, I conclude, with assuring you,

I am, &c.

T B.



To T. P. Esq;

With HOWELL'S LETTERS.

SIR,

I HERE send you *Howell's Letters*, which I intended to have sent the last Week; but being in the Middle of their Perusal,
and

and otherwise busy, I could not get through them before to-day.

You'll find in this Author some useful Anecdotes, a great number of obsolete Words, and many Mistakes in the Orthography, which I think may fairly be divided between the Author and the Printer.

Were there no Date to any of his Letters, or any other Hint touching the times in which he liv'd ; his Stile, his Whims, and Notions, would tell you he liv'd in that most wise and learned Reign of our *Scotch-Solomon*, that famous and puissant Witch-monger.

Howell's Philosophy seems to be in its Infancy ; his Flattery at full Growth. His Faith was *Herculean*, like most of his Contemporaries. He thought those old boys, the primitive Fathers, Saints. Their Writings he took (as the Lay-Pagans did Oracles) for infallible : Tho' at the same Time he knew they contradicted, anathematiz'd, and sent one another to the Devil, almost as commonly as we country Folks do Penance for getting Bastards. He never disputed the Cure of Wounds by Sympathy, or Weapon Salve, though the Patient and Salve were a hundred Miles distant.

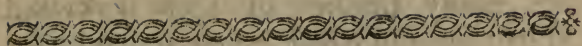
Witches and Dæmons, he thought; were as common as Old Women and Crows (especially in *Scotland*. He made no Baulks of believing the Stories and Prophecies of the *Ten Sibyls*; though a Genius of small Penetration might see they were the Offspring of over zealous Christians, written on purpose to knock down Heathenism, and prop Christianity, that stood in no need of such ridiculous Crutches. Nay, the Throat of his *Welch* Faith was wide enough to swallow the eleven thousand Virgins.

ALL these, and many more such Boyish Trumpery, were the Dreams of our primitive Fathers; and the Monks, their Heirs and Successors; and vanish'd, in a great Measure, with that most high, and mightily-conceited, *James the First*. But let me quote this *Welchman Howell* for once; for he often tells his Friends, to whom he writes, " That talking of these Things " to you, is like *Phormio's* talking of the " Art of War to *Alexander*."

There is nothing you want, that I know of but Health; this I wish you sincerely, being,

SIR, your most &c.

J. C.



To Mr. ROBERT GORTON,

In SALFORD.

With the Picture of the Devil on Horseback.

SIR,

Milnrow, April 8th, 1760.

WHEN I began to form the Design of Old *Belze* on Horseback, which you and your *Newcastle* Friend, order'd; I repented I had not enquired particularly what sort of a Devil you would have, *i. e.* whether you would have a black, or a red Devil; as white, green, yellow, or blue according to all Authors, are out of the Question: and also, what Colour of a Horse; and whether if he rid on a Mare, it would not do as well; But these necessary Queries being unfortunately neglected, I have been obliged to guess at the whole, and have now finished the Piece, presuming you'll not be so ungenerous as to turn it on my Hands, because I believe it will suit no other Person alive but your whimsical Friend.

If we can believe most Authors, ancient and modern, Clergy, and Laity; there

are many Legions of these aukward Spirits, some of which go about, and roar like Lions : Yet tho' there are such incredible Numbers, and yell so loud, you cannot imagine how I stood staring with the Chalk in my Hand, being quite non-plus'd when I begun to hunt for an Idea, as having never seen the least Glimpse of any one of them. But reflecting that old *Lucifer* might possibly be a Child of some Man's Fancy, in Times of yore, I did not long hesitate, but thought I had, as good Authority as any other mortal to make a Devil of my own : So I fell to it, and drew out my Design, which pleas'd me tolerably well.

But, alas ! when I came to the colouring Part, I was entirely gravelled, not knowing what Colour to make his Gallopper. Here I had Thoughts of annihilating my whole Design, and giving up all Thoughts of proceeding : But suddenly recollecting that I had heard old Folks talk of the Devil upon Dun, I gave a Jump, as thinking I had clear'd the most knotty Point ; But, alas ! two Circumstances soon quash'd this sudden Joy.----- One was, Whether this Dun must be a Horse, a Mare, or a Gelding ? And the other,

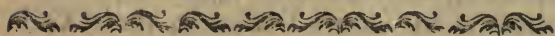
other, Whether it must be a fat, or a lean Nag? But not remembring any Author that had ever wrote on these abstruse points I resolv'd to guess at them; and accordingly have not only made him a Dun, but a sprightly, able Dun Horse: Because 'tis agreed on all Hands that he goes with surprizing Expedition; especially when employ'd by Court-Ladies in their Gallantries, their Husbands in Amours, or Ministers of State in all Treaties, which tend to Faith breaking, leaving their Allies in a Quagmire, or robbing, ruining, or seizing their Neighbours Territories: and so much for the Horse.

As for the devil his Jockey; of whom I hinted before, that I could not tell whether to make him ride in red or black, I have taken a Method to obviate all Objections, and made him ride in both. In short, he has the Horns of a *Scotch* Bullock on his Head; a dragon's Tail; a Negro's Hands and Face; a Lady's scarlet Capuchin on his Head and Shoulders; a Rake's Ruffles; a Parson's Coat; a Beau's Breeches; a Taylor's Gamashes; a Jockey's Whip; and a Lawyer's Saddle: So if this Horse, and this Jockey, will not please your fantastical Friend, you may tell.

tell him when you write to him, that I'll never pretend to paint a Spirit again, whilst I remain, (as I hope I ever shall)

SIR, *Your most, &c.*

TIM. BOBBIN.



To Mr. ROBERT WHITAKER.

SIR,

Rochdale, Nov. 1755.

PERCEIVING that a *Dutch* Spirit of Gain, and the modern Court-Notion that Places were made for Men, and not Men for Places, has slipp'd down from the great Metropolis into this Parish; and believing that I have as much reason to be rich without deserving it, and to get Money without working for it, as any other in the neighbourhood: Revolving these Things in my Mind, and considering the Utility of them, I have determin'd to offer myself as a third Candidate for the Place of Organist at our Church; and as you live at the Court-End of the Parish, where your Interest and Acquaintance are petty extensive, I desire you'll acquaint
your

your, and my Friends, without loss of Time, with this my intention. In the mean Time, I'll improve myself in the Art of Music; for you know I have a Pair of rusty old Virginals in a Corner of the School, which have about eight Strings left out of forty-five, on which I'll begin to learn those godly Tunes of *Hackney*, *Colehill*, and the *Babes in the Wood*, &c. with all possible Assiduity.

This Place, in my Opinion, was certainly made for me, and nobody else; tho' I must own Nature never intended me for a Musician, yet that is little to the Purpose; for you know our *Æsopian* Sexton has his Deputy, and why may not I? besides, Sundays and other Holidays will never interfere with *A, B, C*; or, if you please, with my haberdashing of Vowels and Consonants! and Five Pounds a Quarter would not hurt me.

As soon as you have felt the Pulse of our Friends, either separately, or in a full Meeting, let me know the Result; If the Conclusion be that I should stand, I'll immediately write a few Advertisements in the print Hand, importing:

“ That as I am undoubtedly the worst Player of the three (for which Reason I stand

stand the best Chance) I desire all Justices of the Peace, Gentlemen, Tradesmen, Weavers, Hatters, Taylors, Coblers, Tinkers, and Colliers, to give me their Votes and Interest, in procuring me the snug Convenience of Twenty Pounds a Year : That I will not only keep and indemnify the Parish from all Charges of repairing the Organ, but free it from all Hoarseness, disagreeable Whizzings, Colds Phthysics, and Consumptions whatsoever. And as our late Organists have pretended to be Organ-builders, and as it is strongly surmised, that whenever their wooden skill failed them in making any Pipe, that then pure Necessity forced them to filch, or cull out of its Belly, such as they wanted ; by which Means it has often been troubled with the Hiatus, or Windy-Cholic, and twice nearly gutted :

“ Now *Be it known unto all Men*, by this Advertisement, That I can bring indubitable Evidence, that I am no Organ-builder ; notwithstanding I will oblige myself not only to preserve its present State of Body, but add yearly and every Year (during the Receipt of the Salary) seven Pipes (*Chester make*) till its Constitution be as sound as a Hunting-Horn,
and

and its Guts as full as any fat Landlady's in the Parish. And as to the Bellows, I have just now contrived a Way to make them puff and blow of themselves, as easily and naturally as a phthifical Pair of Lungs in going up the Church-Steps, in a frosty Morning." So much for my Advertisement.

These Proposals of mine, I presume, you'll think very advantageous to our Parish, and I hope others will think so too ; for which Reason I do not in the least doubt but they will be most eagerly embraced, especially by our little Monarchs, who rule all with a high Hand, nay even with a Stroke down the Face, a Nod, or a Look ; and always are thrifty, in Proportion to the Smallness of their Families, and Largeness of their Bags, and Estates. However, I propose no more than shall be duly and honestly performed, by

SIR, *Your most, &c.*

TIM. BOBBIN.

LETTERS

In RHYME.

To RICHARD TOWNLEY, *Esq.*

SIR.

'T WAS *Thursday* last, when I, *John Goosequilt*
Went for some Odds-and-Ends to *Rochdale*
With Charge to buy some Beef and Mutton,
But these, alas? were quite forgotten:
For lighting on some Friends, I sat
An Hour (my Wife says two) too late.
However, Chance threw in my Way
Some Dutton-Cockles, fresh as *May*,
Which well I knew would please Wife's Palate
Better than any Lamb and Sallet.

Quite free from Care, I spent the Hours,
Till Time bawl'd out, To Horè, To Horè;
'Twas then the Wallet press'd my Shoulder,
And on I march'd, no Hussar bolder.

When I got Home (I hate to tell it)
I fell to emptying of my Wallet
Of Candles, Soap, and such like Stuff,
Of which Wed-Folks have ne'er enough:
But left the Cockles still at Bottom,
(Bought to keep Quietness when I got Home);
Then pour'd some Water out of Jug,
Mix'd with some Salt, into a Mug,
And turn'd the End of Wallet up,
For Fish (like other Folks) would sup.

'Tis true, their crackling, empty sound;
Chim'd ill with Cockles full and round :

But, far from smelling any Rat,
I took up this, and look'd at that,
But all were empty-----then I curst
Bill Porky, as of knaves the worst,
For selling Nuts but ne'er a Kernel,
And wish'd him with the D-----l infernal.

Now searching on quite to the Bottom,
I found some Stones;----though I, ah, rot 'em!
Poor *Billy Porky's* honest r

'Than th' best of my Companions are ;
Unless the Fish could, all at once,
Slip from their shells, and turn to Stones.

A while I stood considering
The plaguy Oddness of the thing ;
Grop'd at my Eyes, lest it should prove
A Dream----but felt my eye-lids move :
I studied how I might come off,
Without *Moll's* frowning, or her laugh ;
Thought I, my Rib will think I joke her,
And brought home Shells just to provoke her. ;
Or frowning tell me some mad tale,
Of minding nothing but good Ale.

Then, sighing, rais'd my Maudlin-Head,
Reel'd up the Stairs----and went to Bed.

No sooner up, but there's a Query,
Put by my loving Wife : Hight, *Mary*,
What Meat I'd bought ?----Why--nothing else,
But Pebble-Stones----and Cockle-Shells.



To Mr. C O W P E R.

Wine-Merchant, in LIVERPOOL.

SIR,

Dec. 24th, 1761.

A Dizzy Head, and Thoughts o'th' ramble,
Makes me to write without Preamble,
And bold as any Trooper ;
To let my Friend at Distance know,
The Plague and Trouble I go through,
Because of Mr Cowper.

For my *Crook'd-Rib*, each now and then,
Doth frowning ask me, Pray, Sir, when
May I expect my Mountain ?

I shrug my Shoulders----why----e'er long,
'Twill be at *Rocbdale*, good and strong,
And clear as any Fountain.

But as the Clock strikes at the Heels
Of the last Hour----so *Timmy* feels
His Ears stunn'd with this Question

When will my Wine and Brandy come ?

I clear my Weasand,——answer——mum——
Tho' I've your Word to rest on.

Perhaps your Pictures you expect,
Before I feel the warm effect.

Of your Care-killing Liquor !

But hark you, Sir, the Days are Dark,
And cold : On then I bete aw *Wark*,
As ill as any Vicar.

But in a Month, or two, at least,
Except the Sunwheel back to th' East,
You may except your Beauties ;

But in the mean time must I fast ?

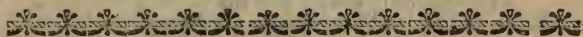
Or guzzle Ale, not to my Taste ?

Nay, hang me on some Yew-Trees.

I from

I from my Cot, this *Christmas-Eve*,
 Write with a troubled Mind,----believe,
 And Wife in doleful Dumps :
 For who can merry be, that's wife,
 While what he wants in *Lerpolies*,
 And vex'd with Jeers and Frumps ?
 Pray send a Line, that I may say,
 To my *Crook'd-Rib*, on such a Day,
 Your Gossips' Nose shall job in
 A Tankard made of Mountain-Wine,
 Sweet Water, Nutmeg, Sugar fine.
 And set at Rest

TIM. BOBBIN.



The CUCKOW and OWL :

A F A B L E.

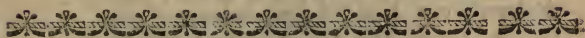
A CUCKOW many Years had rang'd
 Amongst the feather'd Kind,
 To see if he a Mate could meet.
 Would fix his roving Mind.
 He tried all ; he loves but few,
 For some too high did soar ;
 Some were too little, some too big,
 And some too ragg'd and poor.
 At last he would a courting go,
 To broad-fac'd Mistress Owl,
 Believing her the prettiest Bird
 Of all the winged Fowl.
 Transported with this odd conceit,
 Away the Cuckow flew,
 And in a very am'rous Strain,
 He thus begins to woo.
 Dear Madam Owl, my heart has been,
 Long Captive to your Charms,

Nor can it have a Moments Rest,
 Till your soft Down it warms.
 This said, the Cuckow would have bill'd,
 The Owl she turn'd her Face ;
 As knowing Coyneſs whets an Edge,
 And gives a better Grace.
 Sir Cuckow would not be deny'd,
 But struggl'd for a kiſs ;
 Which having gain'd, the Cuckow cry'd,
 What melting Joy is this !
 Thus thirteen Moons the Cuckow woo'd
 Her Ladyſhip, the Owl,
 Who thought her Sweetheart lov'd her more
 Than Miller loves his Toll :
 Becauſe he talk'd of Hymen's Nooſe,
 And needs would have her go
 To have it ty'd about their Necks,
 By Help of Parſon Crow.
 But as it chanc'd, the Owl was deep
 With Rey'rend Crow in Love ;
 And hoping ſtill to make him her's,
 The thing did not approve.
 But leſt ſhe ſhould not gain the Crow,
 ſhe would not flat deny
 The roving Cuckows queer Requeſt,
 Leſt ſhe alone ſhould lie.
 The Cuckow ſmelt the cunning Jilt,
 Too wiſe to be a Tool ;
 And carries on the Farce a while,
 To countermine the Owl.
 For long he'd lov'd, and was eſteem'd
 By the ſolitary Jay ;
 To whom he flying, weds, and leaves
 The Owl to Time a Prey.
 For ſhe not pleaſing Parſon crow,
 Wiſh'd ſhe'd the Cuckow then :
 But 'twas too late, the Time was gone,
 And would not come again.

Her ruddy Face, so gay before,
 Is turn'd a tarnish white ;
 Her sprightly Mind, and brilliant Thoughts,
 Are like the cloudy Night.
 So now she haunts the lonely Woods,
 And hoots in Barns by Night ;
 Complaining of her fine spun Wit
 And hates to see the Light.

The M O R A L.

*THE Virgin thus in all the bloom of Life,
 Is lov'd, and courted for a happy Wife ;
 But she denies----expecting nobler Game,
 Till Forty comes, and she's no more the same :
 For Time is gone ;---then wishes vainly rise ,
 She curses A's rice, and a Maid she dies.*



The GARDINER and the ASS :

A F A B L E.*

P A R T I.

AN Ass with Poverty long strove,
 And pastur'd in the Lanes,
 Till, Hunger bit, he thus to Jove,
 In rueful tone complains :
 Ah ! hadst thou made me any beast,
 That laden by doth pass,
 Then had my Paunch been fill'd (at least).

Q 3

With

*There is something like a *Moral* at the End of this Tale ; but as *Timothy* cou'd not, wou'd not or durst not, deduce it naturally, from the genetall Scope of the Fable, as it ought to be ; he has left it (like a Skain of ruffled Silk) for hyperpolitical Critiques to unravel.

With Straw---if not with Grass !
Jove hears his Complaint, and soon doth send
 A Fox, with this Advice,
 Cheer up, and look more brisk my Friend,
 Hunger should make thee wise :
 Behold how gay the Fool and Knave,
 Do stiffly strut along :
 The Rat is sleek, I fat and brave,
 With Murder, Theft, and Wrong.
 Look thro' that Fence, where spinage sweet,
 And Coleworts green do grow,
 The Lettice, and the juicy Beet ;
 Then who'd be hungry now ?
 The Ass pricks up his slouching Ears,
 And into the Garden peeps :
 He longs the more, the more he stares,
 Then thro' the Hedge he creeps.
Balaam promiscuously doth brouze
 On Herbs, and choicest Flow'rs,
 Till *Tom* the Gard'ner, doth him rouse,
 And all his sweetness sours.
 For lo ! a heavy Club cries thwang
 Upon the Ass's Side ;
 He starts at this unwelcome Bang,
 And o'er the Beds doth stride.
 The fine Glass Bells and Pots are broke,,
 Carnations fully blown,
 Alike are ruin'd at a stroke,
 And wholly overthrown !
 The Gardiner distracted, sees
 The Havock which he makes,
 He flatters much, ---desires a Peace ;
 And thus the Ass belpakes.
 So, honest *Balaam* ; so, my Lad ;
 Stand still.---I prythee stand ;
 The club is lost which late I had,
 As witness now my Hand.
 Thus, fawning, he with cautious Strides,
 Lays

Lays hold on *Balaam's* Ears,
 Anst out of Paradise him guides,
 To pay for all Repairs.
 For 'tis resolv'd old *Hob* must pay
 And *Balaam* stoop to th' Yoke,
 By fetching Pots and Glafs next Day,
 Instead of those he broke.

II.

THE Morning scarcely peeps, when *Tom*
 Between the Crates is got,
 And busy thrashing *Balaam's* Bum,
 For blunders past, God wot !
 The Ass bewails his dismal case,
 And groans for freedom lost ;
 And longs his Rider to displace,
 From his triumphing Post,
 When, lo ! he sees behind a Ditch,
 Two thorny Bushes, where
 He straight runs thro', as if bewitch'd,
 And quits his Rider clear.
 The Crates and *Tom* are left behind,
 He sprawling in the Mud,
 His Face is scratch'd, his Peepers blind
 With mixed Mire and Blood.
 Thus Crates and Sadd'e which, of late,
Tom dauntless did bestride,
 Mount in their turn-----thus mighty Fate
 Doth humble human Pride !
 He scrap'd his Clothes, he wash'd his Face,
 And then for *Balaam* stares,
 And saw him nibbling at the Grass,
 Discharg'd of worldly cares.
Tom swore by *Jove*, reveng'd I'll be
 On thee, by Hook or Crook ;
 So with some pains and Flatt'ry,
 Again he *Balaam* took.
 The Ass is saddled once again,
 And *Tom* again him mounts ;

Resolv'd to ride with careful Rein,
 And make him clear Accounts.
 He then bang'd on about a Mile,
 Where he'd a Bridge to pass,
 And *Balaam's* ready with a Wile,
 As any other Ais :
 For he was dry, or did pretend,
 At least, for to be so ;
Tom thinking he'd no other End,
 So lets the Bridle go.
 The Ais puts down his shaggy Pate,
 Then tosses up his Rump,
 And tumbles *Tom* from off his Seat,
 Who lights i'th Water-----plump.
Balaam now thought he'd freedom gain'd,
 But as he march'd away,
 He found his head was still restrain'd,
 Tho' *Tom* i'th' Water lay.
 For he'd the Bridle in his Hand,
 By which the Ais did draw
 Him bravely sous'd unto the Land,
 Ill chagrin'd in his Maw.
Tom had no sooner found his Feet,
 But banged at the Ais,
 As if on purpose to be beat,
 As Iron is, or Brass,
 But now his Cudgel waxeth short,
 And cooler grows his Ire ;
 Yet mounting Steed is not his Sport,
 Or trotting his Desire.
 For hanging Bridle on his Arm,
 He walks before the Ais,
 As fearing that some greater Harm
 Might quickly come to pass.
 So time, who sees the End of things,
 Doth half his journey see.
 Where *Tom* his Pots and Glasses rings,
 Poor *Balaam's* Load to be.

NOW

III.

NOW *Tom* his brittle Ware doth pack
 In Straw well mix'd, with 'care,
 And lays them on the *Afs's* Back,
 Which made him grunt and stare.
 Howe'er, with Patience *Balaam* went,
 Until he came unto
 The Place where Will, or Accident.
 So late his Master threw.
 Nature, or Man's Contrivance, made
 A high and lower Way ;
 The one for such as love to wade,
 One o'er a Wood-Bridge lay.
 The *Afs* by Chance, or Choice, had got
 Upon the higher road,
 When *Tom* began to dread the Lot
 Of his precarious Load.
 No farther durst he drive the *Afs*,
 Nor could he bring him back ;
 And *Tom* in such Dilemma was,
 As put his mind o'th' Rack.
 Fear and Vexation fiercely mov'd
 Like Light'ning thro' his breast,
 Until his Fury Master prov'd,
 And then he smote his breast.
 The blow on *Balaam's* Nose did light,
 Which drove his Head askew ;
 A Foot behind slips off for Spight,
 And all the rest o'erthrew.
 Now, topsy-turvy, Bell and Pot
 Do jingling tumble down.
 And *Balaam* lies with four Feet up,
 Quite dead !-----or in a Swoon !
 The Gard'nēr, with uplifted Hands,
 Extends his Mouth and Eyes,
 And like a Marble Stature stands,
 In terrible Surprise.

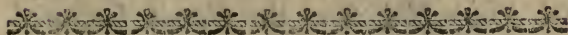
A neigh-

A neighbouring Tinker by doth come,
 And shakes him by the Nose ;
Tom answers with a Haw and Hum,
 As People in a dose.
 Then Index Finger he doth stretch,
 And points at all his Woe ;
 For look, said he, that clumsy Wretch
 Is tumbled down below.
 Well, tho' tis so, the Tinker says,
 An Ass is but an Ass :
Tom quick replies, That's not the Case,
 He's broke my Pots and Glasse !
 The Tinker owns the Story bad,
 But says-----Thy standing here
 Will never mend it-----come, my Lad,
 Let's view thy broken Geer.
Tom and the Tinker now agree,
 And soon unloose the Ass ;
 Then roll him off the Crates, but he
 Seem'd deadly stiff, alas !
 Then both of them began to throw
 Away the broken Ware ;
 But those they found in *statu quo*,
 Are pack'd again with care.
 This done, the Tinker takes one Crate
 And Saddle on his Back,
Tom lifts the other on his Pate,
 And homeward both do pack.
 As on the Road they jogging went,
Tom told the Story o'er ;
 The Tinker did his Case lament :
 But still he roundly swore,
Tom was Fool in grain, to think
 Of coping with an Ass ;
 Since more we stir, the more we stink,
 In every dirty Case.
 The Ass now left-----Contention sore
 Arose between these two ;

Tom thought him dead----the Tinker swore
 "No more than I, or you."
 All Authors since do vary here,
 In this mysterious Case.
 Some write "he broke his neck", some swear
 "He out-liv'd this disgrace."
 Be this as't will. we'll leave him here;
 'Twixt doubtful Life and Death ;
 Expecting Time will make it clear,
 If he still Live and Breath.

The M O R A L.

SO have I seen a Ministry bestride,
A Common-Wealth, in all the Pomp of Pride :
Who for the Public-good ne'er laid a Scheme,
But dear Self-interest was their only aim ;
And Nestl'd in the Umbrage of a Crown,
Rode Jehu-like, nor dream'd of tumbling down.
Brib'd S--n--rs, sold Votes, to make us Pay,
Three fifths to those, who squander'd all away :
But now such Taxes, ne'er before were known,
Yet Knaves cry up the Times, when Freedoms flown.
O glorious Times ! when Candles, and the Sun,
Must yield them Thousands, or all's dark at Noon !
The Red-streak Apple Golden-juice must yield,
Like bits of Paper, or the steril Field :
We feel the Yoke, and fatal ruin see,
Yet dare not struggle for lost L---y.
But tho' at present all Things smoothly pass,
Take care ye Jockies, lest ye Ride an ASS.



The three conceited BEAUTIES.

A F A B L E.

1st. **T**HREE Country Bumpkins chanc'd to meet,
 Whose Phizzes look'd like Vizards :
 The first, the second, thus doth greet ;

Thy

*Thy Face is like some Wizards!
The ugliest of the ugliest sort,
Thou art, or I'm mistaken:
Sure nature made thee all for sport,
Or sight has me forsaken.*

*2d. But thou'rt all Beauty in thy looks,
And ev'ry Feature's pleasing!
This I wou'd swear on Twenty Books,
But for my sin encreasing.
For sure thy Nose, thy Mouth, thy Eye,
Wou'd suit no other mortal;
Pluto and Jove will throw thee by,
On entering grim Deaths Portal.*

*3d. The third, and ugliest of the Three,
Said, Lord! how you conceited!
I cannot stand a Mute, and see,
Two neighb'ring Friends, thus cheated.
I wonder why such Mortals shou'd,
About their Beauty fall out:
Were I as ugly, I ne'er wou'd.
From my poor Cottage crawl-out,
For with an Ax, and Owlcr-tree,
I'd make two Men as handsome:
Or live a Slave in Tripoly
And never Sue for ransom.*

THE MORAL.

*THIS is an Emblem of all human kind;
We every one to our own Faults are blind:
Nay, tho' they're blazing, them we cannot see:
They're Beauties all, or pass from Censure free,*

*~~~~~
Lancashire Hob, and the Quack Doctor.*

A T A L E. 1762.

A THRIFTY Carl was tir'd of lonely Cot,
Because the Tooth-Ach he so often got:
Six Teeth were all he had to chew his Food;
All gave him Pain, but none could do him good.
Hob hearing Rochdale Town did then contain
A famous Quack, that drew Teeth without Pain

To him he flies, and, in a Voice as loud
 As Stentor's, thus belpoke him thro' the Crowd
*Ho---onist Men whot munneh gi' ye to drea
 A Tush ot pleagues me awmust Neet on Dea ?*
 Six-pence the Quack replies.---*Hob* spoke again,
On conneh do't me, thinkneh, beawt mich Pein !
 Ho, well enough.---*Quoth Hob, Suppose I two,*
Toan do for Neenpunce ? That I will not do.

Heaw monny then for Twelvepunce winneh poo ?
 All that thou hast.---*Quoth Hob, They're just enoo.*

The Doctor took this for a Country Joke,
 'Till he saw *Hob* hard pressing thro' the Foik,
 And mount the Stage.---*Quack* now some Mirth
 And sily for a Pair of Pincers sends ; [intends
 Thinking he'd met one of those puny Fools
 Would run away from such inhumane Tools.
Hob takes the Pincers *Vara Weel*, said he,
If they'n fit yo, i'm shure they win fit me.

Hob now aloft is seated in a chair,
 With open Mouth, in which the *Quack* did stare ;
 Who laughing said, You have but six, I find,
 And they're so loose, they'll wag with ev'ry Wind.
Better for yo, yo known ; do yo yer job.

Yes, yes, and quickly too, my honest *Hob* ;
 Hold up your Head---*Ob*---here is one you see ;
 Come, hold again --here's two---Would you have
I think ot Mon's a For ; we bargint plene, [three ?
Poo theese aw earwt, or set theese in ogen.

If that be th' Case, hold up again, my Friend,
 Come, open wide, and soon the work we'll end.

Hob now extends his his spacious Jaws so wide,
 There's Room for Pincers, and good Light beude.
 Cries *Quack*, here's three here's four *Hob* bawls out *Ob*,
 Hold, hold, says *Quack*, there's someth'ng more to do :
 Come, gape again ;--here's five--here's six--an' th' last ;
 And now I'm sure thy Tooth-Ach Pains are past.
That's reet quoth Hob, gi' me meh Teeth, on then
I llyey os freely os some Roycher Men.

The Quack complies, and *Hob* his Twelve pence,
Then, in dismounting, to the Mob thus said, [paid
They're arron Fogs of Six pence pain for one,
While for a Shilling I ha six jobs done.

But still they're bigger fogs that live e pain,
When good seawnd Teeth mey choance to come ogen.

The Doctor stares----and hastily replies

They come again ! not till the dead shall rise

One single Tooth no more thy Jaws shall boast,

I hold a Crown thou ev'ry Tooth hast lost.

Tis done quoth *Hob* :----and flakes a Charles's crown

The Quack as nimbly throws five Shillings down.

Hob takes up all and in a Neighbour's hand -

Secures the Total : then makes his Demand.

Measter yo know eawx Bet is, that I've lost

My Teeth ; and that I have not none to boast.

The Quack replies 'tis true ; and what by that ?

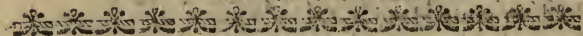
Wby, see I've six new o eb meh owd Scull-bat.

Ne sur, if yoan gearw wimmy Whom, I'll show

Yo e'ry Tooth, ot e meh meawth did groo.

The Quack ill-vex'd he such a Bite shou'd meet

Turn'd on his heel, while *Hob* said, *Sur--good niet.*



The PLURALIST and Old SOLDIER.

A Soldier maini'd, and in the Beggar's List,

Did thus address a well-fed Pluralist.

SOL. **A**T *Guadalupe* my leg and Thigh I lost,
No Pension have I, tho' its right I boast;
Your reverence please some charity bestow,
Heav'n will pay double---when you're there--
you know.

PLU, Heaven pay me double! vagrant---know that I
Ne'er give to Strollers, they're so apt to lye :
Your Parish, and some work, would you become
So haste away---or constable's your doom.

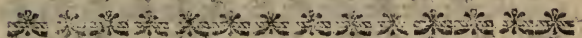
SOL. May't please your rev'ence, hear my case, and
then, You'

You'll say i'm poorer than the most of men :
 When *Malbro* sigh'd *Lisle*, I first drew Breath,
 And there my Father met untimely death ;
 My Mother follow'd, of a broken Heart,
 So I've no Friend, or Parish, for my Part.

PLU. I say, begone:---with that he loudly knocks,
 And *Timber-Toe* began to smell the stocks ;
 Away he stumps--but in a rock, or two, [thro'.
 He clear'd his weasand, and his thoughts broke

SOL. This'tis to beg of those who sometimes preach
 Calm charity, and ev'ry virtue teach ;
 But their Disguise, to common sense, is thin,
 A Pocket button'd;---Hypocrite within. (face
 Send me, kind heav'n, the well-tann'd captain's
 Who gives me Twelve-pence, and a curse, with
 Grace,

But let me not, in house, or lane, or street,
 These treble-pension'd-Parsons ever meet ;
 And when I die, may I still number'd be
 With the rough Soldier, to Eternity.

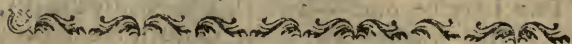


JOHN of GAUNT's LEASES imitated.

April, 1759.

BY this, R---d T---y, of B---d, doth grant
 To *John Clegg*, the Dyer, three things, he doth
 The Dye-House, as he many years hath it held [want
 With Leave for two tenters to stand i'th greave-field;
 Which tenters do fence near the north and east sides;
 One likewise the Field into two now divides :
 The Brow, or the lower Part. of the said Field,
 Together with all above mention'd, I yield
 Unto the said Dyer, for his Life and mine,
 Or whether lives longer : But then I confine
 Him duly to pay me and mine, ev'ry year.
 Three Pounds of good Money, and I'll Taxes bear.
 One Half he at *Whitsuntide* strictly shall pay,
 The other as daly each *Martinmas* Day.

To shew that the Dyer this Lease did not steal,
Behold, here I fix both my Hand, and my Seal.
Sign'd and Seal'd, this Day, before
Two sober Mortals, and no more.



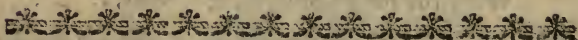
A N O T H E R.

IR----d T----y, of B----d, the Younger,
Do Grant to *John Collier*, for whether lives longer,
The *Wheat-Field*, and th' *Bylings*, the Rent Four Pounds.
Which payment neglected, are both mine again: [ten
That my Heirs may take Notice, *Know all*, that
this came

From my hearty goodwill, so I here write my name,
Sign'd this Day, sans Fraud, or Guiles,

Before JAMES HASLAM,

Dec. 16, } and
1758. } J. FILDES.



The Ecclesiastical and Lay-Miser's S P E C U L U M.

A Ryming Sermon, on the Decease of Dr.
F O R S T E R, the Pluralist,

From *James. Chap. v. Ver. 1, 2, 3.*

Go to, ye Rich Men, weep and howl, ye know

Your Garments Moth-eat : Riches canker'd grow :

The Rust shall eat your Flesh, like Fires that glow.

HEAR this, ye Gripes--ye blind insatiate Crew,
Whose Hoards abound--whose Heirs & Friends
And your own Fate in *Forster's* glass here vi w[are few

What's now become of all his griping Schemes,
Of hoarding Wealth, which foster'd sicken dreams?
The Flash is vanish'd like our Northern Gleams! (a)

The sweetest Consolations Riches yield (b)

Fly

Fly quick, and whither, like a Flower o'th' Field (c)
 You trust a broken Reed---a crazy Shield ! (d)

Woe to you Misers---you that live at Ease,
 Who swallow up the Poor, your Wealth t' increase,
 Your Mis'ries come: but tell me when they'll cease (e)

Can racking Tenants, and your treasur'd Wealth
 Give calm Content, or purchase balmy Health ?
 Or bribe grim Death from creeping on by Stealth ?

No,----here you're feeble!----tho' this gloomy
 Thought,

Torments the Mind, that time will not be bought,
 Tho' Bags, and Chests, with mighty Gold are fraught.

Consider, now, if sordid Pelf will gain
 A seat in Bliss, or ease one dying Pain ?

If not, from squeezing of the Poor refrain.

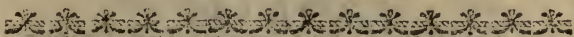
Expand yoor narrow minds----your Bags untie ;
 Nor tremble when you give a Groat, for why ?

Your God will slip you, when you come to die. (f)

Relieve the Wants, and cherish the sad Heart
 Of your poor Neighbours, who endure the Smart
 Of meagre Want, that pierces like a Dart. (g)

But *Forster's* gone, whose Life we thought was
 wrong,

And tho' the Devil at the Court be throng,
 He'll fetch---who starts?---another e'er't be long.



From a Scotch Gentleman at *Glas-*
gow, to his Friend in *Manchester*.

S-I R,

I Mind your kindnefs, care, and pains
 To shaw yer City, Streets, and Lanes :
 Yer stately Faubrics, on yer Toors
 Magnificent, bet net lik ours :
 Then te yer Kirk conducted me.

R 3

The

(c) Luke vi. 25. (d) James i. i, ii. (e) James
 v. i. (f) Prov. xxiii. 5. (g) Eccles. xi. i, 2.

The waa o' Worship there to see,
 Wher auld Bog-whistles sounded high,
 And Quiristers did joyn the cry :
 But dills the soond to grate the ear
 Of a North-British Presbyter.

The A N S W E R.

S I R,

THAU you hawfe-brether Scoat de ken
 My peins to shaw awr toon, whot then ?
 Ye fleetight aur Fawbricks, Streets an toors
 As net so stately quiet as yours :
 Yet knaw, an auld Auk-chest may hoold
 Mare Wealth, than Screwtore, gelt with Goold :
 And in aur streets mare Baubees pass to
 Yen another, than a Glasgow.

But yet I've something to say, mare man.
 Ye de net leek awr awl-kirk Organ ;
 Bet thinks a gude Bog-peep soonds sweeter
 Thon that at Rawme play'd in St. Peter :
 Bet where's the marvel of aw this ?

7 rampets slay Pigs, and Ools, and Geese.

An Original LETTER,

F R O M A

Welch Constable to a Country Inn-keeper.

To *Elwart Tavis*.

IWAS have it Warrant from too Shuffices Pace,
 which make Orter upon me, to make Orter upon
 you, to make your Peer, at Mrs. *Worral* of *Ret-tion*.
FAUR, upon the 17th tay of *Shuly* nels, to give
 cose why you was not take it te Licensse for sell
 Ale like unto oter Peoples——Ay——ant to give
 it a very goot cose too ; why te Shuffice which poth
 all too, is very goot mans, will not give it his war-
 rant upon you to levy upon your Goots and Kattles
 ——So te Wors of the Warrant is.

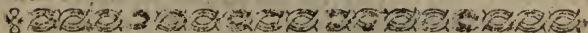
Ay

Ay——ant intect, I to tell unto you, it is a very pig shame why you was not take it like all te Popolls in te *Comtozeth*. For what purpose our goot Prenin make it so goot Law, ant you was not mint hur? Hit was as goot for the Prenin, cot pless hur, make it no Law, as make Law, was no poty keep hur.

Ay——and you make te too pig fool upon our too Shustice ant tat is very true intect——for they poth all too was sent to you too times, ant make spoke to you very fronteoll put yeu was very pig agry, ant passuant, ant say, cot tam our goot Prenin! Shustices! Parlamen! constapls an all!——Put now I will tell unto you, pi cot——the Shustices poth all took very much agar at you: ay ant intect it will pe petter for you to come without making a pig troost: ay, ant a pig costis upon yourself ant will hurt your Fameel.——I do devise you to take my conger, or it will be worse for you: for you to know I was upon my swear to my Smyth: And pi cot hur will to hur.

Tis is a very gut notice from me to you: ant I was summon hur upon te twenty too tays of *Shune*.
1758.

*John Jones of Gofkisa Cunstap—for the
Wrexham Regi——una Sheer——Tumpy
—ant John Skefton is my Prother Cunstap,
and was upon the same Thinks with me—
in prth—pith I was say ant to. Farewell to you.*



A Lancashire LETTER,

From the Original.

Directed to Mr. John Solfeld, in Church-lane, Rochdale.

Desamber 10

1723.

FRAND John Solfeld I have sand you a Barle of
Ofters by John Tester and I desire you to sand
me word ou you Lick tham so I lock the Basse I
could

could in oll *London*; and the man said he wold hop-
 should them to kep a fornet. But I would hafe you
 to youes than asoun as you can ConfeneLy and
 I desire you to sand me worde whear you wel hafe
 a hole Barel or hafe one the nackes Gorenne But if
 ther be ane outhel sorte that you thank you canlike
 Better nor than that I hafe sand you, I desire you
 to lat me no, and I will do Bast I can for you in any
 respeck, the ousters cost 3 shelen and I had rit to
 you forenou Bout I hafe had no time to do nothing
 atall for whe hafe had a sad mesforton at ouerhouse
 for whe hafe had ouer house Brocke and whe hafe
 about 40 or 50 poundesworth of plate stole out of side
 Bourde, and asers Bede sad thaafarsens most Be
 gelte of et, and I was nefer in so much troubel a-
 bout nothing in all my Life: But my mesters and
 I whant to *Jobuten whild a hief Cakeher* in the *ould*
Bale & he toulds hou the got in house, my mestres sad
 she was glad that har farseens was clae and there
 was another hous Brouk thes Last nite in our first
 Bout got 20 shelen in hapens in a grofers shope
 and the wack satham and theranawafe and I bought
 a congel crouke for *Henry Bamfard*. and et came
 douns in a bockes to mrs. *stott* and I horderd them
 to Lefard to you, and I refased 2 shilen tordet, and
 and et cost hafe a croune, and I desire you to tihem
 that tha ma grencke the 6 penes amonche them in
 the shope Mr. *Stefid* I desire you to gite my farfes
 to hese body that hackes haster me. sonomore bot
 your most hombie sarfant *Robert Shore,*

Another from the Original.

Holikom Fery 26 1752

Robert Ashworth you must order that Pes that
 I Leveret you to this Pateran and you must
 Gon to witet her, and tak 1 pes of *Allectsonder Wei-*
kater. It Is Bert op to chemlepes In Grates It is a
 sienwon

finewon that you most. Get et A do boll bluu and don
your in Dever for me as I Lii o gret wee of for I
want them In my shop. Pot Som Sop to them and
I will pee you.

A *Yorkshire* LETTER

To an ATTORNEY, for his Advice.

SUR

G Anging dreely odt' Loyn anent t' Brigg weet
G cout odt' ton Hond, an o Poke o' Mashled in
on him, an a bran Spau. New Skeele it rather, ot i'd
gust gean yan on Eleimpenne for : two grielly Ill-
fav'r'd Key o' *Jonny Lund*. Lawpt fra amangit Whinns,
Or I thout theyd baith a gaen full burr ower me :
sa I puncht Dout to gar him gan odt toan side, an
he bein Skaddle ga file a Lawp ok if war fore flay'd
wad a swithurt ma intut Dyke. Sa I war fain to lig
t' Skeele ot Grund an click hawd odt Poke, an
while I war doin tat yan odt Kye whimled ower
it, trade ont, on dang it to tatters: Query dur,
Woont *Jonny Lund* be like to make Satisfackishon?



E P I T A P H S.

On Jo. GREEN, late Sexton at Rochdale.

HERE lies *Jo. Green*, who arch has been,
And drove a gainful trade
With powerful Death, 'till, out of Breath,
He threw away his Spade.
When Death beheld his comrade yield,
He, like a cunning Knave,
Came, soft as Wind, poor *Jo.* behind,
And push'd him int' his Grave.

Reader, one tear, if thou hast one in store,
Since *Jo. Green's* tongue and Chin can wag no more.

On Mr. JOHN HAMER, Mathematician, late
of Rochdale.

HIO, Passenger ! see who lies here ;
Perhaps 'tis worth thy knowing ;
'Tis *Hamcr*, the Philosopher,
Whose Bellows have done blowing.
An arch and joyial Wight he was,
And skill'd in *Newton's* Notions ;
He could demonstrate by his Glafs,
'The twirl o'th' heavenly Motions.
Copernicus's System he
Prov'd true, by Quart and candle ;
And Harvest-Moons, familiarly,
Like full Punch-Bowls did handle.
Ah me ! what Pity 'tis he's gone !
Say, Mortals, how it could be,
That he was cramm'd beneath this stone,
Where Fools and Misers should be.

On Dr. Forster, late Vicar of Rochdale.

FULL three Feet deep beneath this stone.
Lies our late Vicar *Foster*,
Who clipp'd his sheep to th' very Bone,
But said no Pater Noster.
By ev'ry squeezing Way, 'tis said,
Eight Hundred he rais'd yearly :
Yet not a fix-pence of this paid
To th' Curate-----this looks queerly !
His tenants all now praise the Lord
With Hands lift up, and clapping.
And thank grim death, with one accord,
That he has ta'en him napping.
To *Lambeth's* Lord now let us pray,
No *Pluralist* he'll send us ;
But should he do't, what must we say
Why-----Lord above defend us !

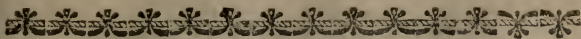
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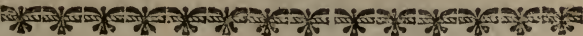
The A U T H O R ' s E P I T A P H .

A Yard beneath this heavy Stone,
 Lies Jack-of-all-Trades, good at none,
A Weaver first, and then Shcool-Master;
A Scrivener next: then Poetafter.
A Painter, Graver, and a Fluter,
And Fame doth whisper, a C-----r:
An Author, Carver, and Hedge-Clark:
E Whoo-who-who, whot whofoo wark!
He's last um aw, to lie ith dark!

F I N I S .



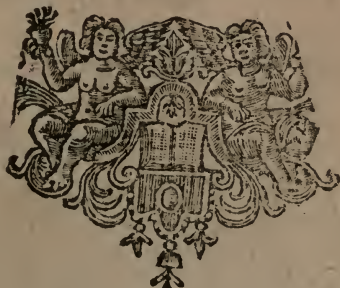
THE
BATTLE
OF THE
Flying Dragon
AND THE
Man of Heaton.



THE
BATTLE
OF THE
Flying Dragon
AND THE
Man of Heaton.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis ?

Hor. Ars. Poet. ver. 5.



Printed for the Author *Tim Bobbin*, and Mr.
Haslingden, Bookseller in *Manchester*.

TO THE
READER.

I have very little to say to thee, O my Friend ; only, I hope by the following short Poem thou wilt see, that I wish Englishmen would be content to be Englishmen, both in Drefs and Politicks.

FAREWELL.

T H E

A R G U M E N T.

A Lancashire Beau being at London fell in love with the large Pig-tails and Ear-locks, and consequently brought the French Toys with him to Lancaster; business calling him to Sunderland, on that coast, and the day being uncommonly boisterous, he mounts his Courser, dress'd in the Pig-tail, Ear-locks, &c. a la mode de Fra. The Toy roll'd on his shoulders till the blasts blew away both that, and the Ear-locks; they being fastned to the Tail with black Ribbons.

A Country man coming that way and seeing them blown about in the lane, takes the French medley for a Flying

Flying-Dragon, and after mature deliberation resolved to kill it. This produced three Battles ; at the latter end of which (the wind ceasing, and the Pig-tail lying still) he thought he had manfully perform'd. Elated with the exploit, he twists his Stick in the Ear-locks, and carries all before him aloft in the air, as Boys commonly do Adders ; till meeting the Rector of Heysham, he was, with much ado convinced ; and then in great confusion sneak'd away ; leaving his Reverence in possession of the monster ; who still keeps it at Heysham, and often shews it with much diversion to his friends.



T H E

Flying Dragon

A N D T H E

Man of Heaton.

WHAT Man alive tho' e'er so wise,
With Spaniel's Nose, and Eagle's Eyes,
Can tell this hour, what th' next will fling
us,

Or whether joy, or sorrow bring us ;
That no dispute there needs of this,

The

The Man of Heaton witness is ;
 A man he was, and very stout,
 But whether quite so wise, some doubt,
 And as my muse dare not decide,
 The foll'wing facts must be our guide.
 So leaving him in doubtful mood,
 Let's hint at one more understood.

Our other Hero, for we've two,
 Hight Mijneheer Skyppe Vanderloo,
 Was late arriv'd from that fam'd City,
 Half French, half English-ah, what pity!
 Where Courtiers, Pensioners, and place-
 men,
 By frequent In's, and Outs, disgrace men:
 Where doughty Squires to Knights are
 vamp'd;
Where

Where half-thick Lords to Earls are
 stamp'd,

Where all the arts of Jockey-ship
 Are us'd, as at the Turf and Whip;
 Where one throws out his dearest brother
 And Statesmen Jostle one another ;
 Who lay their megrim brains together
 To make our feet find their own Leather ;

Our Eyes must see, sans fun or Candle,
 And in the day mope--dingle dangle;
 Where Bribery's the chiefest Trade,
 And Laws against our Interest made ;
 Where Britain's fate is---hum---decided,
 And all'mongst W---s, and R---s divided !
 But stay ? shou'd I their actions paint

Our

Our heads wou'd ach; our hearts wou'd
faint;

So leaving them, and their grand squab-
ble,

My Muse of better things shall babble

This man I say was just come down,
From that French-pig-tail foppish Town,
As gay as Daw, in borrowed Plumes,
And all the airs of Fop assumes.

His Ramille secundum artem,
Was tofs'd up--, blefs me--, ah--ad fa-t-m!
His Earlocks too--! near Eyebrows plac'd
His Countenance genteelly grac'd,
A Pig-tail dangling to his A---e,
(O Truth, 'tis thou that shames my Verse)
Be'ing



'Be'ing tagg'd with curious shining hair,
 In various colours did appear;
 With Powder dusted; smooth'd by Tonfure
 He look'd as grand as Monkey Monfure !

His Nag high-mettl'd shin'd like Raven,
 Both Sire and Dam, of blood in Craven:
 He mounted, hem'd---fill'd Cheeks with
 wind;

'Spur'd Nag--(who answer'd from behind)
 Away he flew---Now boisterous Boreas,
 Vex'd to see Man so vainly glorious,
 Resolv'd this Champion's pride to humble
 And make his furious Courser stumble,
 But finding soon this Scheme to fail,
 He aimed his force at the Pig-tail,

And whisk'd it round both back and
 shoulder,

Still he rode on--and still look'd bolder!

Boreas chagrin'd and gall'd with pain,

At Ear-locks blew, with might and
 main,

Not dreaming of their b'ing ally'd,

And to the Tail so closely ty'd.

All Skyppe's head attire so gay,

The blast had nearly blown away,

When Fortune raising ruff'd hand,

Kept Wig, and Beaver on their stand;

But Pig-tail with the Ear-locks new,

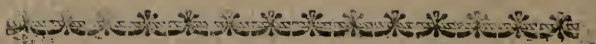
Away with Boreas waving flew,

Our Hero spruce ne'er mis'd the Toy,

But rode for Sunderland with Joy;

Thinking

Thinking to shew the fashion new,
Which sight wou'd make one laugh---or
spew.



P A R T II.

BUT who comes next---! The Man of
Heaton,

Whose very name old time hath eaten:

For Authors in this point do vary ;

Some call him *Roaf*, some *Will*, some *Harry*;

But I incline for private reason

To call him *Oamfrey*, at this season ;

And sometimes *Noamp*, perhaps may fit,

As suits my Rhime, or helps my wit.

But on he comes ---; and Fame rehearſes

His Nose, two feet, before his A--ſe is ;

A truſty

A trusty Knob-stick fill'd his hand
 And thought no power cou'd him with-
 stand.

When lo---! his lifted Eyes assail
 A long, black, thing; with Wings and tail
 The Wings quick moving with the wind;
 The Tail in curls, turn'd up behind:
 So *Oamfrey* stops his fauntering course,
 And unto musing had resourse.

Then stamp'd his Knob-stick on the
 ground,

And crying in amaze profound,
 I'th neme o'Jesús, say--whot' art;
 That two black tungs sto meawth com-
 dart?

Whooas twist'd Body's like the Hurn

O that fem'd becoft the Unicorn !

I fay, whot art ? Ith' neme o God--!

My flick fhall---howd--I've heard a rod

Of Willow, will demolifh foon

The direft Snake below the Moon.

With that flout *Noamp* his Thwittle

drew,

And on the edge three times he blew ;

Then from the Hedge, he in a crack,

Brings a tough Willow with him back ;

But whilft the leaves he from it ftrips,

Acrofs the Lane, the Dragon fhips !

Quoth he---I fee theaw'rt marching off,

Boh howd o bit---; this Willow tough

Shall, if ftrength fail not, flop thy flight ;

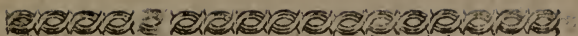
So

So strikes the Pig-tail with his might,
 And cry's out boh--! then quick returns ;
 Then gives a stroke--then backward runs.
 The monstrous Animal up flew,
 And Oamfrey starting, quick withdrew :
 His Eyes oth' stare; his face grew pale;
 With open mouth he view'd the Tail,
 Which briskly wanton'd in the wind ;
 Then swore---It's of the Dragon-kind !

On deep reflection he grew tardy,
 And thought it sin to be fool-hardy.
 If I con seve meh fell, quoth he,
 Whot's Flying-Dragon's unto me ?
 There con no wisdom be I trow
 In feighting things we dunnaw know ;

For should it chonce fly e meh fece
 I'm deeo'd os Tripe--witheawt God's Grece
 So Oamfrey he the Wand threw down;
 Took up his Stick, and march'd for Town.

PART.



P A R T III.

TWO Roods he had not gone before,
 Ablast of wind the Monster bore,
 Within two Yards of *Oamfrey's* Stick,
 Which vex'd our Hero to the quick...
 Quo *Noamp*, be this I plenely see
 It mun be oather thee, or me :
 And fin 'tis so, I'll never run,
 Boh kill, or dee before eh done,-

Then in a Passion from his hand;
 He threw his Stick and fetch'd the Wand;
 And

And poor Pig-tail with Courage fresh,
 And all his might began to thresh ;
 But still the Dragon kept the Field,
 Cock'd up his Tail, and scorn'd to yield.

This furious Combat by report,
 Did last till *Oamfrey's* Stick grew short,
 And a cessation, as Fame reckons,
 Continued, till he got fresh Weapons—
 But *Oamfrey* having luck to find,
 A Weapon to his murdering mind,
 Says softly thus unto himself,
 Theaw feights for Honour, not for Pelf;
 And if theaw gets this direfoo beawt,
 Thy Feme will bleze, on ne'er gooa out.

Then

Then hemming twice----spits on his
Hand,

And snatches up the Magic Wand,
Resolv'd to do a feat to brag on,
So strikes with all his might, the Dragon:
And thus the Battle was renew'd,
And both sides to their Tackle flood.

Again fierce *Oamfrey's* Stick did dwindle
Into the length of common Spindle ;
But thinking now the Battle gain'd,
Because he with no Blood was stain'd ;
Resolv'd to fetch another switch,
To kill outright this Dragon-Witch.

Now while this third great Duel lasted,
Fierce *Oamfrey's* strength was almost wasted

The

The Dragon too, now wanting breath,
 Had symptoms of approaching death;
 And ev'ry Member seem'd to fail;
 He hardly stirring Wing or Tail;
 For Boreas likewise tir'd at length
 Had quite exhausted all his strength,
 And all was hush----so Fortune gave
 The Field, and Battle to the brave!
 And Pig-tail lies as still as Stone,
 As tho' to live, it ne'er had known
 And thus the Dragon here was slain,
 Whilst Oamfrey lives, to Fight again.

P A R T IV.

OU R Hero's Courage none can
doubt ;

Nor love of Fame was he without,

For when this glorious Feat was done

And such a Victory fairly won,

Ambitious *Oamfrey* in a crack,

Put Kersey Coat, on sweating back ;

And then with cautious stare he view'd

The Dragon ; which he'd hack'd and
hew'd ;

But still it prov'd above his ken,
And as it might do, to wiser men.

Here *Oamfrey* musters up his senses,
And pride threw down all meek pre-
tences ;

So he resolv'd he'd boldly bear
In triumph, all the spoils of War.
With this intent his ample Foot,
Held down the Pig-tail, whilst he put
His stick withîn the frizzl'd Hair,
And thus before him did it bear.





Ten Furlongs he'd triumphing past,
But met no mortal man or beast:

When lo---! he met with Heart full glee-
some,

The Rev'rend Rector, stil'd of Hey-
sham.

The Parson star'd, whilst *Oamfrey* held
The Dragon, which he'd lately kill'd :
And after clearing up his Weasand,
He query'd thus; to know the reason.

Why *Oamfrey*, man ! what have you
got

Upon your stick ? That I know not.

Where did you find the Tawdry
Thing ?..

Tawdry---! quo, *Noamp*---! why, 't has
a Sing.

A Sting Man--! nay, no more than
you :

Byth' Mafs good Parson, that's naw
true :

Look at its Tungs---; its Sting's ith
Tele,

Or else I'm fure my senses fail.

True---; quoth his Rev-rence, that may
be ;

And in that point we both agree :

But if my Eyes, like thine, don't fail

It is, tho' large, a French pig-tail.

A Pigtele Pars'n ! That's good fun :

No moor thin Bacco-pipe's a Gun :

Why, 'twas alive ten Minutes fince,

An. that I'll fwear, be King or

Prince ;

Nay, more thin that, it flewabeawt,

An that no Swine-tele, or his Sneawt :

Cou'd ever doo, fin Noah's flood :

An this I will maintene for good.

The Rector laugh'd, and *Noamp* look'd

four,

For to convince he wanted pow'r :

C. 3

North

Nor cou'd *Noamp* to his thoughts give
vent,

As anger cork'd up argument.

His Rev'rence then began again
To reason thus ? Why, look ye Man ;
This is Black Silk ; and this is Hair :
Feel---and believe---you need not stare.
Not stare ? Why Pars'n did naw
you

Affirm just neaw, o thing naw true :
Did naw yo sey it wur a Pig-tele,
Which 'tis no moor thin 'tis a Snig-
tele :

Why

Why Man ! but so they call the
Thing ;

You see't has neither Head nor Sting ;

These Ribbands are to tye it on,

As you shall see ; I'll do anon.

His Rev'rence then his Wig took off,

And *Noamp* began to hem and cough ;

His doubts he found to disappear,

And that he'd got wrong Sow by th'

Ear :

For as the Parson was adjusting,

Things grew the more, and more dis-
gusting.

But when he put o'er all his Wig ;

“ The

“ The D---l ta’ yer Tele o’ Pig--- !

“ What sence is there e Tele so black,

“ That’s teed toth’ Heed, an rows
o’th Back :

“ If they’d ha Things weh netur jump,

“ The Tele shou’d awlus ston o’th
Rump ;

“ That Fok moot know oytch foolish
Brat

“ For Munkey greyt, or Meawntin Cat :

“ Boh Gawbies neaw gin Kerf’n nemes,

“ To things, naw hardly fit for flames.”

So Oamfrey grumbling budg’d away,

But neither bad good Night, or Day.

The Rector laugh'd, and laugh'd again
 At *Oamfrey's* notions thro' the Scene,
 And took the Pig-tail with him home,
 For sport to friends in Time to come,
 And keeps it to this very Day
 At Heysham, as my Authors say.

F I N I S.



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